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THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY



By courtesy of "The Survey," New York.

NORTH DAKOTA FARMERS STANDING HOURS IN A SNOW-STORM TO HEAR THE NON-PARTIZAN LEAGUE'S MESSAGE.

NORTH DAKOTA'S "REVOLUTION"

LESS THAN FOUR YEARS AGO, when the sense of economic grievance that rankled in the hearts of North Dakota's farmers had been fanned to a flame by the refusal of the legislature to establish a State-owned terminal grain-elevator, a man named Arthur C. Townley jumped into a small, hired automobile and began by a farm-to-farm canvass the organization of the Non-Partizan League. For months the old-line politicians regarded this "flivver campaign" as a joke, but to-day they see Mr. Townley's league of farmers grown to a membership of more than 200,000, with a political organization in thirteen States, representation in the United States Congress, and completely in control of North Dakota's government. Moreover—and it is this that is attracting the attention of the whole country to the Flickertail State—before it adjourned in February, the North Dakota legislature at Bismarck enacted a series of laws which friends and foes agree are revolutionary. "The farmers of North Dakota," declares the *Fargo Courier-News*, a Non-Partizan League daily, "have proved that revolution can be wrought by peaceful means, and, more than any other body of men in this world, they have taught the folly of revolution by bloodshed." By this vindication of democracy, argues *The Courier-News*, "North Dakota has proved its right to be designated as the most American of all the United States." A popular assertion among the Non-Partizans, according to a Bismarck correspondent of the *St. Paul Dispatch*, is that "it's the greatest little revolution since 1776"; and this correspondent, who seems to think that the farmers will have a disillusioned

awakening from their dream of a political Utopia, at least agrees that their future is now in the hands of "the most revolutionary political machine that ever gained complete autocratic control of legislative affairs in any State in the Union." A Bismarck correspondent of the *Boston Herald* describes the Non-Partizan League's program as "the most interesting, and perhaps the most important, political and social movement now visible in the United States"; and he adds that its opponents believe it to be "a disguised campaign for State and national socialism." The same correspondent quotes one of the League leaders as saying:

"North Dakota is the first State in the Union to profit intelligently by the lessons of the Great War and to prepare a constructive program that paves the way for the next great political and economic development in civilization, the extension of democracy into industry.

"Consequently North Dakota will be the first State to strike its stride, long before the rest of the States, while they are still faltering through with haphazard and ineffective readjustment measures, and this program promises to make this State the most stable and contented, as well as the most prosperous, commonwealth in America."

But if North Dakota's adventure in government represents a revolution, remarks the *Chicago Post*, it is "a revolution of the bourgeoisie," because "in no sense can the land-owning farmers, who have very definite property interests and to a limited extent are employers of labor, be considered proletarians." What North Dakota now has is "an agrarian dictatorship."

remarks the *Boston Globe*, which reminds us, however, that the State is "90 per cent. agricultural, with no manufactures, and with only one city of 20,000 inhabitants." In the same paper we find this illuminating comment on the situation:

"A somewhat conservative Bostonian who often enthuses about Middle-Westerners came home the other day with a glowing story of North Dakota. 'They are Socialists out there, aren't they?' inquired a dubious friend. 'Socialists? No! No!' he replied. 'Socialists are improvident persons who are simply talkers spouting ideals. These are money-making farmers who are going ahead and doing things!'"

Conditions which place the farmers in the saddle and in complete control, adds *The Globe*, mean "a rather emphatic revolution," because "North Dakota not long ago knew a railroad dictatorship, which operated not only through the transportation

thousand years would any observer pick out as a leader of men." We read further:

"The Leaguers now pay him \$5,000 a year as their executive. Some of the farmers refer to him as 'their hired man,' and in the same sentence pronounce him 'the greatest man in America.' To see the League in its most spectacular aspect, one has to go to a League picnic in summer, when from 5,000 to 10,000 farmers, with their families, come together. Then one sees also A. C. Townley in his most spectacular aspect. Those who have witnessed the spell he weaves describe him as a revivalist with all the powers of a Whitefield preaching the doctrines of a movement that is to bring in the social millennium."

"To the ordinary observer, however, he is a puzzle, a mystery, like all the other leaders of this League."

"One of the spokesmen of the League who credits Townley with the gift of leadership describes him as 'very moody and temperamental,' with 'a dominating personality and the faculty of decision,' but, too, as one who will 'change his mind with startling rapidity.'"

As a result of the laws passed by a Non-Partizan League legislature and signed on February 26 by Governor Lynn J. Frazier, the State's Non-Partizan executive, North Dakota will now—

Establish and operate the bank of North Dakota; build and operate terminal grain-elevators and flour-mills; establish and operate the North Dakota Home Builders' Association for the purpose of enabling citizens of the State to build and own their own homes; and set up an industrial commission to manage these and the other industries the State may decide to embark upon under the unlimited power granted by fourteen amendments to the State constitution.



"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR."

—Morris in the St. Paul Non-Partizan Leader.

system organized by James J. Hill, but indirectly through a string of banks organized in every town, partly for banking and partly for politics." Turning again to the *Fargo Courier-News*, we read:

"No people faced a more discouraging prospect than the people of North Dakota four years ago. A great political machine was firmly established in the State; courts and legislatures alike did the bidding of absentee masters; they were fortified behind a constitution that had been cunningly drawn with the one purpose of making change practically impossible. If the demand of the Bolsheviks for direct action and a class dictatorship had ever been justified, surely it would have been in North Dakota four years ago."

"But the farmers decided to bring about their revolution through due course of law. They met obstacles enough to daunt the most indomitable. When they won the election, they found the courts against them; and always in the background was the almost insurmountable obstacle of a constitution that had been made as nearly unamendable as possible. Men less determined would have given way, as every previous reform movement in every other State has done. But not the men of North Dakota. Opposition made them only the more determined, and they would not admit defeat."

Ultimately the constitution was amended and all difficulties overcome. The final victory, this League organ goes on to say, "proved that to American democracy all things are possible"; but it also proved the value of "leadership and discipline," for which "credit goes to Arthur C. Townley more than to any other." And in another issue it remarks suggestively: "And may it not prove that the leadership for the great work of accomplishing a bloodless and peaceful revolution for America is being trained in North Dakota to-day?" Mr. Townley, originator and president of the League, is described by a *Boston Herald* correspondent as "a tall, quiet man, whom not in a

Other bills passed at the last session include a workingman's compensation act with a State insurance fund; women's forty-hour-week and minimum-wage laws; a mining law, and various laws providing for new methods of taxation and of regulation of freight-rates and franchises. "North Dakota can now embark on any business undertaking it wants to, but I can tell that it is going to stick pretty close to the program of State's industry indicated in the bills passed," said Mr. Townley to a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*.

North Dakota thus becomes "the most important political laboratory in the United States," according to a writer in the *New York Intercollegiate Socialist*; and the *New York Nation* thinks that the Non-Partizan measures "quite closely approach the economic principles that human society the world over seems in one way or another laboring to express." The *Minneapolis Tribune* speaks of "Townleyism, the political prairie-fire that is now raging in North Dakota and spreading to the surrounding States," and remarks that "in North Dakota the Republican party as an organization is a thing of the past, having been swallowed by the Non-Partizan League." The same paper reminds us, however, that "the 'Townleybund' has another hurdle to make before it reaches the decisive goal, as its more radical legislative measures may be subjected to the test of a referendum." A writer in Senator Arthur Capper's *Farmers' Mail and Breeze* (Topeka), an influential Kansas journal which has never supported the League, thus discusses the North Dakota experiment:

"If it succeeds it is certain to spread rapidly over the nation, for there is nation-wide dissatisfaction with our present system of distribution. The producers, especially the farmers, believe they have not had a square deal. At any rate, they know there is a tremendously wide gap between the prices received by the

producers and the prices paid by the consumers. They feel sure they have been gouged by middlemen, and that markets have been manipulated by speculators and big business. So they are going to try to run their business themselves, manufacture their own raw products into the finished product, and attend to the distribution themselves through these State-owned plants and other cooperative concerns. Instead of abusing them, the proper attitude for outsiders to take should be one of friendly interest. We may be skeptical about the outcome of an experiment, but the folk up in North Dakota are paying the bill, and if they see fit to risk their money, why should we object?"

From a series of articles in *The Non-Partizan Leader*, a League weekly published in St. Paul, Minnesota, we learn that the North Dakota State Bank is expected to "save the farmers of the State \$8,343,000 a year, or nearly \$100 for each farmer in the State"; that the new tax system, which taxes idle land more heavily than land under cultivation, and unearned incomes more heavily than earned incomes, will discourage speculation in land and shift some of the burden of taxation from industry to privilege; that the Home Building Law is intended "to put a city worker in a \$5,000 home or a farmer on a \$10,000 farm after he has saved one-fifth of the purchase price, the remainder to be paid in monthly instalments extending over a term of ten or twenty years, and amounting in most cases to less than rent payments would be on the same property." North Dakota's banking scheme, in the opinion of the *Chicago Daily News*, is "the most dubious and startling feature" of the program. Says this Chicago paper:

"It is proposed to raise \$2,000,000 by floating a bond issue, and that amount is to be the capital of the bank. The State Industrial Commission is to have direction and charge of the institution.

"The bill provides that all State, county, township, municipal, school, and other public funds as well as the funds of penal, industrial, and educational institutions shall be withdrawn from the national, State, and private banks and placed with the commonwealth bank. This means the withdrawal of more than \$50,000,000 from the present banks. It is believed that the State banks will be required to designate the commonwealth bank as their reserve agent, a fact that is already causing State banks to seek Federal charters.

"There are other features of the bill that have excited much concern and wide-spread interest. Of course, the bank is to encourage agriculture and other approved industries. Whether its management is likely to be sound and conservative is a serious question. There are farmers who, tho loyal to the Non-Partizan League and its radical platform, shake their heads at the prospect of what they call 'political banking.' They are apprehensive lest loans should be made on insufficient security or on assets that can not be called liquid. They fear the influence of partizan and factional politics in the handling of the bank's funds and deposits."

But in *The Non-Partizan Leader* we find this State-bank plan described as the pivot of the whole reform program. "It is the crucial test, for financial power is the backbone of all special privilege." Some of the results the North Dakota State Bank is expected to accomplish are thus enumerated:

"1. Put more money in the financial institutions of the State by acting as a reserve for banks that now keep their reserve funds in the Twin Cities.

"2. Stabilize financial institutions of the State and add to their security.

"3. Reduce the interest-rates and promote industry.

"4. Put more money in circulation through its guaranty of deposits, which will bring out large sums of money now hoarded.

"5. Bring in outside capital by the sale of bonds based on North Dakota real estate.

"6. Promote agriculture as well as develop industry by making money easier to borrow at lower interest. . . .

"At the present time the farmlands of North Dakota are mortgaged for the staggering sum of \$309,000,000. These mortgages, for the most part, are held by trust companies outside the State, and the average rate of interest paid on this gigantic sum is 8.7 per cent.

"In other words, the farmers of North Dakota are paying an annual interest bill of \$26,883,000. By loaning money at

six per cent. interest the Bank of North Dakota can enable the farmers to retire these private mortgages and replace them by long-time loans. This will save the farmers of the State \$8,343,000 a year, or nearly \$100 for each farmer in the State."

"Practically every new law enacted will save the people a sum greatly in excess of the small addition it will make to the State's tax bill," declares the *Fargo Courier-News*. This Non-Partizan daily, from which we have already quoted, goes on to say:

"The savings in freight-rates through the rate bill, in interest charges through the State bank and the home-building bills, of wheat money through the grain-grading bill, have already been



WHAT MAKES MORE NOISE THAN A PIG UNDER A GATE?

—Morris in the St. Paul Non-Partizan Leader.

pointed out. Dr. Ladd indicated another vast saving. If through the State mills and elevators farmers were saved a cent a bushel—and that is a most modest estimate—on a 250,000,000 bushel crop, such as last year's, the amount would be \$2,500,000, or more in itself—far more—than the total annual addition to the State's taxes through all the League measures. But that is only the beginning of what the State will save through State mills and elevators. When all our grain is screened in this State, Dr. Ladd estimates that 100,000 tons of screenings will remain in North Dakota. The savings on this one item to the farmers of North Dakota in cutting out the haul to Minneapolis, and then back, as well as in the price of the screenings, will be between \$20 and \$50 per ton."

A feature of the League's program that is arousing some interest in other States is its proposed alliance with union-labor, despite the old idea that the interests of the country producer and the city consumer were antagonistic. Discussing this movement in Minnesota, a St. Paul correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* says:

"The farmer produces food. The laborer consumes it. The farmer's interest is in high prices, the laborer's in low prices. No room for agreement there, so Minnesota business men have been saying. The League literature argues, on the contrary, that while farmers produce food for laborers to consume, laborers produce things other than food which the farmer consumes. That balances the account, they say. The League in North Dakota has adopted the program of such labor factions as the State contains, and the two labor members of the North Dakota legislature are members of the League caucus.

"The combination seems to be taking hold in Minnesota. The League members and the labor members in the Minnesota legislature act together on most matters. A few days ago articles of incorporation were filed for a \$1,000,000 daily

newspaper under League control to be published in Minneapolis. On the preliminary board of directors of five men are two representatives of labor-unions. The stock of the paper is to be owned by labor organizations and by members of the Non-Partizan League. This paper is intended to be the connecting link between labor and agriculture in Minnesota."

In a number of North Dakota papers we still find vigorous opposition to what the Fargo *Forum* calls the Non-Partizan League's "Socialist gang rule." The *Forum* is insistent that much of this radical program must be submitted to the direct verdict of the people in a referendum. According to this paper "the fight is far from hopeless"; and it sees in the gathering of the referendum petitions an opportunity for "the first well-organized campaign of education ever undertaken against the League propaganda." "Some of these measures undoubtedly will be referred," says the Bismarck *Tribune*, which remarks that "sanity will come only when the farmer realizes that an Edenic condition can not be brought about by the panaceas proposed." And the Grand Forks *Herald* submits these points for consideration:

"The State of North Dakota has no experience in any of the important lines of activity to which it is now committed. Its officials, and the unofficial dictators who instruct the officials in their actions, are unable to point to the experience of any other State, province, or nation in these matters under conditions like ours that such experience may be accepted as safe guidance for us. And, for the financing of these enterprises, all of which are purely experimental, so far as we are concerned, provision has been made for the raising of funds amounting to some thirty million dollars. For such a State as Pennsylvania or New York that would not be a large sum with which to experiment. For North Dakota it means \$40 for every man, woman, and child in the State, or \$200 for the average family of five.

"Back of this system of experimentation is the most tyrannical and dictatorial spirit that has ever gained the ascendancy in an American State. The Non-Partizan League movement is often described as a 'people's movement.' That description is false. The League is organized from the top. Such officers as it has had have been appointed specifically in accordance with the will of its chief organizer, and its policies have been formulated by him, and by him transmitted to his subordinates and such of the general membership as has been deemed proper from time to time, not for consideration, but for immediate execution. The rule of Mr. Townley over a certain section of the people of North Dakota is as autocratic as is the rule of Lenin over a certain group of people in Russia. . . .

"North Dakota takes its plunge into Socialism under conditions which are not comfortable or reassuring."

Ex-President William H. Taft predicts failure for the Non-Partizan League because it is "a class movement, and therefore un-American"; and the El Paso *Times* sees in it a threat against our institutions. But in the main the press outside of North Dakota are content to watch this experiment in a sister State without prejudice, but with not a few predictions of failure. "The aim and purpose of the League are high, and not impossible of realization," remarks the Utica *Press*. "Our free States were designed to be great laboratories of political and social science," the New York *World* reminds us, and the Los Angeles *Express* notes that if this experiment fails, "North Dakota and her people will pay the bill and the rest of the country will profit by the demonstration."

TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR PROSPERITY

PROSPERITY—perhaps the greatest we have ever known—"is knocking at the door," declares an editor in Wisconsin. Another in his office beside the New York Stock Exchange looks up from the ticker to tell a cheerful "tale of the tape," a story of a four-months' rise in industrial stocks showing "that recovery of normal temperatures, pulses, habits, and worries has been rapid; the worst is over." The man on the street, whom a Boston daily holds to be "a better prophet than the closeted expert," sees "the greatest purchasing population of any country in the world on the keen edge for a great many things it has been deprived of for the last two years"; he sees factories returning from munitions-making "to their former specialties with great arrears of orders, which they

must fill." The Postmaster-General judges from the remarkable increase in postal revenues during the last four months that the country "is on the threshold of a period of pronounced industrial prosperity."

But while prosperity is knocking at the door, the door does not open. Buying, we are reminded in a government report, is limited; money is timid and remains in banks; some mills and factories are idle and few are running full; construction of public and private works has not begun, and unemployment is spreading. The difficulty seems to be a matter of prices. As several editors explain, buyers are waiting for the expected drop in prices; sellers hesitate to cut prices for fear of losses; meanwhile the wheels of business can move but slowly. Now "the one large missing element"

in the business situation, the Boston *News Bureau* concludes, "is a meeting of minds, as between buyers and sellers of the great staples, on something like an equilibrium in prices." It is just such a meeting that is furnished by the "Redfield plan," which the Secretary of Commerce and many approving editors believe will open the door for the waiting business boom. As *The Nation's Business* (Washington) quotes Secretary Redfield's description of the situation:

"Our industries are presented with an unpleasant pill to swallow. Prices must come down. Industry can not make it easier to swallow the pill by licking off the candy. The sooner the pill is swallowed and cheerfully accepted, the sooner will production spring back to normal. The sense of the whole thing is to bring about a reduction of prices by voluntary agreement. Everybody expects prices to fall sooner or later, and the best thing to do is to bring them down at once."

So Mr. Redfield has arranged to bring Government, capital, and labor together in a joint "endeavor to bring about a level of prices at which the Government itself will be glad to make its own purchases, prices such that the Government can turn and say to the general public, 'This is a fair basis of prices.'" The Secretary calls this a process of "accelerating industrial equilibrium." The official title of the accelerators is the Industrial Board of the Department of Commerce. The chairman is Mr. George N. Peek, a manufacturer, formerly of the War Industries Board; the other members are Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti, T. C. Powell, of the United States Railroad Administration, and four heads of large business concerns. In a state-



U. S.—"Steady, boys!"

—Orr in the Chicago Tribune.

ment given to the press these doorkeepers in the house of American Industry say that prices for basic commodities, like steel, building materials, textiles, and food, will be stabilized first. This, it is hoped, will automatically reduce the price of fabricated articles. If not, the industries concerned will be called into conference. The attainment of "a stable and wholesome scale of prices," and the consequent reduction in the cost of living, will make it possible for wages to be reduced without any lowering of the standard of living. It is believed that industry will agree that the cost of living must be reduced before labor can be expected to accept lower wages, and that industry is willing to "stand the first shock of readjustment." It is felt that when once the Redfield plan goes into operation it will induce "sufficient buying to start factories, fill empty yards and warehouses, and inaugurate the interrupted building and other programs." It is admitted that "the law of supply and demand would cure the situation eventually," but, the statement continues,

"We can not afford to wait, first through a period of suspicion and uncertainty, then through a panicky crash in all markets, and then through chaotic readjustment. By sane and temperate action all this can be avoided and the law of supply and demand helped over the gap between hold-over war-prices and a stable level."

The Industrial Board recognizes that there will be criticisms of its program, and answers some of them in advance. To put some of these objections and answers in brief dialog form:

Objection—Too much government interference with business.

Answer—The war has proved that the Government is not a policeman, but "a friend and helper" of business.

Objection—Business will not confer unless compelled.

Answer—"Patriotism is not adjourned with the closing of the war."

Objection—A leveling of prices will put many high-cost and inefficient producers out of business, and will thus add to unemployment of labor.

Answer—High-cost producers can not be supported by inflated prices in peace times; a readjustment of labor, due to closing of some businesses and expansion of others, is inevitable in any case.

Objection—Industry must take a loss on products bought at war-prices.

Answer—This would be true in any case, "but under the proposed plan better adjustments are possible, buying will begin immediately, the overhead of constructing high-cost operations through a period of stagnation is eliminated, and, finally, much of the loss will be recouped by buying at fair prices and selling in the inevitably increasing market that will result from the normal operation of the law of supply and demand under prosperous conditions."

The Oshkosh *Northwestern* hears that the effect of the Redfield plan is expected to be "evident within sixty days, in the shape of lower prices that will greatly stimulate general trade and industry." The New York *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent is not so optimistic, but does believe that the governmental stamp of approval will be sufficient assurance of the reasonableness of the prices asked, and buying will be stimulated. We are reminded that the Government will prove its

good faith by buying goods for its own needs at the figures agreed on, and "the Government, while it will not buy nearly so much material this year as it did last, still is a big buyer." To the objection that the Redfield price-fixing plan would violate the Sherman Law, this writer replies that the Attorney-General will be represented, and that, after all, the agreements will not be illegal since the intent is not to restrain trade or raise prices, "but to stimulate trade and reduce prices."

The Redfield plan, is accepted by the *Seattle Times* as "a start

in the direction of restoring all industry to a normal competitive basis." In the *Washington Post's* opinion, the principle being worked out is "perfectly sound," and the only one by which we can "cross the bridge from war to peace without further hesitation or loss." The *St. Paul Dispatch* is enthusiastic for the plan and calls upon capital and labor to give it their fullest support.

It will be remembered that the steel trade has already taken some action toward lowering and stabilizing market prices, and representatives of steel-manufacturers at a recent meeting unanimously accepted the Redfield plan. Judge Gary, chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation, admits that there was some skepticism in the trade in regard to the necessity for such a move, but calls upon his fellow steel-men to "rise to a high plane upon unselfish observation," and cooperate with the Department of Commerce "to bring about results which no reasonable man will deny are desirable."

The *Iron Age* hopes that the Industrial Board's prediction of an early buying movement will be realized. It notes that the main contention "of those who do not accept the proposal as a remedy, or even as a palliative, of the present situation is that it does not take proper account of the element of time in the transition from a war to a peace basis," but this important trade journal does not accept these criticisms as its own, nor does it think the Redfield plan is retarding the revival of buying.

The *Wall Street Journal* hears that some business men object to such "harassing interference with the natural flow of commerce," and ask, "not unreasonably, that they be permitted to set their own price on what is their own." The *Philadelphia Press* also condemns the retention in peace times of anything like price-fixing and fears that political influences will "make the work of the new board of very doubtful value to the country."

The objection to the Board from the Socialist standpoint, as voiced by a Washington correspondent to the New York *Call*, is that there are "six capitalists of nation-wide prominence" on the Board and only one representative of labor, Mr. Caminetti. Evidently, remarks this correspondent, "six to one is a fair ratio for the representation of capital and labor in a democracy, in the mind of Secretary Redfield." This Socialist suspects that the new Board will simply "rubber-stamp" the decrees of big business, which will fix its own prices for the necessities of life during the readjustment period.



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GO A LITTLE EASY THERE! REMEMBER, THE OLD GENTLEMAN HAS JUST BEEN THROUGH QUITE AN OPERATION.

—Darling in the New York Tribune.

REPUBLICAN PLANS

LIKE WISE VIRGINS, the Republican leaders in Congress intend to have their legislative lamps trimmed and burning when President Wilson returns to convene Congress. It may be June 1, May 1, or even earlier, and already Republicans have begun work on the big appropriation bills which failed in the last Congress, and, according to the Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, "two or three of these bills will be ready for the immediate consideration of the House when it meets." Such forehandedness wins hearty praise from independent journals like the *Washington Star* and *Detroit Free Press*. The *Chicago Daily News* characterizes as "admirable and opportune" the declaration of Congressman Gillett, who will preside over the new House, that the main Republican task will be "constructive legislation for the period following the war." Past Democratic misdeeds may require looking into, but Chairman Hays, of the Republican National Committee, agrees that "the Republican duty is now ahead." Mr. Hays, who speaks for the entire party as do few Republican leaders, thus outlines its duty in general terms in a recent speech in St. Paul:

"We will establish policies which will once again bind up the wounds of war, which will renew our prosperity, and administer the affairs of this Government with the greatest economy, on a sound business basis, and which will enlarge our strength at home and abroad. With all our power we will strive to prevent the further spread of socialism and set this nation's feet once more firmly on the path of progress and along ways which liberty and order must ever guard and preserve.

"To this end we have promised a forward-stepping as well as a forward-looking program for labor, for business, for the farmer, and those promises we will keep."

It will be a Republican task, says Mr. Hays, to bring the Government back to the limitations of the Constitution, to show the world that "we are a representative Government, not a Bolshevik synecopation," and to end "pedagogic paternalism." Coming down to the "brass tacks" of actual legislation, a writer in the *Washington Star* has been interviewing prominent Republican leaders in the new Congress and finds them alive to their "kaleidoscopic responsibility." The Republican steering committee, we are told, is now planning just how to enact laws for—

"Passage of appropriation bills for the support of government departments and agencies totaling more than four billion dollars.

"Revision of the tariff with care to protect domestic industries.

"Redrafting the new revenue law to meet changed conditions and to provide six billion dollars the first year and four billion dollars thereafter—if that is sufficient.

"Reconstruction, turning back into peace-time production the plants that have been converted to manufacture of war-supplies; finding economic and profitable use for the plants and industries that sprang up to meet emergency needs during the war—and salvaging the human machinery wrecked in the war.

"Disposition of the railroads, including dictation of terms on which they may be turned back to their private ownership, with strict governmental supervision of issuance of stocks and bonds; with attendant legislation providing for a healthy, economic development of the waterways and highways as coordinated avenues of efficient transportation.

"Upbuilding of a great American merchant marine, which will carry American-made and American-trade-marked goods across the seven seas to all the nations of the world—even if the United States Shipping Board has to be disbanded to accomplish this.

"Investigations of war-expenditures and war-time administration, with closer attention to the welfare of our own country.

"New census legislation.

"Revision and amplification of banking and currency laws, with regard for revolutionized world-conditions, international exchange, and the requirements of an expanded commerce."

The immediate responsibility for filling and trimming Republican lamps rests, of course, with the members of the committees which must draft the new laws. Mr. James W. Good, of Iowa, who will head the House Appropriations Committee, is mindful that during the next few months "taxpayers will

feel the heavy burden of increased taxes and will take a more lively interest in the work of Congress"; and to meet their demand for reductions in taxation, the new Congress must practise strict economy. In this connection we may also note Mr. Gillett's insistence upon budget reform. Congressman J. Hampton Moore (Rep., Pa.), who will be one of the most influential members of several important committees, does not think members of the next Congress can escape from the task of preparing new revenue legislation. The *Star* quotes him as saying:

"The complexities of the existing revenue law—the Wilson-McAdoo-Kitchin law—are enough to give the ordinary business man creeps. But even so, Republicans must tackle the job and endeavor to lighten the burdens the outgoing Congress has imposed upon the people."

Mr. Frank W. Mondell, of Wyoming, who will be majority floor leader in the next House, wishes the new session called at least as early as May 1, in order that the members may have time to consider and pass the left-over appropriations bills before the beginning of the new fiscal year on July 1. Mr. Mondell believes that in the coming session Republicans, notwithstanding the "hard luck Democratic Congresses have been having," will be able to draft laws for leasing water-power and oil-lands that will be reasonably satisfactory to everybody.

With the Republicans again in the saddle, we naturally find discussion of the tariff again to the fore, but with an unfamiliar emphasis on its revenue possibilities. The *Detroit Free Press* credits Mr. Fordney, the new chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, with seeing that with a war to pay for, the tariff must be a money-maker as well as a protector of industry. His plan, according to *The Free Press*, is "to make the customs office measure up more nearly to its possibilities, without any idea of interfering with the other sources of national revenue." Mr. Fordney has pointed out, we read, that Great Britain, a free-trade country, in 1918 collected import duties amounting to \$10.25 per capita of population, whereas the protectionist United States collected only about \$1.70; had we collected at Great Britain's rate we should have taken in \$1,100,000,000 instead of \$172,000,000. Mr. Fordney has no intention of waiting for the regular session in order to "make home markets safe for American industry," and the *Washington Star* quotes him as saying:

"A new tariff law should be passed as quickly as possible. It ought to be done at the extra session, so that the people may become familiar with it before the next general election."

When asked how he would modify the present revenue law, Mr. Kitchin's successor said:

"Probably the excess-profits taxes and war-profits taxes should be discontinued just as soon as possible. Instead of taxing the business of the country, I believe that the money should be raised from the incomes of the individuals."

After the appropriation bills are out of the way, the Republican leaders will turn to other legislation neglected or rejected by the Sixty-fifth Congress. A *New York Tribune* (Rep.) Washington correspondent says that woman suffrage and repeal of the zonal classification of second-class postal matter will command early attention. Other writers hear that the Lane program for providing farms for soldiers will be made law early in the session.

Republicans are ready and anxious to have the President call an extra session on May 1, and the Washington correspondents now seem to believe that the Government's financial needs will compel a meeting of Congress by that date. In a dispatch to the *New York Evening Post* we read that since March 4, "the employment service of the Department of Labor has had to be reduced to a skeleton organization, the War Labor Board has served notice that after April 1 it would have to do the same, and the War Risk Insurance Bureau has dismissed 1,400 clerks since March 15, and after May 1, its officials have found, substantially no provision has been made to take care of government allowances for the dependents of soldiers and sailors."

AMERICA SAFE FROM BOLSHEVISM

REVOLUTION, with the establishment of a *Soviet* form of government in the United States, was the common motive behind the recent strikes in Seattle, Butte, Paterson, and Lawrence. Secretary of Labor Wilson assured the country's assembled Governors during their White House

suppose that a few men driven half-mad by ill-digested theories can ever impose upon any considerable number of Americans the insane delusions that carried the credulous and illiterate Russians to starvation, pestilence, and general ruin is to reveal an incredible lack of ordinary common sense."

"There is no more danger of anything in the shape of Bolshevism on this side of the Atlantic than there is that a majority of the American people will go insane," insists the *Brooklyn Citizen*, which is convinced that "the proverbial three tailors of Tooley Street were quite as formidable opponents of the British Empire as these so-called Bolsheviki are of the Government of the United States." The real reason that Bolshevism is not formidable when presented to a common-sense people, remarks the *Kansas City Star*, is that "it won't work; it will produce less well-being in the world, and not more." Mr. Lamar's quotations, says the *New York World*, "prove only what we have known for many years—that we have taken some vipers to our bosom and that they are making a sorry living by their appeals to passion and ignorance." "But they can not get past the ordinary forces of government in this country, behind which stands the great determination of the people to preserve order," affirms the *Utica Observer*. And in the *New York Times* we read:

"In spite of the researches of the Post-office Department, we find it difficult to believe that this general overturn is any nearer now than it was thirty years ago.

"Revolutionary germs are like tuberculosis germs—they are always present in the system, but they do no damage until some condition arises which opens the way for their ravages. Nobody who contrasts the present material and moral situation of America with that of Russia is likely to be very badly scared by this plot which the Post-office Department has brought to light."

Moreover, as the *San Francisco Bulletin* reminds us, "genuine American labor has no use whatever for Bolshevism, or for political parties organized to promote it, and this fact has been recently emphasized by labor journals all over the country."



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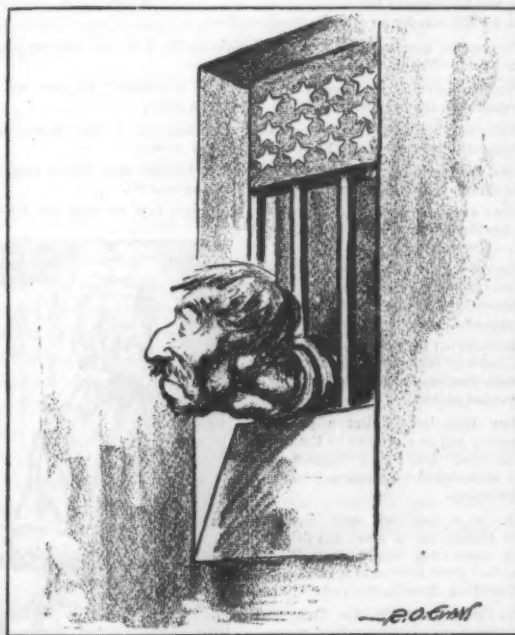
"THEY ARE ALL OUT OF STEP BUT ME."

—Orr in the *Chicago Tribune*.

conference in the early days of this month; and a little later Solicitor-General Lamar, of the Post-office Department, announced the discovery that various radical movements in this nation had at last found in Bolshevism a common cause, and that "the Industrial Workers of the World, anarchists, Socialists—in fact, all dissatisfied elements, particularly the foreign elements—are perfecting an amalgamation with one object, and one object only, in view, namely, the overthrow of the Government of the United States by means of a bloody revolution and the establishment of a Bolshevik Republic." "The I. W. W.," he said, "is perhaps most actively engaged in spreading this propaganda, and has at its command a large field force known as recruiting agents, subscription agents, etc., who work unceasingly in the furtherance of the cause." Mr. Lamar reinforced his statement with hundreds of excerpts from alleged revolutionary propaganda sent through the mails. He cited such slogans and declarations as: "the war is over, now for the revolution"; "every strike is a small revolution and a dress-rehearsal for the big one"; and "deportation will not stop the storm from reaching these shores; the storm is within and very soon will leap and crash and annihilate you in blood and fire."

Yet, despite these remarkable warnings from high official sources, the public mind, as reflected in the daily press, refuses to be greatly perturbed over the situation. "The whispers and rumors of Bolshevism in America belong with the odd phenomena of a time of general nervous tension—a time when mild hysteria is as fashionable as ping-pong used to be," remarks the *Philadelphia Evening Ledger*, which adds:

"The industrial and social systems of America are not perfect. But they represent the best starting-point available to any one who can visualize or plan better things. The American system is flexible. The people themselves have it always within their power to make improvements. We have achieved a system of government which has been the only medium so far found adequate for human betterment and human progress. To



BOLSHEVISM HAS ITS PLACE—EVEN IN AMERICA.

—Evans in the *Baltimore American*.

Of the advocates of Bolshevism the *San Francisco Labor Clarion* says:

"These blusterers have never gained control of anything anywhere without wrecking it. They are purely destructionists. Their ranks are filled with individuals who never made a success

at anything, who have failed in everything, who are the rankest kind of incompetents. The fools have had their fling in Seattle and their months of scheming have brought the labor movement in that great city to the verge of ruin."

That Russian Bolshevism at first hand has aroused similar feelings of disgust in a British labor leader is evidenced by the following dispatch from John Ward, a labor member of the British Parliament, who is now serving with his regiment in Siberia:

"For the love of Allah, never more talk of the glories of revolution—I am in it here. Friend strikes down him he thinks his foe and finds the dead man his brother. Princes, peasants, plutocrats, workmen, rich and poor, go down together in one welter of blood and dirt.

"The Bolshevik thinks nothing of standing five hundred social revolutionists against the wall and shooting them down before breakfast because of some small, petty difference of opinion as to whether the railways should be national or communal. How the gods must cry with rage that men can be so mad. However any of our leaders failed to grasp the Bolshevik creed of blood and presumed to condone the horrors committed by this mob of fanatical maniacs I can not imagine. Rather pray Heaven defend our old country from such a calamity."

But while agreeing that America is not a fertile field for Bolshevism the Richmond Times-Dispatch remarks that "the American people will do well to be warned of the significance of

these revelations," and the New York Evening Post thinks that the evidence submitted by Mr. Lamar "can not be whistled down the wind." For, says *The Post*—

"There is, unquestionably, an element of mainly foreign-born revolutionary agitation in this country which may prove dangerous and have to be dealt with. Italians of the Left and Russians and Spaniards bring their little formulas of social upheaval and anarchy with them and take to printing them in the United States. Whether they are sincere in their fanatic preachments does not greatly matter, so far as the effect is concerned. They are sadly ignorant of this country; wholly unacquainted with the main currents of the public opinion which, as Bryce said, is the real ruler of America. They do not know the slow processes by which needed reforms are achieved in the United States. Because they feel themselves in a hopeless minority among a people whom they do not understand, they are led to rail at 'political government,' to give up faith in democratic methods of voting and legislating, and to advocate blindly what they call 'direct action.' This, of course, may readily be translated into seizing the property of employers, and into riot and looting. If we are to see any real attempts at violent revolution at all, the beginnings will doubtless be marked by a spirit of plunder. But in the United States that would be a peril easy to deal with. Here more property is more widely owned, no doubt, than anywhere else in the world; and there would be small need of police or military to put down a revolution that aimed at the destruction of private property. Such an uprising would perish before it got fairly started."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

So far, peace is almost as exciting as war.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Even German music makes a discord.—*New York Evening Post*.

CONFIDENCE in Germany cost the world two hundred billion dollars.—*Indianapolis Times*.

THE Hun assumption that necessity knows no law overlooked the law of retribution.—*Washington Herald*.

SPEAKING of "discussion" as a sure preventive of war, how about all those Lusitania notes?—*Detroit Free Press*.

It will be different for the dough-boy next year. If they don't give him a job he will run for an office.—*Houston Post*.

THE easiest way to tell what a man is fighting for is to wait and see what he demands after he wins.—*Greenville Piedmont*.

THE Bolsheviks have turned a church into a theater. In their set it was probably the only way to fill it.—*Columbia State*.

LENIENCY in dealing with Germany may indicate a soft heart, but it certainly indicates a soft head.—*Washington Herald*.

THE cutting down of Germany's army to 100,000 men leaves mighty little excuse for a League of Nations.—*Washington Post*.

SOME one should explain to Europe's diplomats that we were not fighting for the spoils of war, but to spoil war.—*Greenville Piedmont*.

THERE is a rumor in well-informed circles that Great Britain will be forced to accept a mandate for the governing of Ireland.—*Chicago Tribune*.

BOLSHEVIKI may reason that if they can make all other nations as rotten as Russia, then Russia will be as good as any other nation.—*Toledo Blade*.

THE Hun insists that a punished Germany will be a menace to the world. Quite true. But less a menace than an unpunished Germany.—*Helena Independent*.

IF, as a head-line says, Germany gave Bolshevism a start, the debt has been more than repaid, since Bolshevism has given Germany several starts.—*New York Evening Post*.

As the eminent historian, Demosthenes McGinnis, once remarked concerning the Roman general, Wilsonius, "A strong chin is sometimes indicative of indifference to chin music."—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

PRESIDENT WILSON says the American soldiers went to war because he asked them to. Tut, tut, we had always been under the impression that they went to war because the Kaiser dared them to.—*Manila Bulletin*.

ALSO hurry up with the disarmistice.—*Indianapolis Star*.

How the peace-loving Russian must sigh when he thinks of the old nihilist days.—*Indianapolis Star*.

FRANK SIMONDS says the Europeans can't understand American politics; but who does?—*Washington Post*.

FOUR Russian factions are said to have reached an agreement. Where are the three buried?—*Chicago Daily News*.

WE can't decide yet whether Lenin will establish a new aristocratic line or a new bee-line.—*Greenville Piedmont*.

AMERICA is to have a Bolshevik uprising May 1. The name of the speaker has not been announced.—*Toledo Blade*.

If the peace terms don't humiliate Germany it will be a humiliating experience for the rest of us.—*Greenville Piedmont*.

THE American people gave \$400,000,000 to the Red Cross. Some Americans in France gave more.—*Chicago Daily News*.

AFTER all, it is simply a question of whether Germany or France shall bear the cost of the Hun's crimes.—*Helena Independent*.

WE suppose the Republican caucus chucked Mann and chose Gillette, because they preferred a policy of "safety first."—*Houston Post*.

THE world has the choice of two internationalisms—that of the League of Nations and that of the Bolsheviks.—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

DR. DERNBURG says Germany won't give up her colonies. He ought to subscribe to some good daily newspaper.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

IF we had the League of Nations, it might induce us to go into some European war, instead of staying out, as we did this last one.—*Indianapolis Star*.

It would be thoughtful of the Army and Navy to delay their demobilization until the public catches up with the war-books already written.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE Paris Conference is now discussing the future of the Bolsheviks. At first blush this looks more like a subject for clergymen than diplomats.—*Manila Bulletin*.

A STUDY of the income-tax blanks convinces us that Uncle Sam deserves the money for having thought of such a wonderfully complicated way of getting it.—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

LLOYD GEORGE warns the small nations that there is danger in annexing territory not their own. We dearly love England, but we must say that she can on this subject give expert advice.—*Columbia State*.



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OUR PAINFUL DUTY.

—Cassel in the New York Evening World.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

HUNGER'S GRIP ON GERMANY AND RUSSIA

MILLIONS ARE STARVING in Germany, Austria, and Russia, while statesmen debate in Paris about peace and apparently are only just realizing that the greatest aid to peace is a prompt solution of the food-problem. This is the opinion of some observers who regard with increasing anxiety the tendency toward Bolshevism that is evident in all hunger-ridden territories.

According to an official report compiled by a commission of British officers, the shortage of staple articles of food throughout Germany is such that the mass of the people are living upon rations which, while maintaining life, are insufficient to nourish the body adequately. Mothers and young children in particular are the sufferers. Malnutrition has increased the mortality and diminished the birth-rate. What is more, it has given rise to new diseases, besides aggravating the ones previously known. The general impression of the British Commission is that the need for revictualizing Germany is really urgent, as the country is living on its capital as regards food-supplies, and "either famine or Bolshevism, probably both, will ensue before the next harvest, if help from outside is not forthcoming." As a result of this recommendation, the Allies have agreed to allow Germany a monthly ration of 370,000 tons of foodstuffs, in return for which she will surrender shipping estimated at 3,500,000 tons. A semi-official German review of the food situation informs us that the deficit in grain for 1919 is two million tons. The crop for 1919 could never have been sufficient, but since Posen, which supplies one-tenth of the grain produced in Germany has been added to Poland, the shortage becomes serious. At present there are considerable supplies in government-controlled centers, but all will be exhausted by the end of May. To quote further from this German record:

"The general production of foodstuffs is considerable, but these products must compensate for the lack of potatoes in the next few months. Ten thousand tons of nuts have been distributed since the last harvest, and an additional 10,000 tons are to be distributed. Cattle delivery has been good, but the remaining numbers must be used for agricultural purposes. Imported meat, if permission to import can be obtained, can be used only as a supplement for other rations. The fat problem is very serious. The supply has gone back 33 per cent. from the supply of 1917. Milk is dangerously scarce, the situation being worst in the Rhineland and Westphalia. For the supply of potatoes, the loss of Posen is serious. Eleven billion seven hundred million pounds of potatoes are needed for the cities. Seven billion pounds are assigned and 2,200,000,000 pounds are still to be added, leaving a deficit of 2,500,000,000 pounds in the supply for ten weeks. Our potatoes will be completely used up by the middle of May.

"The planted vegetable area has been increased 113 per cent., but because of unsatisfactory transportation conditions much is spoiled. Dried and salt vegetables must replace a large part of the rations. The sugar-supply is very inadequate, likewise

the fish-supply. Fertilizer can not be obtained, as the factories lack coal and lime."

The extreme gravity of the food situation in Vienna and certain districts of German Austria may be gathered from an article in the Vienna Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung*, written by the Vice-Burgomaster of Vienna. Since the proclamation of the

republic, this publication has become the more or less official organ of the Government, and, therefore, the Burgomaster's statements have added weight. He tells us that the death-rate of Vienna, which before the war averaged 15.5 per thousand, had risen in 1917 to 20.4, and for the first nine months of 1918 was 19.6. The actual number of deaths in 1917 was 46,131 and in the first nine months of 1918, 33,629, as against 33,268 in 1914. How malnutrition affects the young is strikingly shown in the



THE MELTING-POT.

President Wilson as chief cook at the Paris Conference.

—The Bulletin (Sydney, Australia).

following table compiled by the chief medical officer of Vienna:

Age in Years	Boys			Girls		
	Weight 1918. Pounds	Former Average.	Difference.	Weight 1918. Pounds	Former Average.	Difference.
1	14	22	9	14	21	7
3	24	32	9	22	31	9
6	34	45	10	33	42	8
9	47	60	14	44	55	11
12	58	77	19	61	70	9
15	65	99	33			

Resentment is growing against the Allies in Russia, where the people are said to be dying like flies either from starvation or disease, and sentiment against the blockade of Russia is also said to be growing among British observers. For a Russian opinion we have the statement of Alexander Berkenheim, vice-president of the All-Russian Cooperative Society, a non-political organization, with millions of members. He is quoted in the press as saying that "continuance of the blockade renders helpless a quite innocent population, engenders a feeling of hostility toward the Allies, and intensifies the disordered state of the country." Only a stopping of the blockade can start the country back toward normal conditions, and Mr. Berkenheim is quoted further as saying:

"Provisions delivered to the starving people of Petrograd would do more to restore the prestige of the Allies than all the vast sums spent in foolish propaganda. This food could be distributed through the cooperative societies, which still remain independent of the Bolsheviks. The Russian market also will fall into the lap of those nations which immediately establish firm and durable relations with Russia."

Blame for famine conditions in Europe is laid upon President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George by the London *Saturday Review*, which says that "nearly three months—when every



"CAN THESE TWO BE BROTHERS?"

A whole number of this important weekly was devoted to the Spartakus riots in Berlin and other parts of Germany.

—Illustrirte Zeitung (Leipzig).

day was precious—have been wasted in settling the draft of a League of Nations which could quite well have awaited the settling of a peace with Germany and the raising of a blockade. When we read of whole nations starving, we confess we have little relish for Wilson's highfalutin periods about humanity." Another London weekly, *The Nation*, shows less acerbity, but asserts that it is "up to" President Wilson to "demand withdrawal of the blockade and give to Central Europe and Russia a chance to recover their physical vitality and social order." Fault is found with Mr. Wilson also by *The New Statesman* (London), which says:

"Down to the armistice all shipping of the associated Powers, including America, was pooled and controlled by an international council. Very shortly after the armistice, Mr. Wilson withdrew his representatives from the council, took away the American ships, and released them to their private owners for ordinary profit-making. It was a most unfortunate and short-sighted step. No plausible excuse ever has been pleaded for it, and perhaps the simplest explanation is the truest—that the gigantic pressure of 'Big Business' in the United States proved too much for the Wilson Administration. At any rate, American tonnage was promptly diverted by its owners to South America and other lucrative routes, and Europe lost its services just when they had most need of them."

Among the German press, there is great lamentation over the fact that the Allies require the German merchant fleet as part of the food arrangement. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* groaningly admits that Germany must have food, but bewails the fact that to get it "we deliver up our whole merchant fleet. The German ships will sail under the American and Allied flags and the Allies can dispose of the crews." The *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung* sadly sees in this operation the beginning of the end of German overseas independence, and it confesses that "even the blind must have their eyes open now."

CAUSES AND CURE OF BRITISH LABOR UNREST

AS NATIONAL PHYSICIAN of the British Government, Premier Lloyd George has made his diagnosis of the case of British labor, and it was given to the National Industrial Conference in London on February 27, when five hundred representatives of the workers and three hundred representatives of the employers met to consider means for ending labor's unrest. His utterances have a special value for American readers because of the somewhat similar after-war labor problems confronting this country. The causes of labor's unrest are "partly temporary and partly permanent," according to the Premier, who gave as one temporary cause the "state of nerves and strain after four or five years of tremendous effort and great sacrifice." Then a great dislocation of industry has resulted from the war because all effort had to be diverted from the ways of peace and forced into another channel. Now it must be pulled back—and this is not easy. Turning to another cause, Mr. Lloyd George then said:

"There is the removal of a common purpose. That counts. We were working with one common purpose, all classes, all sections, for nearly five years. That is taken away, by success, by victory, by the triumph, by the achievement of that purpose. That is taken away, and you are back very largely in the old controversies, in the old sectional conflicts. That has got to be bridged over. There is the cost of living forced to a very abnormal height by the conditions of war. We shall get back gradually. I do not say that you will get back soon, or for some years, to the conditions of living you had before the war, but, as Sir Robert Horne has pointed out, within the next few weeks there will be a reduction in the cost of some of the essential necessities of life. By the summer I hope that the cost of living in a workingman's household will have gone down by about four shillings a week in the cost of certain necessities."

Still another cause of unrest is the fact that until peace be signed many obstacles in the way of restrictions will continue to impede the "chariot of industry." These restrictions are inseparable from the blockade, and the blockade is a weapon



DEATH'S BUSINESS "AS USUAL" IN GERMANY.

War is ended, but Death becomes the silent partner in the new firm of Spartacus & Co.

—Ull (Berlin).

not to be parted with "until the German signature has been placed on the document which is to be the basis of the peace of the world." Other contributory causes to industrial unrest are described by the Premier as follows:

"A determination common to all workers in the community to secure a higher and a better standard of life in the future, and that comfort and well-being shall be more evenly distributed. During the war there is no doubt at all that they have won better conditions in many respects. They are determined that they will not go back to the old conditions. That is the first point.

"There is another condition they have won during the war which they mean to make permanent, in so far as it is possible to establish that condition in any industrial community. During the war they have been removed for four and a half years from the terrible dread of unemployment, and it is only those who have lived in industrial homes who can realize what a horror that prospect is. For four and a half years that has been eliminated from their lives; it has been taken away from the horizon; now that peace has been established the specter reappears, and there is a general feeling that something must be done to suppress it, to destroy it, to eliminate it forever from the life of the worker."

An additional difficulty in the way of starting the industrial machine, according to the Premier, is the unrest itself. The mere apprehension of industrial trouble and lack of confidence is a hindrance, and the Premier urged that the "confidence of the employer, of the contractor, of the business man, has got to be restored and the confidence of the workers has also got to be restored." The Premier went on to deprecate the "atmosphere of suspicion" that lies between the employers and the workers, and he added that the inherent difficulties of the dispute were not great "as long as you could remove the suspicion out of the mind of the worker and out of the mind of the employer, that the other was trying to get the better of him." We read then:

"They both thought it. The employer thought the worker



WHICH IS WORSE—WAR OR STRIKES?

PEACE PLEADS—"If you workers refuse to repair the damage of war, of what use am I in the world?"

—De Amsterdammer (Amsterdam).

was trying to bluff him, and the worker thought that the employer was trying somehow or other to get the better of him. And as a gentleman here says, 'They were both right.'

"It is impossible to get an arrangement or settlement until somehow or other you get rid of that, and I have been watching the thing as a fairly old hand at the business. I am sorry to observe that the atmosphere of suspicion, instead of clearing, is thickening. Something has got to be done to clear the air, to clear the atmosphere, and get rid of this feeling of suspicion. If you do that I have absolutely no doubt that you will be able to establish industrial conditions that will be permanent—something that the trader can put his foot on without the fear of slipping, and something, on the other hand, that the worker can trust to without fear of suffering owing to overtrust.

"Something has got to be done by both. It is no use talking about recriminations and blame. I have never seen a quarrel yet—and, as a lawyer, I have had to settle many—where the fault was entirely on one side. Never. There are faults here on both sides. . . .

"You will never reestablish industry in this country and get everybody to do his best until you find that they have all got an interest in the concern, and they feel that they are all working for that common interest, and in working for that industry they are working for the state, for the country, and the well-being of everybody in the land. That is the first thing I have to say. I appeal to the employers to take the workmen more into their confidence as to the conditions of industry, as to the difficulties of industry, and let them know what the difficulties are. There is plenty of common sense in this country. We, on the whole, are a very practical people. We may use very violent language. I have heard gentlemen in here do it to-day. I am not certain I have not done it myself many times; but in the end we are a practical people, and when the facts are put in the minds of workmen and they know that those are the facts, you may depend upon it they will judge more justly whenever any dispute takes place."

The Premier continued with a ringing appeal to employers and workers to face the responsibilities in industry as they faced them in war, and he said:

"We have just completed the most gigantic task ever entrusted to a nation, and the part taken by Britain was no mean one. Had it not been for Britain, where would the world have been? How did we do it? Unity! We did it by unity, common purpose, common action, common love of this old land, by a determination to go through, whatever the cost, until our purpose was achieved; no fear, no hesitation, daring where daring was needed, courage always, and I say now, when we have got a problem which is the greatest that has confronted us in a time of peace, with the same unity, the same common purpose, the same daring, the same resolve, acting together, we will make this land such a land that no man has ever seen before under the sun that shines over Britain. Common action! I appealed some months ago in an hour of emergency to the people of this country to hold firm. To-day I am making an appeal to all sections, 'Hold together.' That is my appeal."



"THE EGGS OF DEMOCRACY."

"But are you sure we'll get more eggs out of her if we kill her?"

—The Bystander (London).

FRENCH FEARS OF GERMAN AUSTRIA

ATTEMPTS AT UNION WITH GERMANY by certain political forces in German Austria are bitterly opposed by France. Devastated and depopulated as she is after the war, France looks with horror on the suggestion that there should be established at her doors a mighty and arrogant Austro-German empire of 80,000,000, which German fecundity could easily carry to 100,000,000. So Paris dispatches inform us, adding also that the union of German Austria with Germany is regarded as an offensive alliance against France, which, if it were carried out, would mean a new danger of war. How effective French opposition has been at Vienna may be gathered from the press reports that the resignation of Foreign Minister Bauer, which necessitated a reconstruction of the Cabinet, is ascribed to the French proposal that German Austria should be made a neutralized state. Contradictory dispatches from Vienna picture, on the one hand, a dramatic revulsion of public feeling against the union that will likely defeat it, and, on the other hand, report that the bill for the union of Austria and Germany has passed its third reading. For a representative opinion of the groups that advocate the union we may cite Prof. Ludo Hartmann, a prominent member of the Social-Democratic party, who was appointed Minister at Berlin after the revolution of last fall. He ranks high among the contributors to the Socialist Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*, and speaks chiefly for the masses in Lower Austria, according to *The New Europe* (London). Only two possibilities present themselves to German Austria as a result of the shattering of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, according to Professor Hartmann, who tells us that she can not stand alone economically and must incorporate either with Germany or with one of Germany's neighbors, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Hungary, or Poland. He gives no countenance to the proposition that German Austria should join with any of the last four states, and strongly urges that she join with Germany, whose great industrial capacities will enable German Austria to develop all her resources. He reminds us that in the declaration of November 12, 1918, German Austria, "set free by the war to achieve her own self-determination," announced herself an integral part of the great German Republic. It is true, Professor Hartmann points out, that German Austria is not yet actually incorporated in the German state, but he tells us the German-Austrians "expect the German National Assembly in Weimar, as one of its first and most important duties, to proclaim this union in one form or another." To foreign eyes it may look as tho there were a serious popular movement in German Austria against the union, according to this informant, who speaks of certain intrigues with this object, but this is the work of "a handful of people who have the control of a few newspapers," and he makes mention of—

"Herr Günther, representing the armament firms; of a num-

ber of aristocrats, such as Prince Auersperg, who certainly is no longer a decisive factor in Austria to-day; of a certain number of the higher clergy, perhaps also of a few bureaucrats of the old régime, and a few unemployed diplomats, and the like. One need only glance at this assemblage to see what lies nearest their hearts. With some, the idea behind their agitation against union is merely to reestablish the Hapsburg dynasty and find some kind of a throne for the Emperor Charles. With them others are associated who have rather economic than political interests, and who declare that these are identical with the economic interests of the Germans of Austria. Here we find a strange confusion between the interests of individuals and the interests of the people as a whole."



A SIGN OF THE NEW GERMANY.

Universal suffrage is pictured as the way to right and peace.

—Illustrirte Zeitung (Leipzig).

Adverting then to the necessity that German Austria incorporate either with Germany or with one of the several neighbors of Germany mentioned above, Professor Hartmann says that those who wish to evade the first alternative have brought forth the second in the form of the "notorious Danubian Confederation," of which he remarks:

"It is one of the most perverse, one might even say one of the wickedest, suggestions ever made—to attempt to bind together again the peoples who have just broken apart with a jubilant 'Hurrah!' and mutual declarations that they wish to have nothing further to do with each other politically, and to exhort them now to love one another.

"If, perhaps, the idea of the former Austria—in so far as it can be said to have an idea—was that the Germans should bind the Slavs to the West, then the idea of the Danubian Confederation is simply, through the Eastern Slavs, to bind the Germans to the East, and to detach them from their natural ties with Germany and the West. And in that we really can not acquiesce."

The chief need of German Austria, now that the war is over, is a more intensive agriculture, the revival of industry, the development of her water-power and of all other natural resources. It is in these matters that the Germans will help German Austria enormously, in the view of Professor Hartmann, who explains that they will do this—

"If not with capital, at any rate with their technical knowledge, their energy, and skilled labor. We shall have to learn from them how to make the all-important selection of leaders, and how to raise the people to a higher level. It is most remarkable how, despite the present unfavorable conditions in Germany, the tendencies toward a wider popular culture are showing themselves, and in this respect one can not believe that there has been a real collapse in Germany. Germany is not finished with. It is a country which will remain undefeated even by a dictated peace; a country which has a future, a greater future than its past, and this because all the defeats which have marred it have been washed away by the war, because we shall hear no more of imperialism and militarism, and because—and this concerns us South Germans nearly—in this new Germany Prussia will no longer be the undisputed leader, but we South Germans will be able to make ourselves felt, with our own characteristic culture, in the great German state. We shall not go forth into any strange land, but to our own brethren as a part of a great and civilized state. We have suffered much but have also overcome much. The war is behind us, before us lies an era of peace, and we shall assuredly bequeath to our children a better world than we ourselves have known."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

BLOWING MONEY UP THE CHIMNEY

MILLIONS OF TONS OF COAL ARE WASTED yearly in futile attempts to heat the world's atmosphere by hot air discharged through the stacks of furnaces.

Not much more than half of the heat generated by an average industrial furnace is really used, and the majority of what is left goes merrily up the chimney. In an article on "Saving Coal in Boiler-Plants," contributed to *The Universal Engineer*

(New York, February) by Henry Kreisinger, the various kinds of waste are analyzed and their causes and possible prevention are discussed. Mr. Kreisinger concludes that reduction of the total losses to 20 per cent. is possible under the best conditions, and that a drop to 33 per cent. is quite within the possibilities for an average plant. In other words, most boiler-plants are wasting 50 per cent. more heat than necessary and might easily save ten or fifteen tons of coal out of every hundred. Altho intended for the firemen of large plants, Mr. Kreisinger's conclusions and advice are worth the attention of householders who fire domestic furnaces, where the losses are doubtless larger still. To quote and condense:

"In the average steam plant, 57 per cent. of the heat in the coal burned under the boilers is utilized in making steam and 43 per cent. is lost—that is, of one hundred tons of coal fired under the boiler fifty-seven tons are actually utilized in making steam, and forty-three tons are not used, from various causes. Records of the best performances show that about 80 per cent. of the coal burned was actually utilized in making steam, and, altho such high results can not be obtained with the existing apparatus or equipment in some plants, a requirement of 65 to 70 per cent. is justifiable. Raising the average efficiency from 57 to 67 per cent. means the saving of about fifteen tons of coal out of every one hundred tons. At present about 300,000,000 tons of coal annually are necessary to supply all the steam-plants in this country, whereas, with proper care taken in operating these plants, only about 255,000,000 tons would be needed, making a saving of about 45,000,000 tons.

"How are these steam-plants to increase their average efficiency from 57 to 67 per cent.? The method is simple and easy

to understand, altho to many it may seem slow in bringing results.

"In the average plant, about 4 per cent. of the 43 per cent. lost goes down with the ashes, 4 per cent. is lost by radiation, and 35 per cent. goes up the stack. The heat loss up the stack is the greatest in the boiler-room, and the efforts of the fireman and the engineer should be centered on reducing it.

"In the hand-fired plant the ash-pit loss is usually small, because unburned combustible is easily detected in the refuse. The most common causes of a high ash loss are improper cleaning of fires, bare spots, and useless poking of fires. If the cleaning is not properly done, a large quantity of combustible is pulled out of the furnace with the clinker and ashes.

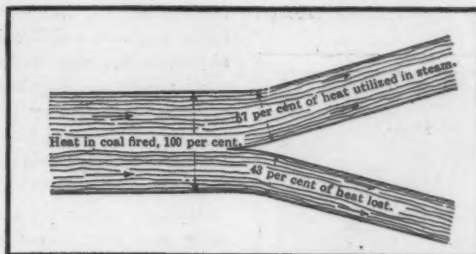
"The radiation from the boiler is usually small if the boiler has been properly set, and little can be done to reduce it. Of course, all steam- and hot-water pipes should be covered with insulating material.

"In the average boiler-plant 35 per cent. of the heat in the coal burned under the boilers is lost with the stack gases. That is, out of every one hundred tons of coal burned under the boilers the heat of thirty-five tons literally goes up the stack. It is this loss that can be greatly reduced, and every effort should be made to do so.

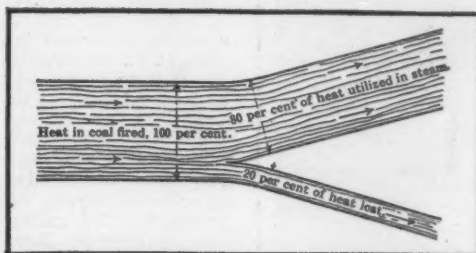
"The stack loss is so large because its magnitude can not be readily detected. Nobody can tell how much heat is going up the stack simply by looking at the stack. The density of the visible smoke is no indication of the amount of heat being lost. The magnitude of the loss can be found only by the use of special instruments and carefully kept records.

"By far the largest part of the stack loss is heat held by the gases because of the high temperature at which they leave the boiler. This part of the loss is unduly large when too much air enters the furnace and the boiler setting; it can be greatly reduced by decreasing the excess of air and by lowering the temperature of the gases leaving the boiler. Air entering the furnace in excess of about fourteen pounds to a pound of coal burned is not necessary to good combustion, and the heat it carries away when leaving the boiler is wasted."

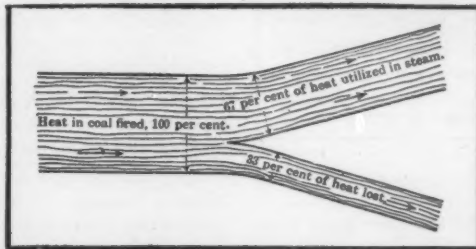
The stack loss, we are next told, also includes much possible, tho not actual, heat—that in the unburned combustible gas and in the visible smoke. This part of the loss is due to the lack of enough air



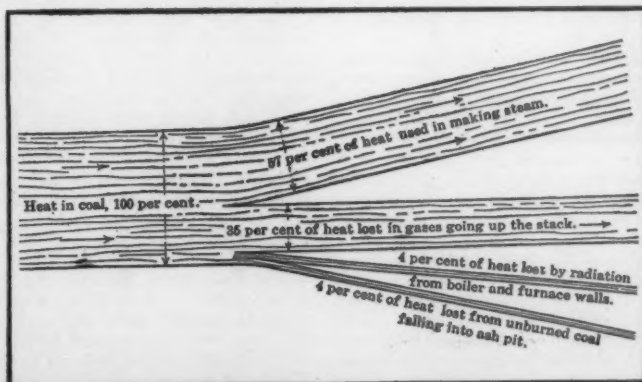
THE AVERAGE BOILER-PLANT DOES LIKE THIS.



THE BEST PLANTS ARE DOING LIKE THIS.



THE AVERAGE PLANT CAN AND SHOULD DO LIKE THIS.



WHERE THE HEAT GOES IN THE AVERAGE BOILER-PLANT.

at the right time and place to burn the gases completely. Thus one part of the loss is due to excessive air and the other to insufficient air. However, the loss from excess air is far larger than that from incomplete combustion, and the sum of the two can be greatly reduced by decreasing the excess of air. In many plants both parts of the stack loss can be reduced by more careful firing. The writer goes on:

"Holes in the fire are by far the most common cause of large excess of air in flue gases and large losses of heat up the chimney. The forming of holes can be avoided by firing frequently and placing the coal on the thin spots of the fuel bed. The more frequent the firing the less chance there is for holes to form.

"For every pound of coal burned on the grate seven pounds of air must be made to flow through the burning bed of coal, and through it only. The amount of air flowing up through a level bed of burning coal depends on the draft; therefore, proper regulation of the draft is very important for efficient



"BLACK SPOTS" IN "THE SERPENT-BEARER."

Such fantastic dark patches, thinks Professor Barnard, are not "holes in the sky," but "masses in space," obscuring a lighter background.

burning of coal. In burning coal there is nothing more wasteful than sudden changes in draft.

"Frequent raking and slicing of the fire cause large losses of heat up the stack, because whenever the fireman rakes or slices the fires a large excess of air enters the furnace through the open fire-doors. The fire should be kept level by firing small charges at short intervals and placing the coal on the thin spots.

"A thick fire and accumulations of clinker on the grate may cause large stack losses because of the large excess of air. Such conditions in the fuel bed tend to increase the draft over the fire, thereby causing entirely too much air to flow into the furnace through the openings in and around the firing-doors.

"Leakage of air into boiler settings is probably the next largest cause of excessive chimney losses. If the air leakage into the boiler setting were as visible and as noisy as the leakage of steam from the stuffing-boxes and other joints on an engine, it would be promptly stopped.

"The stack losses may be excessively large because the gases may leave the boiler at a high temperature. With the same composition of gases, every 25° F. temperature excess means that, roughly, about 1 per cent. of the coal is lost up the stack. The reason that the temperature of the flue gases is high is because the boiler fails to absorb the heat from the gases. This failure to absorb heat may be due to dirty heating surfaces of the boiler, or sometimes to short-circuiting of the path of the gases

because baffles are burned out or misplaced. The heating surfaces may be covered on the gas side with a coating of soot and on the water side with a coating of scale."

THE BLACK SPOTS ON THE SKY

THE STARRY SKY, especially when photographed, shows numerous dark blotches and markings. These have been explained in two ways, either as "holes in the sky"—regions totally devoid of stars—or as opaque objects obscuring the stars behind them. In *The Astrophysical Journal* (Chicago, January), Prof. E. E. Barnard, the eminent astronomer, asserts his belief that while there are doubtless some "holes in the sky," and some dark markings not yet explained in any way, in a considerable number of cases masses of matter intervene between us and the stars. Sometimes these are apparently feebly luminous and identical with the nebulae that are familiar objects in the sky. In some cases, he says, study of photographs shows nebulae which appear clearly as such at one point, while at another they show black against a brilliant, starry background. In one instance a partly luminous nebula seems to fit exactly in a "hole in the sky." To quote and condense Professor Barnard's article:

"Even a casual inspection shows that this nebula can be feebly seen over the entire spot where all the stars are blotted out sharply, and that the absence of stars is due to the obscuring presence of the nebula. This object is really the key to the explanation of most of the dark regions of the sky.

"To me these are all conclusive evidence that masses of obscuring matter exist in space and are readily shown on photographs with the ordinary portrait-lenses. What the nature of this matter may be is quite another thing. Slipher has shown spectroscopically that the great nebula in the constellation of Ophiuchus, or the Serpent-Bearer, is probably not gaseous. The word 'nebula,' nevertheless, remains unchanged by this fact, so that we are free to speak of these objects as nebulae. For our purpose it is immaterial whether they are gaseous or non-gaseous, as we are dealing only with the question of obscuration. In the present paper it is intended to show further examples of obscuration and other peculiarities, and to try to emphasize the fact that these objects are not necessarily confined to the Milky Way, but are found in other parts of the sky as well; and also to bring as much evidence as possible to prove that these objects show that space is itself more or less luminous.

"Outside of these examples, where the object is partly luminous, there are a number of others which appear to be entirely devoid of light. These are naturally best shown on the bright background of the Milky Way, against which they appear black on the photographs. Fine examples of these Milky Way objects are the black spots which are so striking in photographs of the star-clouds in Sagittarius.

"The last of these two is very remarkable when seen in a five-inch telescope with a low power. In such an instrument it appears like a drop of black ink on the bright background of the Milky Way. It was found in my comet-seeking in the early eighties. On account of its extreme blackness it was one of the most impressive objects in the Milky Way.

"All those dark markings that are in the Milky Way are not necessarily devoid of light, for they may appear black by contrast with the greater brightness of the Milky Way. There are numerous examples, however, which are not in the Milky Way and which are perhaps entirely devoid of light. It would seem that such a body would be lost in the blackness of space, but they are visible as black objects against space itself. I have previously explained this anomaly by suggesting that space is probably filled with a feeble light which forms a slightly luminous background for these dark bodies. Further investigations have fully convinced me that this is actually the explanation of the phenomena, for there is no evidence of an ordinary nebulous background in these cases. Furthermore, this feeble illumination is wide-spread and undoubtedly universal (so far, at least, as our stellar universe is concerned), for these dark objects are found in opposite parts of the sky, where there are few stars, and away from any possible brighter background.

"I did not at first believe in these dark obscuring masses. The proof was not conclusive. The increase of evidence, however, from my own photographs convinced me later, especially

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after investigating some of them visually, that many of these markings were not simply due to an actual want of stars, but were really obscuring bodies nearer to us than the distant stars. I think there is sufficient proof now to make this certain. Their apparent preference for the bright regions of the Milky Way is obviously due to the fact that they are more readily shown with a bright background. They are, however, not strictly confined to the Milky Way.

"Among the first to look upon these dark places as real matter was Mr. A. C. Ranyard, whose lamentable death occurred December 14, 1894. A short time previous to his death he gave a series of papers on the Milky Way and the nebulae, in *Knowledge*, of which magazine he was editor. In speaking of the dark lane south and east of the star Theta in 'The Serpent-Bearer,' on a Lick photograph of mine which he reproduced, he says: 'The dark vacant areas or channels running north and south of the bright star at the center . . . seem to me to be undoubtedly dark structures, or obscuring masses in space, which cut out the light from the nebulous or stellar region behind them.'

"For some time I have hoped to make a catalog of the dark markings shown on my photographs of the sky. The exact location of these objects is desirable so that their study with powerful photographic telescopes may be possible. There seems to be no question that some of them are real objects which are either entirely devoid of light or so feebly luminous when seen against the Milky Way as to appear black. As mere curiosities of the sky alone their cataloging would be desirable, but as real opaque objects between us and the more distant stars their exact location would seem to be important. Their study with the present means of research will be of the highest interest."

WILL WOMEN STAY IN THE MACHINE-SHOPS?

WILL THE WOMEN who served in the machine-shops for Uncle Sam during the war hold their places in times of peace, asks Anne C. Halvorsen, writing in *The American Machinist* (New York, March 6). Her answer indicates a belief that they will. She considers it safe to predict that the plants that employed women during the war will continue to do so. During the readjustment period, however, there will hardly be a demand for women workers in the shop, at least not until conditions have become more settled and our soldiers have been reemployed. The patriotic war-worker is glad to step back until that time, and then she hopes and deserves to be reconsidered. Miss Halvorsen, who has had an unusual opportunity to observe women working in machine shops, goes on to say:

"The women engaged on actual machine-work have been successful. They not only made good on inspection, assembly, and light bench-work, but as machine operators, setting up their machines and work. I have observed, in my capacity as instructor for girls taking up work as machine operators, that they are eager and ambitious, and if given full opportunity they become as efficient as men and often turn out a larger output.

"Aside from the interest and earnestness women take in their work, there is another strong factor in their success—namely, they know they are being constantly watched, and sometimes criticized for minor mistakes that would have been ignored were they men. This compels them to assume a 'friendly defensive attitude,' so to speak, which enables them to concentrate their efforts and accomplish greater results.

"It is my conviction that under well-developed management there will be increased production where women are employed on the same work as men if they are given some training before entering the shop, because the girl who shows mechanical possibilities in training will prove ambitious, steady, and quick.

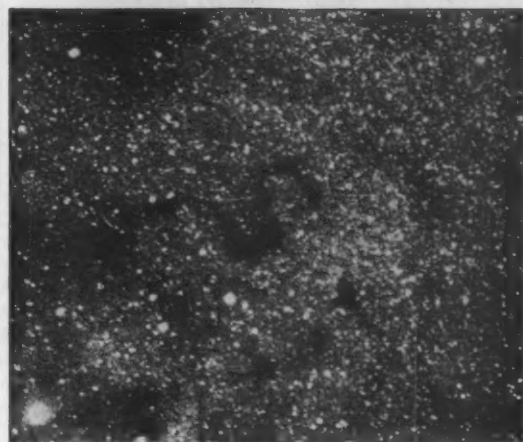
"Inefficiency is a curse, but it can be easily remedied, as higher standards are being planned which are working out successfully. This means more production, higher wages, better living conditions, and a better world."

Training-schools for women should be established by all well-organized plants, the writer asserts; and the work should be a part of the production. Under a competent instructor, with patience, an agreeable disposition, and a mind for system, little work is rejected from such a school; in fact, the school can be made self-

sustaining by the work it turns out, thus relieving the plant of any expenses in its upkeep. To quote further:

"The girls in a school like to choose their own machines, and they should be given this privilege, as it means added interest. However, it may be necessary in some cases to decide for them, as, for instance, when a short girl wants to operate a planing machine.

"All students are enthusiastic over the school-training, as it gives them confidence and a chance to prove whether they are



THESE ODD MARKINGS MAY BE DARK NEBULÆ.

fitted for machine-work. When they learn to operate a machine they become so interested that they invariably want to learn more, such as setting up machines for turning a tapered tool, or determining the different dimensions of a gear, etc.

"Some men think (or is it lack of thought?) that further knowledge for women in the mechanical line other than machine-operating is superfluous or beyond the scope of a woman's brains; but the woman who is really interested feels that this indifference or unawakened understanding on the part of the men is a hindrance to her progress. It is, however, gratifying to know that the majority of men understand and have expressed the value of the intelligent girl in machine-production.

"The greatest asset of a modern factory is a capable employment manager who understands not only shop problems and conditions, but also human nature, and the success or failure of shop conditions and production in a measure falls at his door. So also with women workers. As far as possible women should supervise women, and only intelligent girls of good character whose ages are between 21 and 35 should be considered.

"Many war-workers will go back to their old jobs in other factories, but those who made good at machine-work and choose to remain at it should be given a place in the industrial world again."

PARACHUTES TO SAVE AVIATORS

THE PARACHUTE is nearly as old as the balloon, yet until the Great War it was used chiefly for exhibition purposes. During the war it was employed freely to escape from observation balloons when these were attacked or set on fire, and the strategists who fought the war from the arm-



chairs of clubs have never been able to see why they could not be used equally well from aeroplanes. Why need a valuable life be lost by a smashing fall from the clouds in a plane while, near by, the observer in a wrecked captive balloon is floating gently to earth beneath a parachute? Why should aviators not make use of the only aerial life-preserver that has ever been invented? In answering this question, the editor of *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, March), Mr. Waldemar Kaempfert, reminds us that sailors are not responsible for the adoption of life-preservers and are notoriously poor swimmers. For the same reason, perhaps, aircraft pilots have set their faces against the parachute as a safety device. And yet, behind this unwillingness to equip the airplane in this manner lies not only prejudice, but solid sense. Says Mr. Kaempfert:

"It is one thing to drop from a balloon or air-ship with a parachute: quite another to drop from a flying-machine. In a gas-supported craft a man has a certain freedom of movement, for which reason the act of 'stepping over' is no more difficult than leaping from a high roof. In an airplane it is otherwise. Altho he can unbelt himself, rise from his seat, and leap overboard, the problem of providing him with a trustworthy life-preserver is accompanied with grave mechanical difficulties. The parachute must be extraordinarily compact when folded; it must be stowed away so that it will not hamper the pilot; it must not retard the machine in flight; it must not foul the rigging at the crucial moment.

"But this is not all. The flight of an airplane is mechanically so different from the drifting of a free balloon that it may be necessary to jerk the pilot out of the machine by means of the parachute itself. When, for example, the controls of a machine have been shot away and the machine drops in a flat spin, the aviator who has leapt overboard may find himself overtaken by the plane and his parachute torn to shreds by the propeller.

"Similar objections might be raised against the use of life-preservers at sea. No one demands that a life-belt shall save an ocean liner's passenger in every perilous situation; neither should a parachute be expected to save an aviator in the most freakish of accidents. In warfare, it is true, machines are shot down from the ground, in which case there is no chance to use a life-saver. But what of the peace machine? What of the thousands of machines in which zealous young men learn how to fly? What of the mail-carrying machines?

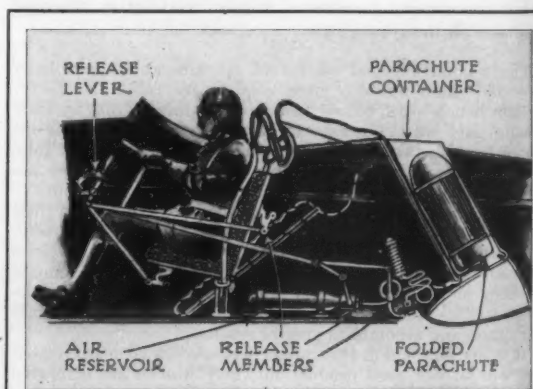
"A far more valid objection is the weight of even the lightest parachute. Let it not be forgotten that an airplane, and, above all, the 120-mile-an-hour single-seater, is a structure in which ounces must be saved; otherwise it can not fly high or fast. Clearly a parachute weighing thirty or even forty pounds may not be added without lowering the machine's flying efficiency.

"It is obviously difficult to mount the parachute on a flying-machine of the pusher type—that is, a machine on which the propeller is mounted in the rear, as in a steamship; for the parachute may foul the under-carriage in the process of opening. With a tractor type of machine, however, the parachute can be housed in the rear portion of the fuselage. All things considered, the best type of parachute for airplanes would be one in which the parachute is launched upward.

"So far as we have been able to determine, the *Zeppelins* were not provided with any form of parachute, despite the fact that it would be far easier to leap overboard from a giant dirigible than from an airplane. The horror of twenty-two men burned to death two miles in the air, as the result of a single flaming bullet which has found its mark in the huge volume of hydrogen with which the envelopes are inflated, can be imagined. No wonder they often leapt overboard."

The man who drops from a balloon with a parachute, says Mr. Kaempfert, abandons himself to a precipitous fall, placing his confidence in the opening of the umbrella in time to break his descent. Parachuting of that kind is out of the question from an airplane at a speed of 90 to 120 miles an hour. Most inventors have failed to realize what a storm is created by a high-powered machine, whether it speeds on normally or falls. They seem to argue that the whole problem consists in providing some releasing device. To quote again:

"The inventor who has unquestionably given the airplane parachute the most thought, and who has demonstrated the correctness of his views most conclusively by the severest imaginable tests, is an English engineer, Mr. E. R. Calthrop. Those who remember the earlier tragedies of flying will recall that one of the first Englishmen to fly was the Hon. Charles



HOW THE CALTHROP PARACHUTE WORKS.

When the aviator pulls the release lever, his seat falls back to the dotted line, and the parachute is ejected from its container by means of compressed air. The parachute is opened instantly by the rush of air created by the airplane, and it jerks the pilot from his seat, which has been made an inclined launching way.

Rolls, whose name is identified with the Rolls-Royce car. Rolls bought a Wright biplane of an early model—a machine built at a time when very little was known of the enormous strains to which supporting surfaces are subjected in flight. He lost his life in 1910, because of some structural weakness.

"Calthrop was a friend of his. It was the tragic death of Rolfe that impelled Calthrop to concentrate his engineering attention on the invention of a parachute that would meet the requirements of the aviator. Calthrop has patented several types of parachutes. In its more approved form the Calthrop parachute is folded compactly between two disks, each about two feet in diameter, and connected with the machine by a shock-absorbing sling about fourteen feet long. The only free fall encountered is limited to the length of this sling, and it lasts less than a second.

"According to Mr. Calthrop, 'the whole operation of opening takes only two and one-half seconds, and there is no shock whatever to the nerves.' In unfolding, the sling and the parachute itself fall outside of the disks. . . .

"It was in the autumn of 1917 that the Calthrop parachute was publicly tested. An officer leapt from the top of the London Tower Bridge into the Thames below—a sheer drop of 175 feet. . . .

"In the present year Captain Sarret, of the French Army, tested the parachute successfully from an airplane at a far greater height from the ground. . . .

"Such is the rush of air produced by a modern fast airplane that even if it were flying very low—as low, for example, as twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground—the parachute would still be effective if it is so constructed as to pull the pilot out of his seat. Indeed, a man might thus even leave a sixty-mile-an-hour railway train in safety.

"Mr. Calthrop has urged the need of schools in which aviators will be taught how to use the parachute. . . . The untrained aviator will probably be so crazed by the fear of the fate that is impending that he will never think of using the one possibility of escape.

"After all, aviators are taught at present only to fly, and not to save themselves in an extremity. For that reason, Mr. Calthrop's suggestion that parachuting as well as flying be taught seems to us eminently sane."

A POWER MAP OF THE UNITED STATES—The accompanying map of the United States representing the sources of all primary power in the country, including water, steam, and gas, was prepared by Chief Engineer O. C. Merrill, of the United States Forest Service. *The Electrical World* (New York, March 1), from which we reproduce the map, adds a word of explanation:

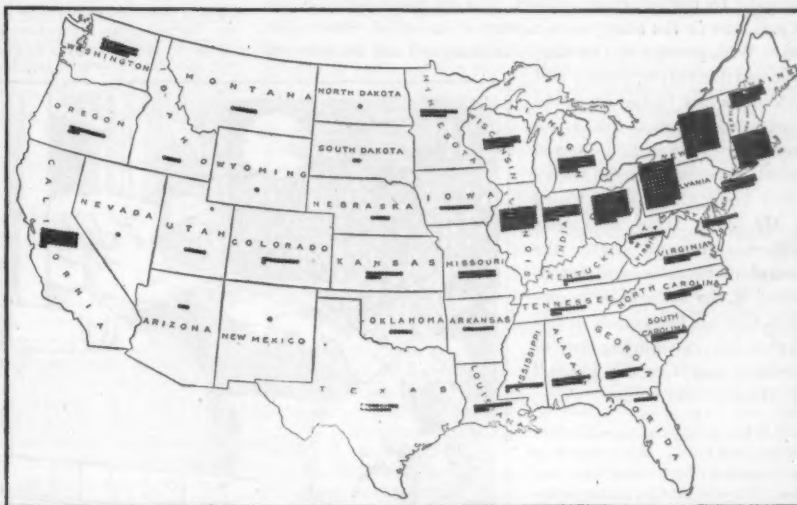
"Primary power, which consists of the installed capacity of water-wheels, steam-engines, and gas-engines in commercial and municipal central stations, street, and electric railways and manufacturing plants, has been estimated for 1918 by assuming a rate of increase in each State from 1912 to 1918 corresponding to the rate of increase for such State from 1902 to 1912. . . .

"The figures do not include horse-power of locomotives."

The preponderance of power in the northeastern States is very noticeable, especially when we define these as the States east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio. A map showing undeveloped power would make a very different showing, and if those of our readers who preserve *THE DIGEST* will take the trouble to turn back to this page and compare with it the map for 1944, when that appears, they will doubtless find the contrast a striking one.

HOLIDAYS TO RELIEVE "INTELLECTUAL INDIGESTION"

THAT THE HOLIDAY has its place in the procedures of preventive medicine is editorially asserted by *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, March 1). The "concentration of effort and the speeding up of schedules" due to the war, with the assertion of some efficiency experts that such concentration should become standard in the future, lead the editor to protest against what he terms "the new militarized procedures." More than one of those, he says, who have observed the actual working-out of these plans in



Map prepared by O. C. Merrill, Chief Engineer, Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

DISTRIBUTION OF WATER, STEAM, AND GAS-POWER IN THE UNITED STATES, 1918.

The total represents 42,000,000 horse-power.

practise have seriously asked themselves whether in the long run such war-time measures can secure peace-time benefactions. The fact that every hour of the day is utilized does not guarantee that it is most advantageously employed. "There is such a thing as intellectual indigestion resulting from inordinate concentration." He goes on:

"The efficiency of a mechanical or automatic performance can doubtless be increased in large measure by persistently continued practise; on the other hand, there are more distinctly intellectual processes which become impaired unless a reasonable period for reflection and mental recuperation is allowed.

"Let us hesitate, therefore, lest we adopt a machinelike scheme too rashly as the basis for the further development of American higher education. The physician has a special concern in the threatened abolition of the institution of holidays. To him who watches the mode of life of his fellow citizens the beneficence of an occasional holiday has not escaped notice. It need not be debated whether there has been inordinate waste of time in the past; whether the life of many of our citizens, young and old, has not been extravagant in authorized idleness. The institution of suitable holiday periods is for the most part more than likely to make for good. 'The right use of a holiday is one of the sovereign secrets in the practise of the noble art of keeping alive.' Let us bear this in mind in the discussion of the projects of reconstruction, frankly admitting that leisure is valuable in the long run only if it improves the quality of work. A change of work may become a holiday in essence. The best holiday is not one spent in languid idleness, but one that contains the largest amount of new experience. The physician needs such holidays; and in selecting their routine he will do well to observe such holiday experts as the naturalist, the traveler, and the historian, rather than the golfer."

LETTERS - AND - ART

GERMAN OPERETTA SILENCED IN NEW YORK

JUST WHEN THE OPERA SEASON IN NEW YORK had convinced *The Herald* that "the community can dispense very comfortably with German music and musicians now and for some time to come," a German manager displayed the opposite conviction. The occasion was considered tactless, especially by our returning soldiers, who are particularly plentiful just now in the amusement centers of the chief debarkation port. With peace with Germany still unsigned and the memory of the battle-fields of France still fresh, objectors to the opera enterprise looked upon this as an "unnecessary affront." Formal protests were offered to the Mayor of New York. One of these, issued by Mr. John Drew, elaborates another statement that "the worst abuse of the cause of Americanism is the systematic propaganda that has been made in this country for the glorification of Germany and German ideals." Mr. Drew's letter reads:

"Art is not international, never less so than now. We know how the Germans have obscured this issue. To present German operettas with our President on the high seas and our 27th Division on the eve of their formal welcome is an insult to our intelligence.

"This season of German operetta is either an act of local madness or else the inspiration of the whining German Government, half imperial and entirely hypocritical. All my life and that of my forbears has been devoted to dramatic art, and I say this present project is transparent politics to obscure the issues of peace, to antagonize the French, and to proclaim through German press-agents that America is apathetic toward German infamy.

"Worst of all, the insult to our soldiers and sailors is too flagrant to be described. I am sure that in this protest I voice the sentiment and feeling of every one in my profession and all other true Americans."

Dignified protests seemed for a time to have no effect, the authorities invoked pleading their inability to interfere. The press prints a message sent to Governor Smith expressing the sentiments of men of the Navy:

"We, enlisted sailors and marines of the United States Navy, in a meeting at the Navy Club, do respectfully beg that your Excellency let us know if you will help us keep the city of New York American and not allow these Huns to insult our flag and the men who have given and are willing to give their lives that this our country be free from German *Kultur*. We, therefore, appeal to you to stop the presentation of German operas on Monday, March 10, at the Lexington Avenue Theater, New York City."

Men in uniform who felt keenly the affront offered to their sensibilities planned to take a hand. It was published in the papers that soldiers from the hospital not many blocks distant would stand at attention in front of the theater where the first opera was to be given and display the scars of battle to any who

sought entrance. An attempted justification of the project was given out in the newspapers by Dr. Max Winter, general business manager of the Christians Producing Company, in the following terms:

"In New York City are several million Germans and German-Americans, among them hundreds of thousands of adults who are barred from recreation in ordinary American theaters. They came to this country to earn a living, and have been unable to learn English, owing to the lack of time. Thousands of sons of these men and women have gone overseas, of whom many have been killed and wounded. Those who stayed behind helped the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross drive and have throughout been loyal, sincere patriots.

"There is absolutely no sort of propaganda in these plays. Six or seven of the operettas were written by composers now dead. They contain nothing in any sense political. They are just amusing and full of good music. The entire enterprise fills a demand on the part of people who want only to be entertained."

It is a matter of history, of course, that the performances did not take place. An order not to sing was issued by Mayor Hylan on the morning of the day set for the first performance. The *New York Times* questions the candor of the plea for entertainment in the German language:

"The opposition to the giving of German operas in this city to some extent even by those who, on general principles, hold that art, like science, knows no frontiers.

"In themselves, as was recognized long since, these operas are entirely innocent and appreciably amusing. In the past nobody thought of objecting to them, and only a few refused to find them entertaining. All this, however, is quite irrelevant to the question really at issue, which is whether or not it is judicious, permissible, or even decent, to plan and widely to advertise the presentation of a long series of German works, avowedly because they are German, and avowedly, too, for the reason that a large number of New York's inhabitants—'hundreds of thousands,' the promoters of the scheme say—are barred from recreation in ordinary American theaters, having come to this country to earn a living, and having been unable to learn English owing to lack of time.

"The German who can make that statement either is strangely ignorant or else he offers the reason he does in the hope that it will distract attention from his real reasons. An explanation so utterly nonsensical and so obviously false will not be accepted by anybody possessed of common sense—and it would not have been made by anybody with even a little understanding of the position which Germany and Germans now occupy in the eyes of the non-German world."

Some lurid stories, published after the fact and promptly contradicted, had it that soldiers were prepared with machine guns to play on the audience that dared venture into the Lexington Theater. Such stories in turn are stigmatized as part of the propaganda that may have projected the original enterprise.



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER BREAKS UP A SERENADE.

—Barclay in the *Baltimore Sun*.

AMERICA ON THE LONDON STAGE

THE SPIRIT OF OUR ALLIANCE with England is certainly supported in generous measure on the London stage. Seven of the current productions have the American hall-mark, and their success seems striving to match the tenure of these plays on Broadway. In the variety theaters deference is paid to the overseas ally in such guise as "Hullo, America!" and "The Bing Boys on Broadway." If this is not enough, a picture-palace will add "Mary Pickford in Captain Kidd." Such a measure of Americanomania should perhaps go far to mollify those who have felt that England appears in an overgenerous share on our stage. But this is not the whole length of the matter. One of the latest purely English productions in London has shown an English King marrying the daughter of a President of the United States. It is doubtful if an American dramatist would embark on such a flight. Real life has presented us with English dukes for our democratic invasions, but we have always respected the sanctity of the Royal Family. "His Royal Highness," this Anglo-American hybrid, was written by Sara Jeanette Duncan and H. C. M. Hardinge, and impresses the critic of the London *Daily Telegraph* as an odd sort of League of Nations:

"The King of England was married to the daughter of the President of the United States. You may have noticed that this is unusual. The play exists to show you what a fine thing it would be if we could bring it off, and what a lot of odd stuff would happen if we were not careful. Without expressing any opinion on this matrimonial League of Nations as a policy, for it does not seem to be imminent, we may suggest that it is awkward stuff to use as a plot. In spite of all the dressing-up it won't look plausible. You should go to the theater, no doubt, with an open mind, ready to believe anything that will make the play work. There is no law of nature which forbids a young prince of our royal house to be captivated in the Adirondacks by the daughter of the man who will be the next President of the United States; no reason in the nature of things why he should not marry her (forgetting that the Royal Marriage Act requires his king's consent), and then discover that the royal yacht has sunk with king and court to put him on the throne.

"But the sequence of events is not persuasive, and we want a good deal of help to swallow them. This is the sort of help we had. King Alfred went back home to reign and left the lady to become the hostess of the White House, while Mr. President, who didn't know anything about it, was negotiating an Anglo-American alliance. For a year or so King Alfred held his tongue, and then without a word to the lady he sent the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs over to Washington with a letter to the President about it. His Cabinet and family had to wait longer still. When he told them they were horrified, and reminded him that the marriage was illegal. He talked about abdicating. Then the Under Secretary discovered that, allowing for the difference between European and American time, Alfred at the moment when the marriage took place was not a subject, but already king, so the Royal Marriage Act did not apply to him, and the marriage was legal, if unusual. So there was nothing to do but kiss the lady and leave the audience thinking that this sort of thing would seem unlikely if you put it in Ruritania."

From this supposititious situation London passes to real history and views the counterfeit presentment of Abraham Lincoln. This play by John Drinkwater was transferred to the English capital from the Birmingham Repertory Theater, where it ran for five weeks instead of the usual week or fortnight. Its first night in London was witnessed by a "'distinguished' and indeed 'smart' set of spectators," according to the London *Times*, which also seems to take a sort of pleasure in seeing this play win for qualities that made the Barnard statue unacceptable:

"And all the success it may get it deserves. From the nature of the subject it lacks many things which are supposed to be necessary to drama: humor, for instance, of which Mr. Drinkwater has been perhaps oversparing; love-interest of the usual kind, altho the pretty glimpse which he gives us of Lincoln's relations with his wife ought to be enough to flavor the play; and emotional appeal in general, which theater audiences are not

accustomed to find offered through questions of politics and philanthropy. It is all, in fact, a little 'highbrow': and none the less welcome for that in these days when the drama is mostly as lowbrow as are some ladies' hats.

"Lincoln was, first and foremost, a picturesque figure. He might have done all he did and more, and yet have been less admired than he is on this side of the Atlantic if he had not carried with him so much of the log-cabin into the White House. Mr. Drinkwater is careful to give the actor of the part, Mr. William J. Rea, plenty of opportunities for what we might call the Barnard-statue side of the man; and in the huge hands sticking out from short sleeves, the solvency clothes, the shocking hat, which so worried poor Mrs. Lincoln, and the general behavior, Mr. Rea is far more Barnard than Saint-Gaudens. But Mr. Drinkwater and Mr. Rea do not stop short at that. In each of the six scenes, which take us from what was practically the offer of the Presidency in 1860 to the assassination in the theater in 1865, we find this or that point of Lincoln's character and passion brought out. We see Lincoln reading Artemus Ward aloud to calm the nerves of his Cabinet; bidding his sadly harried secretary read to him about the cloud-capped towers, because he feels tired; pardoning a soldier who had fallen asleep at his post; chatting with a negro; promising to buy a new hat—some day; and rounding magnificently on a treacherous member of his Cabinet, one Burnet Hoole, who was acted by a Mr. 'John Darnley,' not unrecognizable, under his make-up, as the author of the play. Deeper still, we see the agony and the determination with which Lincoln brought his country into war and maintained it in war until the cause was won; his woe at the loss of life; his unconquerable faith in victory; his gradual realization that not only the Union but Abolition was necessary to the health of his country; his insistence on clemency to the vanquished. All this and more of Lincoln's great character and lofty philanthropic passion Mr. Drinkwater offers in musical and shapely prose, and Mr. Rea, whose performance was remarkably penetrating and well sustained, brought it all out in the acting. His Irish brogue was no drawback in a production which did not profess to be American in external trifles."

Finally, tributes could seem to go no further than in the renaming of the play known here as "Friendly Enemies" to "Uncle Sam." The play, says the London *Daily News* critic, Mr. E. A. Baughan, will "help Londoners to understand the difficulty of President Wilson's position in the early days of the war." More:

"We know, of course, that America's population of German descent numbers over ten millions, but we have not quite realized what that has meant. No wonder the President, addressing an audience from his box, said: 'All the sentiments I could express have been admirably represented—sentiments that I hope will soon grip the world.'

"Yet London will not be as much interested in that view of Mr. Samuel Shipman and Mr. Aaron Hoffman's play as in its entertainment as a farcical comedy. To British minds the treatment of the subject may prevent it being taken seriously. We are glad to know that the younger generation of American-Germans, and some of the older, are world-citizens, and are grateful for what America has given them, but we do not quite believe in Potash and Perlmutter as the protagonists of a serious play.

"One of them, Karl Pfeiffer, is a strong pro-German, and there is a fine scene when he discovers that his boy has volunteered to fight against the Huns. But his conversion seemed to me a personal matter only, for he worships Germany, in spite of the Lusitania and the Belgian atrocities, until his son is blown up in an English transport. Then he burns his portrait of the Kaiser and Hindenburg and buys new pictures of Wilson and Washington.

"'Uncle Sam' will be a great success in London—the success of the year, because it is most amusing, has moments of strong, simple pathos, and, in a broad, rather crude, style, clever characterization. Henry Block and Karl Pfeiffer are even more amusing than our old friends Potash and Perlmutter, and each is well observed. Their 'back chat' kept the audience at the Haymarket Theater last night in roars of laughter. Old Mrs. Pfeiffer, who is quite American, but with a slight accent, is alive; and of the young people Pfeiffer's son is, at any rate, typical of the American boy of German descent whose soul belongs to the New World.

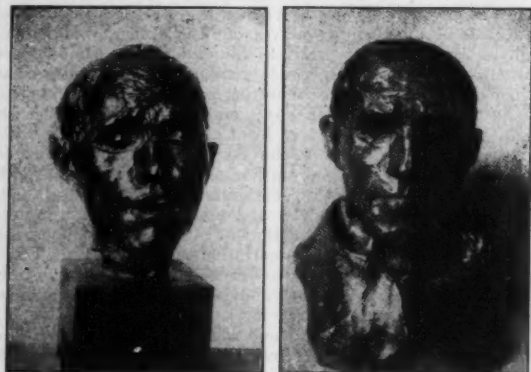
"The American company, who was welcomed by Mr. Harrison in a graceful speech, is splendid. Mr. Howard Lang, as Pfeiffer,

and Mr. Dick Bernard, as *Henry Block*, can not be praised too highly. Mr. Lang has the more difficult part, for he has many serious scenes to play, notably that one with his son—a fine piece of acting.

"The American Ambassador and suite, Admiral Sims, and many American officers and soldiers were present."

SABOTAGING RODIN'S WORKS

DURING RODIN'S LIFETIME he was frequently the center of what the French term an *affaire*; and now that he has been dead barely a year his name figures in one upon which, the *Matin* (Paris) declares, "pivot the artistic fortunes of France." The work of the greatest sculptor



TWO HEADS FROM THE "BOURGEOIS DE CALAIS."
Counterfeited and sold as Rodin's work. The practise involving other Rodin sculptures has become a state scandal.

of modern times is being depreciated "by an enterprise of extraordinary vulgarization." Works of Rodin are freely counterfeited by certain individuals who reap a personal profit, it is charged, in spite of the fact that Rodin's work was left to the French nation, who were committed to the task of guaranteeing its protection. "The law which confirmed the acceptance, in the last days of 1917, of the gift which Rodin made of his work," says the *Matin*, "provided for a regulation of the public administration to fix measures necessary to the execution of the will and for protecting the artist's work." Up to January of this year no regulation had been made, in spite of the fact that as long ago as February, 1918, Mlle. Judith Cladel, who was one of Rodin's favorite disciples, had exposed the "sabotage" of Rodin's work in a letter to Clemenceau as President of the Council. The letter, which is reproduced in the *Matin*, reads thus:

"TO THE PRESIDENT:

"It seems to me that it is my duty to advise you that there exists a 'Rodin mystery,' which, if known in all its details, would cause a general scandal. Until now I have scrupulously refrained from any attempt to turn your attention even for an instant from the vital matters to which you have so nobly devoted yourself. But for a year I have been vainly trying to bring a stop to the pillage of the works of Rodin. I have seen Mr. Lafferre, I have written in *L'Homme Libre* the accompanying article, but without substantial result in a way of solving the problem.

"Now, it does not seem possible that, under the government of the man of action and the artist you yourself are, the work of the greatest sculptor of modern times should be treated as his work has been treated since he imprudently, at my mad suggestion, bequeathed it to the French Republic.

"So, from the depths of my heart, I appeal to your sense of justice and to your friendship for Rodin. I am entirely ready to give you formal proof of the assertions I make in this letter.

"(Signed) JUDITH CLADEL."

"PARIS, February 20, 1918.

The curator of the Luxembourg Gallery, Mr. Bénédite, is one of the executors of Rodin's will and is now involved in a dispute with one Jonechery, an occasional worker for Rodin, claiming to have given no permission to reproduce Rodin's work. Jonechery claims that his permission came from the sculptor himself before his death. The *Boston Transcript*, in a summary of the affair, exposes it as an example of the foibles of a great genius:

"Mr. Bénédite has now brought an action against another sculptor, named Mathet, stating that he had ordered an 'Eve' to be made, but that other figures had been also executed without authority and to the order of an art-dealer named Danton, who now declares that he had been given verbal permission by Mr. Bénédite to order these. A big 'Eve' was made for his private possession, and a small 'Eve,' he said, had been given to him by Mathet, it being agreed at the time that the gift was to be sanctioned by the Government.

"Concerning two other figures in his possession, the 'Woman with Comb' and the 'Fall of Icarus,' Danton confesses to having bought them with full rights of reproduction from Mathet, who alleges that he was given them by Rodin twenty years ago. Danton states that he had verbal authorization from Mr. Bénédite for this transaction, but this is emphatically denied by Mr. Bénédite, who says that Danton only disceit one day his acquisition of an 'Eve' for his private use, and that no permission was granted. And the truth of the affair still remains a secret.

"In accordance with the will of Rodin, the state, which became the owner of his works, ordered that no reproductions should be made, the only exception being in the case of one bronze for a foreign museum. How copies can have been made in large quantities is, however, easily explained. Like so many great men, Rodin was very careless respecting what he considered to be mere details. He often gave originals to be enlarged or decreased by an underworker, and, being satisfied with the result, told the man to return the original to his house. But he forgot about the work of the man who had not succeeded in satisfying him. This model could well have been kept and not destroyed by an unscrupulous worker, and so have been the forerunner of many 'original' Rodins.

"*Le Temps* states that the author of the counterfeit marbles of Rodin is Charles Emile Jonechery, the son of a sculptor who was a well-known specialist in the restoration of statuary, especially of the works in charge of the commission of historical monuments in the museums of Chantilly, Versailles, etc. Some false marbles, together with the models in plaster on which they were founded, were discovered under a heap of rubbish in a garden rented by Jonechery in the Rue de Vanves."

GERMAN LITERATURE SINCE 1914

IT IS LONG SINCE ANY LITERARY NEWS, barring a "Hymn of Hate" or so, came out of Germany. We were told that at the beginning of things German poets were engaged on war-poems at a rate equaling, if not exceeding, those of the Allies, but they did not come over the border in swarms. After America entered, of course, we saw no more of German periodical literature, and we had to take her literary activities for granted. Mr. Alec W. G. Randall tries to fill in the war-gap and estimate the present position of German literature. Three questions naturally arise: "Has it shown any exceptional activity? Have new literary geniuses arisen? What is the prospect before German literary art in this culminating humiliation and distraction?" Writing in *The New Statesman* (London), Mr. Randall reminds his readers that previous to August, 1914, an English publisher had brought out a complete English edition of the plays of Gerhart Hauptmann, and "Some one in Germany was returning the compliment by issuing a complete German edition of the plays of Bernard Shaw." These are instances, he says, which show that there was "more literary exchange between England and Germany than a good many of us would now care to admit." The interim, to begin with, had its tragedies:

"Certain leading writers—one or two of them familiar to us at least by name, one certainly by the notoriety of his works—have disappeared. Christian Morgenstern, the delightful

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fantastic poet and satirist; John Henry Mackay, the Anarchist poet and exponent of Max Stirner, author of 'The Ego and His Own'; Gustav Falke, the poet; Peter Rosegger, the well-known Austrian novelist; Maria von Ebner Eschenbach, the Austrian poetess; Hedwig Lachmann, a leading woman-poet of Swabia and the south; Max Dauthendey and Frank Wedekind—all these have died. The last two probably leave the largest gaps from the point of view of the history of contemporary German literature. Of Wedekind nothing need be said—Mr. Ashley Dukes having said most of the essential things in his book, 'Modern Dramatists,' which was published in 1911—beyond these two facts, first, that he, even he, was drawn into the stream of German superpatriotism at the beginning of the war and wrote dramatic dialogues, never produced, I believe, based on incidents in Bismarck's career; secondly, that an autobiography by him is announced, which should be one of the most interesting volumes of literary confessions issued for many years. Max Dauthendey, tho probably of greater significance, is far less known here. He was in the East Indies when war broke out, and, failing in his attempts to reach Germany, went to Java, where he died at the beginning of September last. He was a poet in the style of Whitman—at least this is true of the works of his maturity—and one of his volumes, 'Die geflügelte Erde' (The Winged Earth), contains some of the best lyrics in contemporary German poetry."

Mr. Randall does not find much to record of the older poets and dramatists. In the beginning, as we know, "all were swept along with the flood of Jingoism which overwhelmed Germany":

"Some of them signed the notorious 'Es ist nicht wahr' manifesto; some of them engaged in furious propagandist controversy; Ernst Lissauer set a fashion by writing a particularly good condemnation lyric called 'The Hymn of Hate,' which we seem to have forgotten; and all of them—Hauptmann, Sudermann, Dehmel, Rainer Maria Rilke, Ernst Hardt, Ludwig Thoma, Arno Holz—thought they would serve their country by writing poems for the most part commonplace and stuffed with cliché rimes and phrases about heroes, victory, the sword, 'perfidious Albion,' 'Gut' and 'Blut,' 'Krieg' and 'Sieg,' 'Morgenrot' and 'To(d)!'."

"Later, when the war-fever was lessening, some of the writers named wrote works of greater consequence to the impartial historian. Dehmel has written a realist drama, for example, the 'Menschenfreunde' (The Friends of Humanity); Hauptmann has written a novel, 'Die Ketzer von Soana' (The Heretics of Soana), a story in the style of his novel 'Atlantis,' of which an English translation was issued in 1913, and a long dramatic poem, based on a story by Selma Lagerlöf, 'Winterballade,' which is quite worth reading; Sudermann has published a volume of plays, 'Die entgötterte Welt' (The Godless World), showing how degenerate the world was before the war. Of the activities of the other poets and dramatists of standing it should be recorded that the leading woman-poet, Else Lasker-Schüler, has issued her 'Collected Poems'; Schnitzler a comedy of the newspaper world, 'Flink und Fliederbusch'; Stefan Zweig, the critic and translator of Bernard Shaw and Verhaeren, a tragedy entitled 'Jeremias'; Hermann Bahr, a Catholic novel called 'Himmelfahrt' (Ascension) and a similar religious play entitled 'Die Stimme' (The Voice); and Stefan Georg, who throughout the war has stood apart from the war-lyrists and has been much condemned for doing so, a hundred or so new lyrics."

"The ebbing of the Jingo flood seems to have left Georg with a much-increased reputation and influence. His well-known poetry review, *Blätter für die Kunst*, written now mainly by himself, has appeared occasionally during the war. Most of the other literary reviews of importance seem to have continued regularly—the *Neue Rundschau*, originally organ of the famous 'Freie Bühne,' where Hauptmann with other important dramatists began his career; the *Literarische Echo*; the *Weissen Blätter*, edited by the Alsatian poet, René Schickel—not very favorably regarded by the Jingoists—the *Strum*, organ of the Expressionists, artists and poets; and the *Aktion*, organ of a now well-established group of young lyric poets, chief among whom stands Wilhelm Klemm. Wilhelm Herzog's literary and critical review, *Das Forum*, was suspended by the authorities for some time, but was allowed to reappear shortly before the recent changes in Germany."

Attention is called to three main characteristics of the German literature, which is being produced by the younger men:

"The first is a growing aversion from realism or naturalism, in part due, no doubt, to the increased influence of Georg, to which reference has been made; Hölderlin, in many respects Georg's

master, also seems to be inspiring much contemporary poetry. Secondly, one will note the preference of the younger poets for the dramatic form. And in this connection we must chronicle the foundation in Berlin, some months ago, of the society, 'Junges Deutschland,' under the presidency of Max Reinhardt, with the object of producing the works of the younger serious dramatists. Chief among these are Reinhard Goering—his non-patriotic Jutland battle play, 'Seeschlacht' (Sea-fight), the action of which takes place in the turret of a German cruiser, produced



THE RODIN MUSEUM AT MEUDON.

Against the wall is the "Gate of Hell," numerous details of which have been sold by counterfeiters as genuine "Rodins."

a painful impression when it was presented; Wilhelm Hasenclever, author of a remarkable neo-classical play, 'Antigone'; Reinhard Sorge, one of Georg's most promising disciples until he fell on the Somme; Franz Werfel, a poet of the Whitmanian school; and Fritz von Unruh, a Uhlan early in the war, whose war-tragedy, 'Ein Geschlecht' (A Race), a critic called 'a self-conquest over militarism.' The phrase might broadly be applied to the activities of most of the school; they represent the reaction—not too self-conscious to be programmatic—against the literary Jingoism of their elders."

"Finally, in this hurried sketch we must note the emergence of the German-Swiss poets and dramatists. One name, also of a dramatist, is being acclaimed as that of a young man of great literary promise—Max Pulver, of whom, as of the new individual German-Swiss literary school, much might be said."

"On the future of German literature as a whole it is impossible to prophesy. Political events and the exhaustion of the German people may hamper artistic achievement; on the other hand, the removal of a blighting political system may lead to a revival. The latter seems to be the greater probability. If this be so, and a time of great artistic inspiration be in store for the Germans, it will still find a number of young poets and dramatists ready to carry on—it may be surpass—the work of the years before the war."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE CHURCH REBUKING PEACE-LEAGUE POLITICS

PARTY AMBITIONS and party issues are plentifully charged in the lay press as explaining attitudes for or against the League of Nations. Violent language may be used in some cases, but, without violent language, just as deep conviction seems to actuate the religious press, with this difference—that not one member of it, so far as we have observed, opposes the League *in toto*. "Four-fifths of the opposition or indifference to the League of Nations," asserts *The Congregationalist* (New York), the leading organ of that Church, "is due, we believe, to prejudice against, or distrust of, President Wilson." It points to the fear of his critics and opponents "that he is going to secure some personal or political advantage if he carries through the proposition on which he is concentrating all his energies." *The Congregationalist* wonders why "the worth of a proposal affecting the destinies of mankind be pivoted upon the character or characteristics of any one man." It goes further:

"Americans have a right to think what they please of their President, provided they seek to appraise him fairly and honestly, but they have no right to let their judgment with reference to his domestic policies or his political methods prevent them from forming a candid and intelligent opinion of this proposed Society of Nations. Defective as it may be, requiring, as it probably does, clarification and amendment here and there, the twenty-six points block out a path of progress for the human race.

"Forget Mr. Wilson's personality for the moment and study the document. As a matter of fact, it is a composite product. The idea behind it was publicly championed by Mr. Taft long before Mr. Wilson proclaimed his adherence to the general plan. English, French, and Italian statesmen have had much to do with its basis and its phraseology. They are as keen for it to-day as is President Wilson himself.

"We can not, therefore, understand the attitude of those who would be secretly or openly happy if the League should fail, because of the effects of such failure upon the feelings and fortunes of Woodrow Wilson. He can stand defeat better than this great American nation. Having once taken a man's part in the world problems of our time, shall we now heed the counsels of those who would have the nation undertake to crawl back into a shell which has been forever shattered?

"Our own belief is that in the long view of history, the American nation will be proud of the share which its President has had in helping to frame a project designed to avert wars and bind the nations together. Men returning from foreign lands speak of the esteem felt for him around the globe and wonder why in certain circles here in America the antipathy to Mr. Wilson is so intense and deep-seated. It is comparable only to the attitude cherished by certain sections of the English population a generation ago toward Mr. Gladstone.

"But the question before us at the moment is not what Mr. Wilson is to-day or what will be thought of him ten years hence. The truly broad-minded men and women among his political opponents should see that a great international issue, bearing upon not the future of civilization only, but of Christianity, is to be settled on a higher basis than that of opposition to, or admiration for, any one participant in the Paris Conference."

The Presbyterian (Philadelphia) is not so outspoken as its Congregational brother, but it reminds "every Senator" that he is "under solemn duty to give this matter most careful deliberation, and this should be in the most courteous manner." *The Methodist Zion's Herald* (Boston) sees the League as "neither a Republican nor a Democratic proposition, but one that comes from the heart of the people, both in America and in Europe, who desire an end of all wars." It goes on:

"The first thing that I am going to tell the people on the other side of the water," said Mr. Wilson, "is that an overwhelming majority of the American people is in favor of the League of Nations." In this he interpreted aright, we believe, the feeling of the nation."

The Christian Advocate (New York), another Methodist organ, does not openly charge party politics, but feels it "obviously improper to advocate any plan of such importance merely as a party measure, or because of personal loyalty to the President," for—

"The consequences of success or failure are so immeasurable for good or ill that no such consideration should be allowed to weigh. And it is quite as discreditable to assume an attitude of hostility to the plan for fear that in the event of success some advantage will inure to the opposite party. As politics were largely subordinated to winning the war, so they should be sternly relegated to the rear at this time, when the one objective of the world's effort ought to be the establishment of peace upon foundations which give the greatest promise of permanence. Any nation should be willing to purchase such a boon at a considerable price to itself. Altho there are conspicuous exceptions to these rules on both sides of the Senate chamber, it is not to be believed that such men as Senator Hitchcock or Senator Lodge, however diverse their opinions, are actuated by any other motive than the desire to promote the highest good of their country. This is no time to limit one's thought to the self-interest of his country. There are too many American graves in foreign soil for us ever to drop back to that prewar isolation. As Bishop Quayle said, 'It is a million years since 1914,' yet some men in responsible station continue to write and speak as if the events of 1918 were not. They seem to forget that the Yankee soldiers died in the faith that they were thus bringing an end, not to one, but to all wars."

The Christian Work (New York) has faith that the League shall rise above the clash of party turmoil:

"While there are pessimists who cry that it is a Utopian idea and can never be made practicable, and while there are very grave difficulties in the way, and while nations may have to make distasteful sacrifices perhaps, still we must believe that an establishment of a workable League of Nations will surely be achieved and that it will be the only possible ending to the victory which we have won. President Wilson is working as hard as any other man to bring about this thing, and every intelligent citizen can not fail to see how important it is that he should have the whole-hearted support of the nation behind him."

WITCHES BURNED IN MEXICO—The days when the Spanish Inquisition executed men and women as magicians and witches are recalled by a piece of news from Mexico to the effect that two old women were burned alive on the charge that they were guilty of spreading Spanish influenza. The item in question was sent recently to the *Revista de Yucatan*, published in Mérida, Mexico, by a correspondent in San Luis Potosi, a city in the same Republic. It read:

"A countryman who was a prisoner of the rebels headed by the terrible chief Cedillo tells awful tales of the horrors caused by the superstition of Cedillo's men.

"The ravages of the Spanish influenza, he says, caused these men to believe that they were due to the activities of witches, for which reason they arrested three unfortunate old women who lived in the hills among which the said rebels travel on their plundering expeditions.

"After their arrest the poor old women were subjected to horrible torture until, finally, they were forced to confess that they were indeed witches. They were then condemned to be burned and were forthwith consigned alive to the flames."

IS THE CHURCH IGNORING HEAVEN?

WHILE THE PULPIT and the trenches have been critically regarding each other, some plain statements have been made that have set both sides thinking.

An "English officer," quoted in the much-discussed article by Dr. Fosdick in *The Atlantic Monthly*, saw the weakness in the Church's preoccupation with simply threatening sinners with hell and promising comfort to the good. This fact, and Dr. Fosdick's assertion that "we still hear the old appeal that men should come to God because they thereby save themselves for future bliss in a golden paradise," arouse a demurrer in Dr. Andrew Gillies writing in *The Christian Advocate* (New York). The fact, if true, would not seem a disqualification of the Church to him; rather, he bases his complaint on the ground that it is no longer true. As he sees it, "in practically every important pulpit on the two continents, the 'golden-paradise' business has been tabu for twenty-five years or more." The suggestion, too, that "the modern Church is failing to function because the saints who make up its membership are selfishly absorbed in making sure of the salvation of their own souls while the world goes to the devil," he sees, "is certainly charged with unconscious humor." If one doubts it:

"The decay of the prayer-meeting, the fact that it is far easier to raise a million for missions than it is to get a dozen strong men on their knees, crying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and the wide-spread substitution of Goethe's 'religion of the deed' for the inner experience emphasized by evangelical Christianity, all point to the well-known fact that if there is one thing the modern layman is not consumingly absorbed in it is the salvation of his soul, and far from being intent on escaping hell and getting to heaven, the truth is that he isn't thinking anything about either."

Dr. Gillies finds it "easy to generalize about the failure of the modern pulpit and Church"; but not so easy to "bring in a bill of particulars, with sufficient evidence to sustain it." For—

"In the last analysis every man's judgment will be based, not only upon the facts, but upon his personal feelings as to the value of those facts. But it seems to me that the real trend of the modern pulpit and Church was stated by William James in his lecture on 'The Varieties of Religious Experience.' He said 'The advance of liberalism, so called, in Christianity, during the past fifty years may fairly be called a victory of healthy mindedness within the Church over the morbidness with which the old hell-fire theology was more harmoniously related. We have now whole congregations whose preachers, far from magnifying our consciousness of sin, seem devoted rather to making little of it. They ignore, or even deny, eternal punishment and insist on the dignity rather than the depravity of man. They look at the continual preoccupation of the old-fashioned Christian with the salvation of his soul as something sickly and reprehensible rather than admirable, and a sanguine and 'muscular' attitude, which to our forefathers would have seemed purely heathen, has become an ideal element of Christian character.'"

"Those words were spoken in 1902. During those sixteen years that conception of Christianity has grown and spread until it is not too much to say that it dominates the Church. There has been a steady and steadily increasing change of emphasis in the religious world from Augustine's idea of God as an exacting Sovereign to Clement's idea of God as a Father; from the glories and horrors of the future to the problems and duties of the present; from religion as personal oneness with a Divine Person to religion as the performance of a set of duties; from the subjective elements of a Christian experience to its objective manifestations, and especially to activity as the normal expression of

faith; from the power of righteousness to flourish in and triumph over the most hostile environment to the necessity of a favorable environment for the growth of the spirit; from the salvation of the individual or any number of individuals to the salvation of society as a whole; and, in consequence of all this, from personal character to social righteousness or social justice.

"To the beneficent results of those changed accents no sincere man can be blind, and for its full fruitage of good every true man must be grateful.

The new-born social consciousness, expressing itself in the blundering but sincere efforts of a conservative Church to adjust its message and methods to the pressing needs of a complex social order, in the passionate, heart-broken service of heroic spirits like the sainted Rauschenbusch, and in the glad sacrifice which the younger generation made for the welfare of the race, will forever mark a long step forward in the upward struggle of humanity. 'There never was a time, there never was an age, when from the highest to the lowest there was more common human-heartedness, more earnest desire to alleviate the lot of those who have to perform the hard services of the world and face its gusty insecurities; and never a time when people were more willing to make personal sacrifices.' John Morley was right. And whatever may be said of the provincialism of the Church as an institution, the fact remains that if a thorough survey were made the vast majority of the individuals who constitute the Church, both ministers and laymen, would be found in the van of this vast modern movement."

The danger which Dr. Gillies apprehends for the progressive Protestantism in America is that "its churches shall become mere agents of social service." He warns against letting "the Church be an ethical asylum" instead of "a home in which souls are born into a newness of life." "Most of all does American Protestantism need a spiritual passion, a contagious faith in the supremacy of God's spiritual order, and an alarm at the misery that waits on sin."

RURAL PERFECTION A MYTH

CRIME DOESN'T "GLITTER" in the country district; so the polite fiction has grown up that crime doesn't exist there. The census tells another story. It puts to rout the common belief that "God made the country, while man made the town." A writer in *The Unpopular Review* (New York) tries to show us that nearly all the livable part of the country is man-made, while the parts untouched by the hand of man remain barren wilderness like most of that which existed before man's coming. The rural districts have shuddered so long at the supposedly total depravity of New York that this back-slap from the metropolis is a new proof that the worm will turn at last. Of course, if we now deny that "God made the country," then we can not blame him for its low moral tone, but this writer seemingly can not refrain from a rather oblique slur when he remarks that "where we find a people who trust in God alone to make the land yield them a living, we find poor specimens not only of man, but of country." People forget, he says, "that there has been only one Garden of Eden created for the habitation of man without a lot of man-made improvements." Continuing "unpopular" views:

"The old theory that the God-made country is superior to the man-made town, and that the people who live in the country are the especial care of Providence and the Government, still prevails with dreamers who are trying to reform the world and some busy city men who take a week-end holiday in some man-made country place. So persistently has this theory been taught by preachers, professors, philosophers, and poets, that a common impression prevails at home as well as abroad that the United States is the bonanza farm of the world, and that Uncle



DR. ANDREW GILLIES,

Who says the "golden-paradise business" has been banished for twenty-five years from practically every important pulpit on two continents.

Sam is primarily, if not exclusively, a farmer; while many well-meaning people consider the development of manufactures and the growth of cities as contrary to the divine plan, and an embarrassment rather than a help to the nation.

"The cities have been represented as centers of frivolity, immorality, and crime, in comparison with the primitive virtues of the rural districts. It does not require much investigation to convince one that there is not reliable evidence to support the whole indictment, which rests on prejudice and publicity given to social diversions, criticism of alleged immoralities, and violations of police regulations, as well as to crime. This publicity and criticism of city people, intended to be corrective, also furnish texts for the rural pulpiteer, the sensational Chautauqua lecturer, and the reform statesman, who are anxious to preach a sermon, deliver a lecture, or make a speech on the shortcomings of the human race without treading on the toes of his audience. So popular history is often written. Sin, vice, and immorality vary according to locality, even in this country, while changing customs and changing legislation may even change the nature of crime.

Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.

"So ran the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and there are bigots to-day who call the innocent amusements of other days crime;



BROOKLYN'S NEW MORMON CHURCH.

One of the Mormon preaching-places in the United States described as "centers of propaganda."

and they have been able to change the law so as to condemn some things they once indulged in and defended."

The census office, being "no respecter of communities," records cold facts and figures, and "while these do not make sensational reading, they are capable of refuting charges made without investigation." Thus:

"These census records show that there is a larger real and relative church membership in the cities than in the country; that there is a smaller percentage of divorces in the urban States than in the rural States; that there is a larger percentage of homicide and suicide in the rural States than in the urban States, and that in many parts of the United States the cities are freer from capital crime than the country. For instance, the census office shows that the small cities of Kansas have a record of homicide four times as great as the large cities of New York; the small cities of Virginia seven times the rate of homicide than is credited to the large cities of Massachusetts, and the rural districts of California four times the rate of the manufacturing cities of Connecticut. The record of homicide in the cities of Kansas in 1915 was 16.4 for every 10,000 population, and for the cities of New York 4.8 for every 100,000; for the cities of Virginia the rate was 23.7 and for the cities of Massachusetts 3.2; for the cities of Montana the rate was 19.5 and for the cities of

Rhode Island 2.2; for the cities of North Carolina the rate was 16.5 and for the cities of New Hampshire 2.1. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont, California, Colorado, Utah, and Washington the rural districts had higher rates of homicide than the cities of those States. From the census records it appears that the crime of homicide is not peculiar to the cities, or that the large cities are greater refuges for criminals who take life than are the smaller cities. The murder which develops from a quarrel over a line fence, the seductions in the rural districts, and the marital infidelities on the farm do not make as dramatic stories for the sensational press as the activities of the gunmen of New York or the alleged immoralities of so-called high society, but they are recorded in the census office."

MORMON MISSIONARY EFFORTS

UTAH is not the exclusive home of Mormonism. The *Congregationalist* (Boston) estimates that there are three hundred and thirty-five preaching-places of the Latter-day Saints scattered all over the country, each of which, this paper declares, is "intended to be a center of propaganda." Thus:

"The Mormons are gaining headway in many sections through their quiet, penetrative, house-to-house work. Their activity makes it all the more important that counteracting forces should be at work to neutralize their teachings. One of the agencies which has had this purpose in view is the Utah Gospel Mission, carried on by Rev. J. D. Nutting, who emulates the Mormon elders in that he receives no stated salary and is deeply devoted to his itinerant work. Mr. Nutting proceeds on the theory that only a traveling mission can reach the people of the outlying regions, and the work is therefore carried on by field missionaries, who cover the country in wagons not unlike the old-time 'prairie-schooners.' Evangelistic meetings are held in every settlement, which are supplemented by personal visits to each home, where the aim is to stimulate the daily use of the Bible, a copy of which is supplied by the missionary. Through personal interviews of this sort and by means of the dissemination of anti-Mormon literature, the mission combats the Mormon propaganda in its own territory. In a single recent year no fewer than 14,000 calls were made in 157 settlements, 194 meetings held, and 4,000 Bibles distributed."

SHALL SUNDAY BE COMMERCIALIZED?—This question is pending in various State capitols, including Albany, New York, says *The Continent* (Chicago), calling attention to these things:

"Bills are being prest to legalize baseball and moving pictures on Sunday, but this action does not involve a question of popular recreation on the weekly rest-day, but is strictly and simply a matter of commercial exploitation for the benefit of team-owners and theater-proprietors. The issue is not on amateur games nor on entertainments charging no admission. And the amendment of the law is not asked by any bona-fide group of those who wish to attend either games or entertainments. The agitation proceeds from persons who see a chance to make more money from a liberalized Sunday. For this reason, if for no other, the battle of the Lord's Day Alliance against these bills should be supported by every citizen whose mind on public and social matters is not entirely and hopelessly commercialized. Amid many varying ideas of the value of the Sabbath and the best way of observing that one day in seven which breaks men's routine of toil, there should certainly be absolute agreement among good citizens on protecting it from money-greed."

"I promptly salute with delight
This highly superior sight.
When worried and weary a greeting so cheery
Puts all my troubles to flight."



Food for workers

*Just the nourishment needed and just
when you need it most*

When the hard-working "business" people of your family come home at night from the office or the store they are more than hungry. They are *tired-hungry*. The most important part of the whole meal for them is the dish that comes *first*, the appetizing "overture" which tones and prepares the stomach, strengthens digestion and enables them to obtain the full nutrition and the full benefit of all they eat. This is where you need

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You can serve it as light or as hearty as you choose, according to the rest of the meal that goes with it.

As a Cream of Tomato it is so rich and satisfying that a plate or two with bread and butter makes the best part of a light meal, in itself.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case. See how it lightens the work and *increases the working energy*. And be sure to serve it *hot*.

This is just the thing also for your ravenous youngsters who are using up their energies in rapid growth, hard study and harder play. Just the thing for your own mid-day repast or at any time when you are too busy or too tired to prepare a heavy meal or to enjoy it. You will find there is nothing more wholesome and beneficial than *Campbell's Tomato Soup*.

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RECONSTRUCTION-PROBLEMS

"NATIONS IN REBIRTH"—a series of articles prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST and especially designed for High School Use

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the Educational Department of THE LITERARY DIGEST the claims of various nations for a new alinement of boundaries are presented as the self-same nations set them down. The decisions reached by the delegates at the Peace Conference will in due course be reported in the news record of THE LITERARY DIGEST, as also the press comment from divers angles.

ARMENIA

ARMENIA AND HER CLAIMS—To define Armenia's claims tersely, it may be said that this very ancient Christian nation wishes release from the barbarous thralldom of the Ottoman Empire and a mandatory guardianship confided to a great civilized Power. For various reasons either England, France, Italy, or the United States is proposed as a possible mandatory. Not all Armenians, it appears, are agreed on a choice among the four mentioned nations, but all are firm in their resolve to have the Peace Conference assure Armenia's unity and freedom. A concise definition of the Armenian nation is given in the New York Sun by our former Ambassador to Turkey, Henry Morgenthau, who, having spoken of the liberation of the Roumanians, Greeks, Servians, and Bulgarians from the yoke of the Turks, continues as follows:

"There still remained one compact race in the Ottoman Empire that had national aspirations and national potentialities. In the northeastern part of Asia Minor, bordering on Russia, there were six provinces in which the Armenians formed the largest element in the population. From the time of Herodotus this portion of Asia has borne the name of Armenia. The Armenians of the present day are the direct descendants of the people who inhabited the country three thousand years ago. Their origin is so ancient that it is lost in fable and mystery. There are still undeciphered cuneiform inscriptions on the rocky hills of Van, the largest Armenian city, that have led certain scholars—tho not many, I must admit—to identify the Armenian race with the Hittites of the Bible.

"What is definitely known about the Armenians, however, is that for ages they have constituted the most civilized and most industrious race in the eastern section of the Ottoman Empire. From their mountains they have spread over the Sultan's dominions, and form a considerable element in the population of all the large cities. Everywhere they are known for their industry, their intelligence, and their decent and orderly lives. They are so superior to the Turks intellectually and morally that much of the business and industry has passed into their hands. With the Greeks, the Armenians constitute the economic strength of the empire. The Armenians became Christians in the fourth century and established the Armenian Church as their state religion. This is said to be the oldest Christian Church in existence.

"In face of persecutions which have had no parallel elsewhere, these people have clung to their early Christian faith with the utmost tenacity. For fifteen hundred years they have lived there in Armenia, a little island of Christians surrounded by backward peoples of hostile religion and hostile race. Their long existence has been one unending martyrdom.

"The territory which they inhabit forms the connecting link between Europe and Asia, and all the Asiatic invasions—Saracens, Tatars, Mongols, Kurds, and Turks—have passed over their peaceful country. For centuries they have thus been the Belgium of the East. Through all this period the Armenians have regarded themselves not as Asiatics, but as

Europeans. They speak an Indo-European language, their racial origin is believed by scholars to be Aryan, and the fact that their religion is the religion of Europe has always made them turn their eyes westward.

"Out of that western country, they have always hoped, would some day come the deliverance that would rescue them from their murderous masters. And now, as Abdul Hamid, in 1876, surveyed his shattered domain, he saw that its most dangerous spot was Armenia. He believed, rightly or wrongly, that these Armenians, like the Roumanians, the Bulgarians, the Greeks, and the Servians, aspired to restore their independent medieval nation, and he knew that Europe and America sympathized with this ambition.

"The Treaty of Berlin, which had definitely ended the Turco-Russian War, contained an article which gave the European Powers a protecting hand over the Armenians. How could the Sultan free himself permanently from this danger? An enlightened administration, which would have transformed the Armenians into free men and made them safe in their lives and property and civil and religious rights, would probably have made them peaceful and loyal subjects. But the Sultan could not rise to such a conception of

statesmanship as this. Instead, Abdul Hamid apparently thought that there was only one way of ridding Turkey of the Armenian problem—and that was to rid her of the Armenians. The physical destruction of 2,000,000 men, women, and children by massacres, organized and directed by the state, seemed to be one sure way of forestalling the further disruption of the Turkish Empire.

"Unless Armenia be freed as a result of the world conflict, the efforts of the civilized Powers of the earth will fall just short of attaining their ends in this drive for humanity. In other words, none of us could declare the war entirely successful if the strong arm of the Allied forces did not break from off the neck of that suffering nation the cruel yoke of the unspeakable Turk."

HOW ARMENIA AIDED THE ALLIES IN THE NEAR EAST—On this matter Mr. H. Sidebotham, in *The New Republic* (New York), advises us that:

"The Armenians have rendered in Asia much the same service as the Belgians in Western Europe and the Servians in Eastern Europe. Each of these nationalities is the keeper of a bridge—the Belgians between Germany and the Lowlands of French Flanders, the Servians between the Central Powers and the Balkans, which led to their ambitions in Turkey, the Armenians between Turkey and the rest of Mohammedan Asia.

"Much has been said and written about the strategic importance of the Bagdad Railroad to Persia, but the Armenians in the Caucasus between the Black Sea and the Caspian hold the master-key. Through this country lie the approaches to Persia which turn the British in Mesopotamia to Turkestan and Mohammedan Central Asia. Honorably have the Armenians discharged their trust. They might have made their terms with the Turks and remained neutral; instead they joined with the Russians and gave them invaluable assistance when they first invaded the country. For this service, when



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PROPOSED BOUNDARY-LINES OF REBORN ARMENIA.

England, France, Italy, or the United States may be its mandatory.



House of F. P. Clarke, Esq., Garden City, New York. Aymar Embury II, Architect, New York City.

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the Russians fell back, the Turks repaid them with the most frightful massacre even in their bloody history."

BOUNDARIES AND GOVERNMENT—

—The final adjustment of boundaries and the system of government necessary for new Armenia's well-being will, of course, be decided at the Peace Conference. An outline of Armenia's claims there presented has been given on the authority of Boghos Nubar Pasha to a special correspondent of the London *Times*. Boghos Nubar Pasha is the president of the Armenian Delegation in Paris and was appointed by the Catholics, the highest religious and state dignitary of the Armenian nation. He is the son of the famous Nubar Pasha, Prime Minister of Egypt, to whose work of regeneration Lord Cromer and Lord Milner have both paid tribute. He is supported by all Armenian parties, whatever the country of their adoption, and the correspondent of *The Times* proceeds:

"Armenia's interests clash with nobody's save the Turk's, and he has forfeited the right, and lost the power, to resist her aspirations to a new birth. The adjustment of frontiers with other new states—Georgian, Tatar, and Arab—to the north and east and south, is a matter of minor importance. The lines of nationality are fairly clear, and are not likely to involve serious dispute. The existence of a compact, autonomous Armenia is the main thing, and I gather that the delegates will not prove unaccommodating in respect to the interests of their neighbors.

"The most important development in the scheme of reconstruction is that the young Armenian Republic of Ararat have agreed to throw in their lot with the Armenians of Turkey in a united state. This decision has greatly simplified the question of settlement in the Near East. The Armenians' moral claim to the independence which they have proclaimed is indisputable; the only argument against an independent state that could be used by the friends of Turkey is that the Ottoman policy of extermination has been so thorough that there are not enough Armenians left to form the nucleus of a population—an argument for non-intervention that would establish the principle of the murder of small civilized nations to admit the survival of barbarism."

TURKEY'S BOAST—For many years the boast of the Turk has been that the Armenian question would be settled by doing away with the Armenians, but the boast has not been realized. There is naturally no certain census of the Armenians massacred, but, says an informant, it is estimated that the Ottoman Government since 1915 has eliminated by mob murder 800,000 of the Christian population of Turkish Armenia. Another 600,000 are believed to have escaped. The latter, with an almost equal number of "deportees" and settlers, who will seek repatriation as soon as their homeland has been purged of Turkish control, will form the "nucleus of the liberated Armenia which used to be subject to Ottoman rule." But the question of a majority in the United Armenia will settle itself by

the inclusion of the two million Russian Armenians who have expressed their willingness to be incorporated in the new state. The *Times* correspondent proceeds:

"As regards government, Armenia will not be strong enough for a long time to stand on her own feet, and experience has shown that a divided international control is too cumbrous, slow, and complicated to admit of smooth and uninterrupted progress. Armenia asks for a mandatory—one of the Entente Powers, England, France, or America, to stand sponsor for her while she is developing strength. This Power would organize a government, lay down the main lines of administration, and provide troops for the protection of life and property during the period of transition. A large force would not be necessary, as an Armenian *gendarmarie* could be enrolled almost at once. The 25,000 Armenian troops in the Caucasus could be called in, and the 8,000 with Allenby, as well as drafts from America and elsewhere. Under the Provisional Government the principle of self-administration will be developed, perhaps with a nominated council in the first place, to be succeeded by an elected one. The delegation believe that in a few years the new Armenia would be capable of self-government and self-defense. Nubar Pasha reckons on a population of something like two and a half millions so soon as there is confidence that no shadow or vestige of Turkish suzerainty will darken the prospect of the future.

"As regards boundaries: The new Armenia, including Russian Armenia, the six Turkish vilayets, and Cilicia, or Armenia Minor, will, if the proposal of the delegation is accepted, extend from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. On the Black Sea Samsun, with its interior communications with Anatolia, will naturally be Turkish. A stretch of coast east of this port to a point east of Trebizond will be the Armenian littoral. Between Trebizond, the port of Erzerum, and Batum, which will be the outlet of Georgia, the Armenian-Georgian boundary will be fixed. The Armenians lay no claim to Trebizond on historical grounds, but a thin strip of land on their northern border, interposed between them and the sea, would form an economic barrier which no unprejudiced commission could accept. From the Black Sea coast the northern frontier of the proposed Armenian state will run eastward, including Ardahan, Kars, Alexandropol, to the present boundary of Erivan, beyond which the Tatar element predominates. South of this the eastern limits of Armenia will extend to the Persian frontier down to the Kurdish country. A line of demarcation will be drawn east and west, separating, as far as possible, on a national basis the territory of the Kurds and Armenians. This line would pass through the Bitlis and Van provinces, to Diarbekr, where the Arab frontier remains to be settled, and from Diarbekr southwest to Alexandretta, on the Mediterranean. Westward the boundary on the Mediterranean coast would include Mersina, whence a line drawn north to a point between Samsun and Ordu on the Black Sea would form the western frontier of the new state."

ARMENIA'S RIGHT—The case of Armenia is morally stronger than that of any of the small nations whose destiny is to be decided at the Peace Conference, our informant says further, and he holds that

Britain's debt to Armenia is great, for British policy "in backing Turkey against Russia was responsible to a large extent" for Turkish atrocities against the Armenians before the war. This special correspondent of the London *Times*, whose statements, as has been said, are based on the authority of Boghos Nubar Pasha, president of the Armenian Delegation at the Peace Conference, does not overlook the geographical parallel between Armenia and Belgium and Servia. All these small nations have stood in the path of the invading Hun. Armenia's "crime" was that she lay "between the Turks of Europe and their Tatar kinsmen of the Caucasus and Central Asia. Armenia's existence was 'incompatible with Pan-Turanism.'" In the spring of 1918 the "remnants of the Armenians" held back the wave of the Turkish Army from Persia and the Caspian Sea for five months and when the armistice was concluded "bands of them were still carrying on a guerrilla warfare in the hills." We read then:

"We are sure to hear a great deal about the liberalism of the Turk in the near future, but centuries have proved that he is incapable of reform. He is mere appetite, destroying what he can not consume. Apart from its iniquity, his policy of extermination has been a species of economic suicide, for it has killed the seeds of productivity. Fertile lands lie sterile under the dead hand of the Turk, whereas the Armenians are among the most practical, intelligent, industrious, and prolific races of the East. Each one of these qualities has been a count in the Turk's indictment of them; but whether in the character of civilizing agents, or as the seed of material regeneration, they are the only possible inheritors of the soil which is historically their own.

"In a few months the New Armenia should be a reality. The lifting of the dreadful shadow in which the country has been shrouded is the greatest service that the war has done for civilization in the East. Full reparation is impossible, but the liberation of a people whose name has become synonymous with martyrdom, and who have long been threatened with extinction, will have been achieved. The extraordinary endurance of the Armenians under persecution, their faithfulness to their nationality and religion, is a certain pledge of the future solidarity of the race."

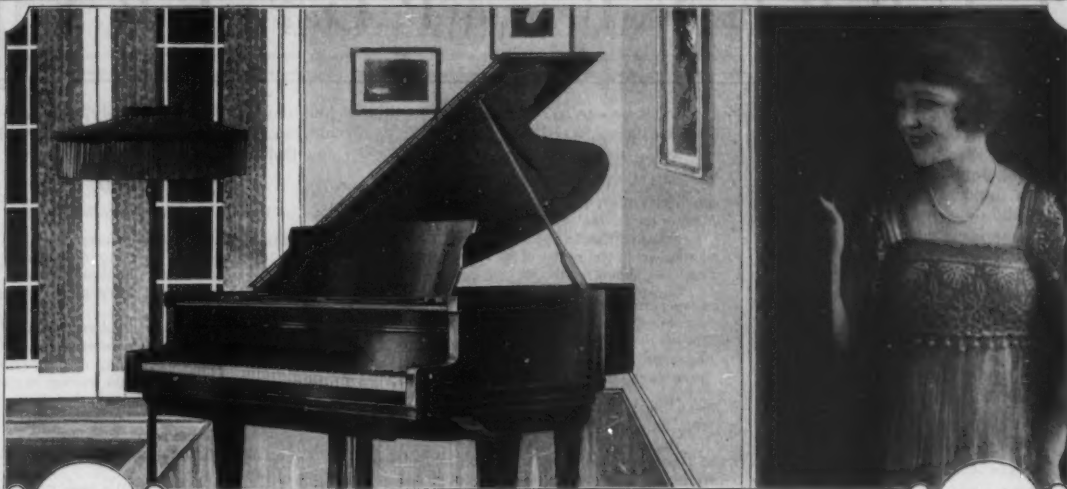
A Complicated "Run In."—"You'll get run in," said the pedestrian to the cyclist, "if you ride without a light."

"You'll get run into," responded the rider as he knocked the other down.

"You'll get run in, too!" said the policeman, as he stepped forward and seized the cyclist.

Just then another searcher came along without a light, so the policeman was run into, too, and had to run in two.—*Tit-Bits*.

A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.—A man was punished at Gateshead the other day for selling four bottles of cold tea as whisky. He, no doubt, thought he was safe in assuming that, as things are, no one would know the difference.—*The Passing Show*.



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CURRENT - POETRY

ONE of the few war-poems that will long remain famous, it is generally agreed, is "In Flanders Fields," by the late Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, M.D. Now we have the opportunity to see that his appealing call to arms in these verses was not a mere chance shot, for in a volume entitled "In Flanders Fields, and Other Poems" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) are several striking proofs of his genuine poetic gift. Appended to the poems is a memoir by Sir Andrew Macphail, together with some letters written by Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae. Imagination and feeling are the chief characteristics of the lines entitled—

THE 'ANXIOUS DEAD'

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

O guns, fall silent till the dead men bear
Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrap in silence deep;
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

Another poem inspired by those who fell in battle is "The Unconquered Dead," which bears as a text the newspaper line—" . . . defeated, with great loss." It is a glowing expression of the invincible spirit of the Allied fighters on land and sea.

THE UNCONQUERED DEAD

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

Not we the conquered! Not to us the blame
Of them that flee, of them that basely yield;
Nor ours the shout of victory, the fame
Of them that vanquish in a stricken field.

That day of battle in the dusty heat
We lay and heard the bullets swish and sing
Like scythes amid the over-ripened wheat,
And we the harvest of their garnering.

Some yielded. No, not we! Not we, we swear
By these our wounds; this trench upon the hill
Where all the shell-strewn earth is seamed and bare,
Was ours to keep; and lo! we have it still.

We might have yielded, even we, but death
Came for our helper; like a sudden flood
The crashing darkness fell; our painful breath
We drew with gasps amid the choking blood.

The roar fell faint and farther off, and soon
Sank to a foolish humming in our ears,
Like crickets in the long, hot afternoon
Among the wheat-fields of the olden years.

Before our eyes a boundless wall of red
Shot through by sudden streaks of jagged pain!
Then a slow-gathering darkness overhead
And rest came on us like a quiet rain.

Not we the conquered! Not to us the shame,
Who hold our earthen ramparts, nor shall cease
To hold them ever; victors we, who came
In that fierce moment to our honored peace.

Timely in thought as well as vivid in imagery are the lines entitled "Anarchy." Reports of the carnage and chaos throttling Russia and parts of Germany to-day

immediately come to one's mind in reading the following:

ANARCHY

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

I saw a city filled with lust and shame,
Where men, like wolves, slunk through the
grim half-light;
And sudden, in the midst of it, there came
One who spoke boldly for the cause of Right.

And, speaking, fell before that brutish race
Like some poor wren that shrieking eagles tear,
While brute Dishonor, with her bloodless face,
Stood by and smote his lips that moved in prayer.

"Speak not of God! In centuries that word
Hath not been uttered! Our own king are
we."

And God stretched forth His finger as He heard
And o'er it cast a thousand leagues of sea.

In "The Song of the Derelict," the poet presents the novel image of a derelict craft at once complaining against the sea and taunting it.

THE SONG OF THE DERELICT

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

Ye have sung me your songs, ye have chanted
your rimes,
(I scorn your beguiling, O sea!)

Ye fondle me now, but to strike me betimes,
(A treacherous lover, the sea!)

Once I saw as I lay, half-awash in the night,
A hull in the gloom—a quick hail—and a light
And I lurched o'er to leeward and saved her for
spite

From the doom that ye meted to me.

I was sister to Terrible, seventy-four,
(Ye ho! for the swing of the sea!)

And ye sank her in fathoms a thousand or more
(Alas! for the might of the sea!)

Ye taunt me and sing me her fate for a sign!
What harm can ye wreak more on me or on mine?
Ho, braggart! I care not for boasting of thine—
A fig for the wrath of the sea!

Some night to the lee of the land I shall steal,
(Heigh-ho to be home from the sea!)

No pilot but Death at the rudderless wheel,
(None knoweth the harbor as he!)

To lie where the slow tide creeps hither and fro
And the shifting sand laps me around, for I know
That my gallant old crew are in Port long ago—
For ever at peace with the sea!

A romance is recorded in "Then and Now," the sentiment of which is as admirable for the grace of its expression as for the nobility of its character. Another noteworthy point about these lines is that in their brief expanse we have a picture of a whole village street as well as the story of two lives.

THEN AND NOW

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

Beneath her window in the fragrant night
I half forgot how truant years have flown
Since I looked up to see her chamber-light,
Or catch, perchance, her slender shadow thrown
Upon the casement; but the nodding leaves
Sweep lazily across the unlit pane,
And to and fro beneath the shadowy eaves,
Like restless birds, the breath of coming rain
Creeps, lilac-laden, up the village street
When all is still, as if the very trees
Were listening for the coming of her feet
That come no more; yet, lest I weep, the
breeze
Sings some forgotten song of those old years
Until my heart grows far too glad for tears.

In "Unsolved" a similar theme is treated in different fashion. Through all Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae's poetry there is an

undercurrent of melancholy, which is not morbid, however, because of the robust spirit of the man.

UNSOLVED

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

Amid my books I lived the hurrying years,
Disdaining kinship with my fellow man;
Alike to me were human smiles and tears,
I cared not whither Earth's great life-stream
ran.

Till as I knelt before my moldered shrine,
God made me look into a woman's eyes;
And I, who thought all earthly wisdom mine,
Knew in a moment that the eternal skies
Were measured but in inches, to the quest
That lay before me in that mystic gaze.
"Surely I have been errant: it is best
That I should tread with men their human
ways."

God took the teacher, ere the task was learned,
And to my lonely books again I turned.

That he was a great lover of children and of animals we are assured by Sir Andrew Macphail, who writes in the present memoir that "through all his life, and through all his letters, dogs and children followed him as shadows follow men." To walk in the streets with him was a slow procession for, "every dog and every child one met must be spoken to and each made answer." The following lines testify to his natural affection for children.

SUMBER SONGS

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

Sleep, little eyes
That brim with childish tears amid thy play,
Be comforted! No grief of night can weigh
Against the joys that throng thy coming day.

Sleep, little heart!
There is no place in Slumberland for tears:
Life soon enough will bring its chilling fears
And sorrows that will dim the after years.
Sleep, little heart!

Ah, little eyes,
Dead blossoms of a springtime long ago,
That life's storm crush'd and left to lie below
The benediction of the falling snow!

Sleep, little heart,
That ceased so long ago its frantic beat!
The years that come and go with silent feet
Have naught to tell save this—that rest is sweet.
Dear little heart.

A splendid note of courageous resignation is sounded in the poem called "Recompense," which may well be remembered by any who experience moments of discontent.

RECOMPENSE

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

I saw two sowers in Life's field at morn,
To whom came one in angel guise and said,
"Is it for labor that a man is born?"
"Lo: I am Ease. Come ye and eat my bread!"
Then gladly one forsook his task undone
And with the Tempter went his slothful way,
With the toiled until the setting sun
With stealing shadows blurred the dusty day.

Ere harvest time, upon earth's peaceful breast
Each laid him down among the unreaping dead.
"Labor hath other recompense than rest,
Else were the toiler like the fool," I said;
"God meteth him not less, but rather more
Because he sowed and others reaped his store."

A resemblance to the foregoing poem will be noticed on reading "In Due

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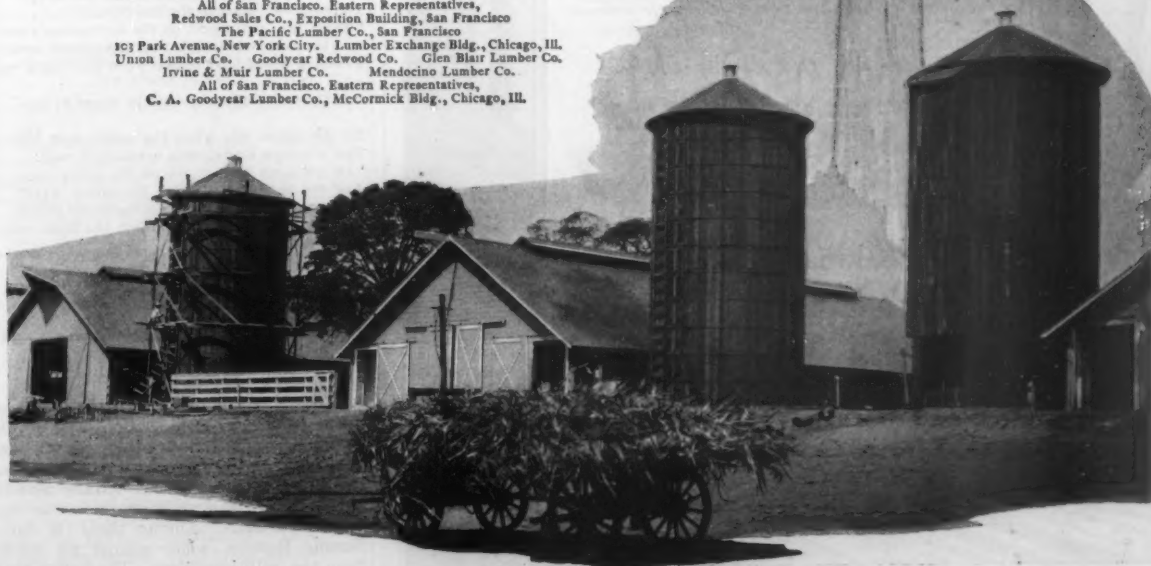
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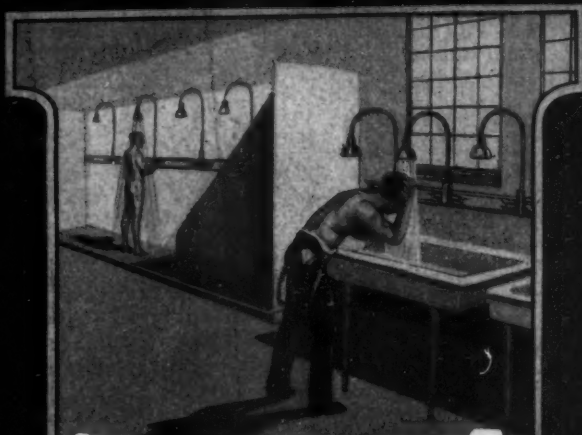
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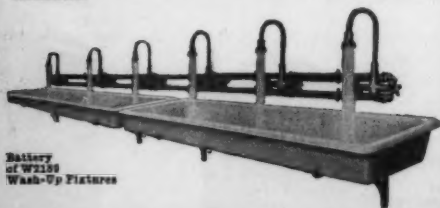
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Season." The thought that our labor in life is a guerdon in itself, regardless of what we may actually gather from it, is again put forth convincingly.

IN DUE SEASON

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

If night should come and find me at my toll,
When all Life's day I had, the faintly, wrought,
And shallow furrows, cleft in stony soil,
Were all my labor: Shall I count it naught

If only one poor gleaner, weak of hand,
Shall pick a scanty sheaf where I have sown?
"Nay, for of thee the Master doth demand
Thy work: the harvest rests with Him alone."

A quaint melody moves through the verses entitled "Eventide," in which we find also a thought that is both cheering and consoling.

EVENTIDE

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

The day is past and the toilers cease;
The land grows dim 'mid the shadows gray,
And hearts are glad, for the dark brings peace
At the close of day.

Each weary toiler, with lingering pace,
As he homeward turns, with the long day done,
Looks out to the west, with the light on his face
Of the setting sun.

Yet some see not (with their dim-dimmed eyes)
The promise of rest in the fading light;
But the clouds loom dark in the angry skies
At the fall of night.

And some see only a golden sky
Where the elms their welcoming arms stretch wide
To the calling rooks, as they homeward fly
At the eventide.

It speaks of peace that comes after strife,
Of the rest He sends to the hearts He tried,
Of the calm that follows the stormiest life—
God's eventide.

An echo of the poet's philosophy of resignation is also to be heard in "A Song of Comfort," which carries as text two lines from Eugene Field.

A SONG OF COMFORT

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

"Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

—Eugene Field.

Thro' Maytime blossoms, with whisper low,
The soft wind sang to the dead below:
"Think not with regret on the Springtime's song
And the task ye left while your hands were strong.
The song would have ceased when the Spring was
past,
And the task that was joyous be weary at last."

To the winter sky when the nights were long
The tree-tops tossed with a ceaseless song:
"Do ye think with regret on the sunny days
And the path ye left, with its untrod ways?
The sun might sink in a storm-cloud's frown
And the path grow rough when the night came
down."

In the gray twilight of the autumn eves,
It sighed as it sang through the dying leaves:
"Ye think with regret that the world was bright,
That your path was short and your task was light:
The path, tho short, was perhaps the best,
And the toil was sweet, that it led to rest."

By way of supplementing the group of poetic tributes to Colonel Roosevelt which we published last week, we present a few additional poems of varied character on the same inspiring theme. Many writers behold Roosevelt already established among the immortals. Among them is John Jerome Rooney, whose sonnet we quote from the *Baltimore News*. The feeling that

"we can not think of him as of the dead"
is exprest with sincerity and with good
craftsmanship.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY

We can not think of him as of the dead,
The ancient dead whose ghostly caravan
Treads the dim ages since the world began.
We can not see that high erected head
Lie in the dust whence all the dream has fled;
Stern, mighty Death has neither power nor
plan
To rule the spirit of the vallant man
Who unto Immortality is wed.

Life is the pulsing, radiant victor here,
For he and Life together held the day
Down many a stern, beleaguer'd road.
Wherefore, as falls our unashamed tear,
We flame our greetings on his starward way
To Life's unfading and supreme abode.

In the New York Times, Marie L. Eglinton pictures Roosevelt as Ulysses who has left his native shore, but not without bequeathing to those who remain behind a priceless legacy.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY MARIE L. EGLINTON

Gone is Ulysses! From his native shores,
Which knew and loved his tread, his bark has
pushed,

Urging a path through waves and ways unknown.
Gone is Ulysses! How his eager soul,
Forever questing where high virtue gleamed,
Led us to newer conquests, further peaks
From which our eyes beheld still wider views!
He gave us vision when our souls were cold;
Gave us his own most ardent zeal for truth,
For justice, for our nation's name and fame!
Gone is Ulysses! Have we heart to sing
His perfect praise? One fine memorial—
His race's reverent love—attests his worth;
"Most blameless he," and so he needs not praise.
"Death closes all"? Ah, no: to such an one
Death brings new life—if here or there, who
knows?

One thing is sure: his purpose holds for us.
That newer world he sought is ours to seek—
A world of justice, kindness, and truth,
Founded on steadfast honor, swept by airs
Of purest freedom. This, his noble aim,
He leaves to us, a priceless legacy—
A lodestar! Let us follow it, and him!

A touching tribute which embodies
Roosevelt's last words is found in the fol-
lowing verses by Edith Evans, which we
quote from the Phoenix Arizona Republican:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

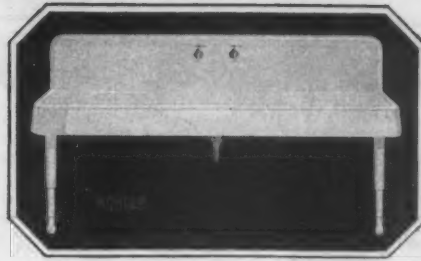
BY EDITH EVANS

"Put out the light, please." These last words he
said

On whom now light eternal shines. For him
No burden of the slow and fading years,
With consciousness of an impending blow,
The sword of Damocles above his head,
About to fall and bring oblivion.

No, it were best to go while still the strength
Of his great manhood unabated stood,
And matched his mighty spirit, which, untamed
By strain and travail of the passing days,
Still sprang toward longed-for action when it
seemed
The time was ripe to serve his country best.

Now he rests,
His work on earth was done—else he had stayed
To finish it. No life goes incomplete
Back to its maker, tho our earthly eyes
Not always read the story to its end.
The end? For him it's but the beginning,
A sure presage of immortality.
Such souls were never made to be destroyed,
But to go on and on, to wider fields
And new achievements, fitted to the powers
Which here on earth were, as a sacred trust,
Held blameless, stainless, and inviolate.



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PERSONAL - GLIMPSES

THROUGH SIX DAYS OF HEROISM WITH THE "LOST BATTALION"

A PLAIN tale of suffering and endurance in that most heroic incident of the Argonne advance, the fight of the "Lost Battalion," is told by Private Robert Manson, who was orderly to Maj. Charles W. Whittlesey throughout the six days' action. Major Whittlesey, known as "Go-to-hell Whittlesey," in honor of the reply he is said to have sent back to the German demand for his surrender, has refused to discuss more than the outlines of the action, and the stories from other sources have mostly been filled with flamboyant praise, which only tends to confuse matters when the plain facts are as heroic as any number of adjectives could make them. It is with these plain facts that Private Manson deals. Some of them may be new to us on this side of the Atlantic, as, for instance, the mention of that American barrage which fell short and killed some of those whom it was meant to save, and of those "nine boys" who decided "to leave at sunset, altho they had no permission to do so." Private Manson is proud to be known as a "plain buck private," and the story he tells has all the "punch," directness, and simple vigor of those most numerous and important heroes of the Great War. He writes in *The American Hebrew* for March 7:

In the early part of the afternoon, I was in a concrete German dugout, with Major Whittlesey, when orders came from the Colonel to take a given objective and hold it regardless of cost in casualties. At 2:30 that afternoon, October 2, the battalion was to make the drive and they would be supported by flanking regiments and by artillery. That night, and for five other nights and days we fought, and out of the 600 men who started the drive, 250 survived.

After heavy fighting we penetrated the German line, gaining our objective just at sundown. We were located on the northern slope of a bleak, unsheltered ravine. Some of the men stood guard while the others dug themselves into the hillside for shelter from the shrapnel and bullets. Then night settled over the forest, and we were ordered to be as quiet as possible, as any noise would give away our position to the Hun.

On Thursday, October 3, we tried to send messages through, but found our runners at the nearest post either killed or captured. Patrols were sent out to reconnoiter, and then we knew that we were completely surrounded; surrounded on a bleak, unsheltered ravine, with the German Army on a cliff above, and with a powerful German detachment deeply entrenched on the other side of the ravine. Enemy troops were so close that we could hear the calls and orders of the men. If we showed ourselves in the openings of the wooded forest, we could be reached

by German machine guns, rifles, and trench-mortars.

On the second day, October 4, no help had come, and, realizing our true situation, runners volunteered to carry tidings back to regiment headquarters. Two brave lads—Private Bottell and Private Frail—tried to make their way through. Both were encountered by a number of machine guns and fell to the ground. Frail was killed, but Bottell got back, after a bullet had passed through his helmet, slightly tearing his forehead. Gee, what a close shave!

Patrols were sent out at different times, and in most cases did not return. All day long Jerry kept shooting potato-mashers—machine guns and trench-mortars—from the cliff above and from across the ravine. The German snipers were very active, now and then killing or wounding one of us. At one time a trench-mortar shell hit so close to my hole in the ground, that I was completely buried and for a moment or two I thought I was going to a rest-camp (cemetery).

We had sent up pigeons, and it was these couriers of the air that carried the tidings to the other Yanks in the forest. Early that afternoon the American artillery sent over a barrage which lasted two hours. They tried to get the Germans on the cliff above, but fell short. I am not saying we had poor artillery-support. No! It has been proved throughout the war that a barrage often falls short. It was our business to signal back, "Barrage short," but what signals we had had already been spent in our advances since September 26.

Sergeant-Major Gaedeke and I were sitting in our hole in the ground at the time the barrage fell. Our dear Major, who was but five feet from me at the time, shouted, "Go to the left, men." Everywhere about us the ground was heaving and shooting up. You can imagine our excitement. It had a Wall Street panic beat a hundred different ways. It was a case of lambs with us all. Some stayed in their holes, others ran to the left, others to the right. The sergeant-major ran to the right, and the only traces we found of the poor lad after the barrage was his hat and gat (pistol). Under this deadly fire we suffered many casualties. The groans of the wounded and the dying all the time made the place an inferno. Sometimes I imagine I still hear the groans.

The food problem troubled us on the third day, October 5. What little food we had with us was already disposed of. For water we depended on a muddy stream at the bottom of the ravine, and on one clear, grateful spring that bubbled invitingly. But each trip to it meant exposure to snipers. One instance I remember is when one dough-boy with eight canteens went to fetch some water. He was given a warm reception by the Hun, and returned with two canteens, plugged with holes, from which the water was streaming. More than one lad fell in an attempt to get water.

When starting the Argonne drive we discarded our overcoats, raincoats, and blankets. What few blankets we had not turned in, in our rush to carry the ravine, were used for the wounded. At night, or before the fog had lifted in the morning,

we would bury the dead that lay on the hillside. The ground was very poor, and in most cases we buried them in their own dugouts. Many of us were too weak to dig the hard soil. Here and there arms and legs could be seen sticking out of the graves.

Still no relief. We could have fought our way back at a great loss, but our Major would not leave the wounded to the mercy of the Hun. He would walk from one to another, giving us good cheer and hope. Every day planes came over looking for us in the interminable fog. We put out our battalion panels to attract the airmen, but such was the lay of the wooded ravine that the airmen could not see us. And the air was so foggy that we often mistook them for German planes, altho these, too, paid us a call. Several times I saw planes drop packages which I later learned included munition, bandages, and "iron rations"—chocolate, the soldier's delight.

That night Jerry attacked us, but we fought him off.

Our casualties increased on the fourth day. The Major, however, was as cool as ever. His hourly message to the men was, "Be patient, help will come." As I watched him from my hole in the ground, I said to myself, "How calm he is." I realize now why they call him "Cool Charles" in civil life.

Just before dawn we were again attacked by the Germans. Again we could hear their orders and commands, hear one Hun speaking to another. Not once did we try to fight our way back. We had been ordered to take the position and hold it, and we were obeying orders. Things looked pretty blue. We knew that efforts to reach us were unremitting. We knew that help would come from the Americans only 1,200 meters away; but we feared that it would not come in time.

Then we heard very heavy firing across the ravine. We were all happy, believing that relief was coming at last, and that the Hun was being chased out from around us by the Americans. But we were in a desperate fix. It was death to stay, and the chances of getting back to our lines were one to a hundred. So nine of the boys decided to leave at sunset, altho they had no permission to do so.

When the fifth day dawned we still had no relief, after enduring starvation exposure to rain and chill October winds. When the third savage attack came before dusk that night I was seeing my finish.

Just before the last attack one of the nine boys who had gone off at sunset of the day before returned with a white flag and a message for the Major. He said that they had encountered a German machine gun, five were killed, and he and three others wounded and made prisoners by the Germans. The Germans had fed the flag-bearer on bread, soup, beer, and whisky, continues Private Manson, and entrusted him with a message:

The message, written in English by a German officer, told us that the enemy was aware of our deplorable condition;

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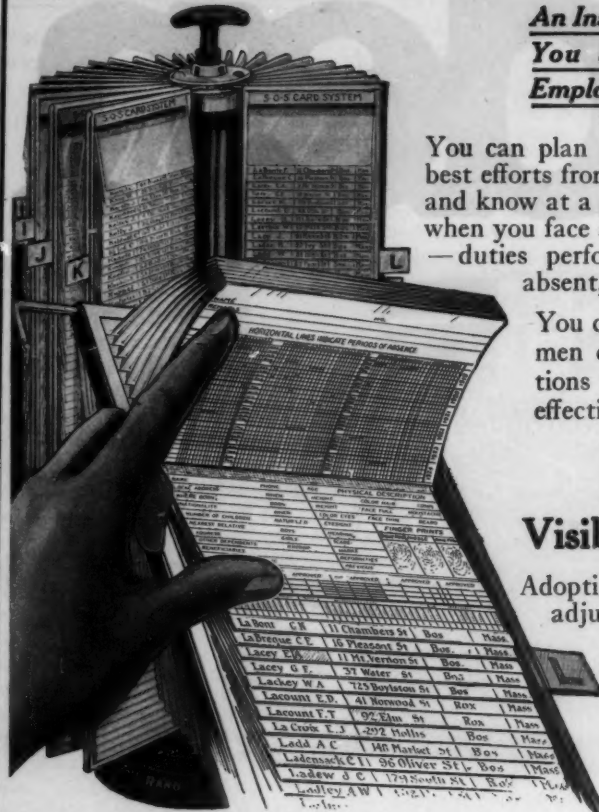
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that they knew we were running short of ammunition, and that we had had no food for a number of days. "For the sake of your wounded, for humanity's sake," the message continued, "give up. Deal kindly with the prisoner we send back."

But our Major would rather die than surrender. Every time I think of him he reminds me of Custer's last fight. About an hour after the Major's refusal, Jerry attacked us. Our stock of ammunition had run low, and we were so weak we could hardly drag ourselves to our feet. What we endured is hardly believable. Some chewed roots of trees, leaves, and tobacco. I never chewed tobacco before, but I tried a pinch of Bull Durham. I felt like a man who is seasick, and wants to throw up, but can't.

Some of us wrote short messages, each entrusting his to some pal on the chance that his pal might get through alive. There were some thanks whispered for the little-chronicled deeds of kindness the week had witnessed. Here and there men promised to kill each other rather than be taken prisoner. But we fought off the Hun. In the last attack the Germans were so close to us that we could make them out in the darkness. And we sure did give them a rousing reception! In the last moment of the attack we lost one of our best officers, Lieutenant Schenk, well worthy of decoration.

Then all grew quiet. We lay in fear and dread of another attack, when a call for Major Whittlesey rent the quiet of the night. "We are on your right, the 307th." The Major answered from his hole in the ground. Again the voice rang out, "We have come, we are bringing rations for the men."

It was the happiest moment of my life. I was hysterical. I laughed and cried for joy. I felt like a cat having nine lives. I was not the only one acting that way. When they gave us canned hash—I had no mess kit—I ate it from my hands covered with blood and dirt. I'll tell the world it tasted like sirloin steak smothered with onions.

The following morning more rations came. Our Major gave out the rations, and made sure the wounded were fed first. I was sitting in my dugout when I heard a gruff voice about five feet above me demanding the Major.

"Who the hell is calling the Major now?"

Looking up I saw it was some one wearing two stars on his hat. I immediately got on my feet and informed this officer, who, I learned later, was General Alexander, that the Major was on the right. "Shall I call him, sir?"

"No! No! I'll go to him," he replied, as much as to say it was an honor to do so. He then congratulated us, and told us what a load had been on his heart for five days and how the other Americans had fought to save us. He wanted to know why the wounded men were still lying there. He told his orderly to rush every ambulance available. And within three hours more than 160 men were on their way to the hospital. Some of the boys who were not wounded had to be carried out on stretchers too weak from hunger, exhaustion, exposure, and hardships to shift for themselves.

Early that evening I was sent, together with other wounded men, from the first-aid station to a sorting station on the edge of the forest. The place was a beautiful abbey and was built by pious hands nine hundred years ago. All was dark outside, for we were in constant dread of air-

attacks. The interior was lit by candles. The place was so beautiful, that it reminded me of "Alice in Wonderland." It was like going from hell to heaven.

There the Red Cross served us with bread, hot tomato soup, hot coffee, chocolate, and cigarets. We talked of brave Captain McMurty, and of Lieutenant Peabody, a plucky officer who lay in the forest for two days with his leg badly torn, and who was killed in the last hours.

As for "Go-to-hell Whittlesey"—well, the men would go to hell for Whittlesey.

SPARTACUS, THE ROMAN GLADIATOR, AND THE SPARTICIDES OF GERMANY

"YE call me chief; and ye do well to call me chief!" That opening line of the famous school-boy oration of "Spartacus to the Gladiators" is probably all that most of us remembered about the doughty Thracian leader of the revolt of Roman slaves when the word "Sparticide," applied to the uprising in Berlin, awoke old echoes in our minds. In taking the name of their party from that of the ex-gladiator, the German Bolsheviks suggest an interesting analogy between their own movement and the desperate venture that nearly overwhelmed Italy in the century before Christ. Incidentally, the members of the ultra-radical revolutionary party of Berlin are said to call themselves "Spartaculeute," that is, "Spartacus folk"; and if we continue to call them "Sparticides," we should give the word its full four syllables in order to indicate its true idea, "Sons of Spartacus." The customary three syllable pronunciation implies "Slayers of Spartacus."

A writer in *Everyman* (London) directs our attention to both the resemblances and contrasts between the modern and the ancient revolt. At first glance, he says:

It may seem strange that a party which draws its strength from the urban proletariat should have linked its cause with the memory of a man who was neither democrat nor demagog, who made no appeal to the city mob, who had no friends in the walled towns, but who from first to last was the flaming torch of the countryside, the leader of a classical *Jacquerie* in a war against the country house. Yet a closer examination of the age of Spartacus and the character of his attempt reveal the fact that between his times and our own there was a nearer resemblance than is altogether pleasant to contemplate, and that, like the modern Bolshevik, Spartacus was a terrible and useless protest against the capitalism of his time.

If an aristocratic government was the blessing that some of our reactionaries imagine, the Roman world in the seventies of the pre-Christian era posset that priceless boon. The long struggle between the popular party and the aristocracy had for the moment been ended, thanks to the sword of Sulla, by the victory of the nobles. The Senate had recovered its ancient powers, and had been endowed with prerogatives that it had never wielded before. The position, if a modern parallel may be allowed, resembled what would be the case in England if, after a civil war, the Parliament Act had been repealed, if the

House of Lords had obtained the right to originate money bills, and if all the privileges of the trade-unions had been swept away by statute. Moreover, confiscation and conscription had broken the strength of the democratic party, while the veterans of Sulla's army had been planted widely throughout Italy on the confiscated lands, a sure garrison, it might have been thought, for the victorious aristocrats. But a paper constitution, even when imposed by the sword, can not alter hard facts. The Roman aristocracy, if not destitute of some great figures, was a selfish and degenerate body. The conquest of half the world by the Roman Republic had brought to Rome's oligarchs untold wealth, and this wealth had been their ruin. At once extravagant and grasping, they ruined the provinces by extortion and Italy by exploitation. It is with their crimes in Italy that we are at present concerned.

The system of slavery had always been the bane of ancient commonwealths, and even in the palmy days of the Roman Republic servile revolts had distracted the state. There had been two terrible risings of the Sicilian slaves. But under the ruling capitalist system the horrors of slavery were increasing. The slave had always existed in Italy, but in general he had been the slave of the small freeholder, a man of the same race as his master, and he had sold himself into slavery, because he held slavery a less terrible thing than poverty. But the ranks of the slave class were increased by thousands of foreign barbarians who had been captured in war or sold by pirates to slave merchants. These foreign slaves were scattered over Italy on the great grazing estates of the Senatorial families, and were worked in gangs under brutal overseers, whose one aim was to exploit alike slave and soil. To seize on grazing lands to which their masters had no right was a frequent habit with the overseers. In order to effect this, the slaves were armed, and battles were fought and much blood shed. In vain the law struggled with these outrages. The problem of the employer's liability caused as much trouble to Roman as it causes to English courts of justice.

The ruling classes, however, did nothing to strengthen the constitution by orderly government and the establishment on the land of the small man. The service régime was brutal and the evil passions of all classes were increased by the horrors of the gladiatorial games. The unhappy wretches who were trained to butcher themselves for the making of a Roman holiday were largely prisoners of war. They were kept in prisons known as schools where they were trained for their hideous work. In the year 73 B.C. some seventy of these unfortunate men escaped from a gladiatorial school at Capua, secured arms, and established themselves as brigands in the district of Vesuvius. Their leaders were two Celts, whom we only know under their servile names of Crixus and Oenomaus, and a Thracian called Spartacus. Spartacus may have had royal blood in his veins, for a dynasty known as the Sparticides once bore rule in his land. He had had a strange life. He had fought in the Roman legions, he had deserted and become a bandit of the hills, he had been captured and doomed to the gladiatorial shows. The little that we learn of his character from the unfriendly writers who have preserved his name and deeds shows that he was a man of no ordinary mold. The strongest passion that inspired him seems to have been a desire to return once more to his native land, and to win

a like right for the slaves who fought by his side. For the rest, he carried himself as a soldier of honor. Fighting tho he was against men who, had they captured him, would have nailed him to a cross, he struggled valiantly tho vainly to impress on his savage followers moderation and self-restraint in the hour of victory. With these followers he shared every hardship, and he gained their affection no less by his skill and courage than by the justice of his rule and his fair division of the spoil. Dimly as we see him in the mists of history, he stands forth a man far greater than the drill-sergeant Pompey, or the money-lender Crassus, who led against him the armies of Rome.

To return to the story. The efforts of the brigands of Vesuvius soon alarmed the villas of Campania. Troops were demanded from Rome, and a force of 3,000 men arrived to block Vesuvius and starve out the robbers. The brigands, many of them armed only with stakes, climbed down the rocks and attacked their foes. The Romans broke and fled, and the little band of outlaws held Campania at their mercy. And soon they were no longer a little band. From hill and valley foreign slaves poured into their camp, and when later on a strong Roman army led by the pretor Varinius marched against them, they found the bandits entrenched like a regular army ready to face them in the field. Fear fell on the Romans, some troops broke and disappeared, and when Varinius had restored discipline among those who remained, and advanced to the attack, he was too late. Spartacus had turned south by Pientia and had entered Lucania, where shepherd slaves and outlaws filled the countryside. To his banner they flocked in thousands, and Varinius arrived only to suffer a defeat and to flee, leaving his horse, his official decorations, and the eagles of the legion in the hands of the slaves. Spartacus, with the swiftness of a De Wet, doubled back into Campania, and defeated and killed the unhappy questor whom Varinius had left in command.

Spartacus was for the time lord of the countryside. He wandered everywhere, plundering the villas, and even sacking or blackmailing some walled towns. The trembling Romans saw in him another Hannibal, and we learn from Horace that in these terrible years there was hardly a bottle of wine laid down in a Roman villa. Every bottle of these years' vintages was drunk by the brigand army. Yet Spartacus found in his own followers his worst foes. They followed him loyally in the hour of danger, but success turned their heads. Thracian and Celt formed themselves into rival hosts, and all alike plundered and massacred with cruel ferocity. Spartacus struggled in vain to find for them a policy. When in the following year the scene of fighting had changed to the north, and he was master of the Apennines, he vainly suggested to his followers that they should return to their own lands. They preferred the spoils of Italy. He saw the weak side of his army and he tried to secure for it better arms, and to form cavalry squadrons. He could make no alliance with any party in Rome; no town would espouse his cause. Yet for him the year 72 was a year of victories. Crixus and his Celts were indeed cut off and killed, but Spartacus beat consul and pretor, and again carried into his camp the Roman eagles.

At last the Senate raised itself to face the danger. Its greatest generals, Pompey and Lentulus, were absent, but Crassus, the great man of business, was available.

With eight legions Crassus began his campaign, and gradually pushed Spartacus to the south. Then a bold idea occurred to the desperate chief. He would transport the remnants of his force to Sicily, where the rural serfs were always ready for a war. The pirates, perhaps bribed by Crassus's gold, took the bandits' money, and left them in the lurch. Crassus tried a blockade, but once more Spartacus broke out and plunged on to Calabria. The frightened Senate summoned Pompey to Crassus's aid, but all was over before Pompey came. The bandits demanded a battle against their leader's advice, and in Lucania, the scene of his old victories, Spartacus died a soldier's death. Pompey arrived to join in the man hunt, and six thousand crosses, on each of which a captured slave was nailed, proclaimed the victory of the plutocrats of Rome. But the victory rang the death-knell of Rome's worthless oligarchy. The generals who had saved society claimed to rule it.

And what is the moral? The episode is but one of many in the world's history which go to show that aristocratic tyranny breeds revolution in which men have to choose between the alternatives of anarchy and government by the sword. The revolt of Spartacus did nothing to benefit his class; but it led to the ruin of those who believed that "strong government" consists in an attempt to disregard popular feeling and human rights.

"ONLY ONE OF US CAN GET OUT— AND OUT YOU GO"

ON General Pershing's recommendation, Congress has bestowed upon Corporal Harold W. Roberts, of San Francisco, dead in the performance of his duty, the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest military decoration that the United States can bestow. Roberts, during a charge on the Germans, was driving a light tank which plunged into a water-filled shell-crater. Water and mud covered the tank; only one of the two-man crew could escape. Roberts pushed his companion out to safety, saying, "Well, only one of us can get out—and out you go!" A recent issue of the *San Francisco Bulletin* gives this account of the young soldier's heroism:

Graphic details of the heroic death on the field of battle of a San Francisco boy who forced his comrade in a sinking tank to take the chances offered only one of them to escape, while he remained with the heart of a lion to drown, reached San Francisco to-day in a letter to the hero's father from the boy whose life his son saved as he gave up his own for his country.

Corporal Harold W. Roberts, Company A, 344th Tank Battalion, United States Army, is the San Franciscan who will go down in history's pages as among the bravest of Uncle Sam's fighters. He was the son of John A. Roberts, of 1050 Green Street, with offices in the Humboldt Bank Building.

Corporal Roberts had just turned twenty-two when he made the supreme sacrifice. He enlisted at nineteen, following his graduation from the University of California. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, America's highest military decoration.

Sergeant Virgil L. Morgan, a comrade of "Bob," describes the death of young Roberts in the following letter to the elder

Roberts, received here to-day. The letter reads in part:

"Bob, as we called him, came to our company early last summer. Almost at once he was liked by every one in the company.

"He was in my platoon and by his good work was made corporal.

"Bob and I became very close friends, and when it became time for the sergeants to pick their tank-drivers, I picked Bob. But because he showed up so well as a tank driver, the lieutenant of our platoon took him away from me. So as the platoon-leader tank-driver he went to the front and went through the St. Mihiel fight. There never proved a better soldier. There was not a minute that I did not try to get him back to my tank.

"Finally, Bob asked the lieutenant if he couldn't drive for me. We were two tickled boys when we got together again. Immediately we went to the Verdun front in the Argonne Forest sector. All through the drive until he was drowned we fought together in our little tank. Little did we both care. We were young, I being only nineteen. Our whole idea was to get Germans at any cost.

"It was on the morning of October 4 that he met his death. It was foggy. We were at the head of a new division in the line. After we left our point of departure and were in battle formation, shooting at everything that looked like a German, Bob looked up to me and smiled, saying:

"'Dink (which he always called me), I wouldn't miss this for a thousand dollars.'

"We went along in the fight for about a mile, when we saw on our left a tank standing still. A dough-boy came crawling along to our tank. Bob opened his door and the dough-boy yelled that the tank on the left was struck and wanted protection from a German machine gun, pointing toward the trench woods.

"Off we darted amid bursting shells and the sound of machine bullets lighting on our tank. Thinking that the enemy was in the bushes ahead, Bob speeded up and we plowed right into it.

"In a moment we were turned over and water was rushing into the tank. The back door was the only way to get out because the other doors were buried in the mud.

"Bob's last words were: 'Only one of us can get out, so out you go,' and he gave me a push. I had to be the first out because there are the gunners' doors and the drivers' doors.

"Bob's doors were buried.

"When I came to the top of the water I waited and yelled for Bob, I was as helpless as a baby, because the tank was completely covered with water and I couldn't get back in after him, I cried like a baby and waited, but he didn't come.

"When I came to myself I found that we had gone into a tank trap. With the machine-gun fire increasing furiously, I had to fall back after waiting for twenty minutes.

"I made several trips up to the hole afterward, but I took sick, due to the stagnant water, and I came back of the lines, unable to see Bob's burial. But fellows tell me he received one of the finest burials that a soldier could get on the battle-field.

"This is the full account of his death, and I wish to express my regrets with all of you. I never had a better friend.

"And it was because of Bob's push that I am now alive to write this letter.

"Why couldn't it have been I instead of him?"

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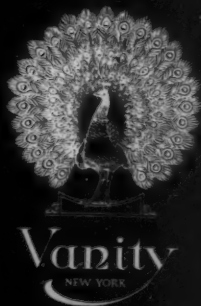
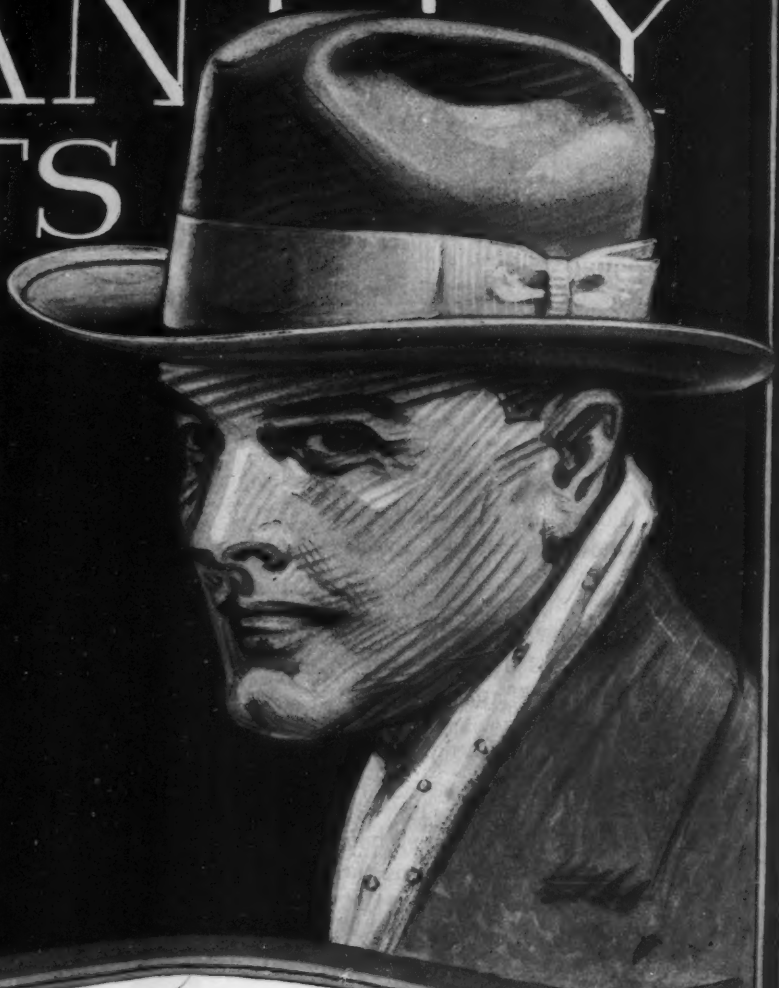


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FOCH THE SILENT, AS SEEN BY AN
ENGLISH BIOGRAPHER

A SIMPLE man, kindly, religious, willing to do his work but unwilling to talk about it, is this Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France, already, no doubt, as secure as any one living in this generation may be of an enduring niche in the world's temple of fame. As seen by an English biographer, A. Hilliard Atteridge, whose detailed and careful study has just been published by Dodd, Mead & Co., the great French leader takes on much of the character of a modern business efficiency expert, little of the attitude of omniscience in all matters from art to politics that have distinguished several other conquering heroes of history. The Marshal's lack of interest in politics is especially appreciated by the French people, says Mr. Atteridge, for the French, since the days of Napoleon, have nursed a secret fear of their successful generals. From military power to political dictatorship has always been an easy step, and it has been taken more often in France than in any other great modern nation. However, in the case of Marshal Ferdinand Foch, on the word of his biographer, there was no need for concern on this score by any who knew the character and ideals of the man. In a final chapter headed "Personal Characteristics," Mr. Atteridge points out that the French leader is far from being a politician, even tho he may be one of the greatest judges of men and coordinators of human effort in the world's history. As we read:

So far as Marshal Foch has any political standpoint, it is assuredly that which Leo XIII. so wisely recommended to the Catholics of France—namely, a rally to the loyal support of the Republic, the abandonment of all dreams of seeking advantage for their cause from either a Royalist or an Imperialist restoration, and the effort to secure their rights under the republican institution by insisting on the practical application of the principles of equality and liberty to every class of citizens.

Foch has never been a politician, and has never trimmed his sails to the political policy that happened to be in the ascendant. He has simply done his duty as a soldier, and waited patiently for the promotion that would give him the opportunity of fulfilling the task for which his life had been a long, studious preparation.

He had always insisted on the two facts of knowledge and character as the essentials in the formation of the leader of men in war. His own career gives a high example of the results obtained by the faithful practice of what he taught.

A lifelong student, a teacher of exceptional genius, it has been said of him that if he were not in uniform he might be taken for a college professor rather than a soldier. His face has the characteristic features of the man of mind. The high forehead, the calm, blue-gray eyes under their heavy eyebrows, tell of thought and intellect. But it is the face of a strong man, and of one strong not only on the intellectual side. The slight figure is athletic and full of energy. The whole type combines thought with action.

There is, however, no trace of pose

about him. To use familiar expressions, there is neither "swagger" nor "side." He hates display and useless ceremonial. He is above all things a matter-of-fact worker. Calm and self-controlled, he only shows impatience in the presence of carelessness and lack of thought. One of his officers, Mr. Puaux, who has written a brilliant sketch of his career, marks as one of his characteristics "*une horreur de l'à-peu-près*," which one may translate by "a horror of careless inexactitude in talk." Mr. Puaux describes his questioning a staff officer, and suddenly stopping the conversation with: "Evidently you don't know. Go and find out." When practical matters have to be discussed, he speaks with a straight frankness that wastes no time in softening his own adverse criticisms with smooth words. At the back of all this is his first principle, that guesswork and vague information are worse than useless, and that hard facts clearly grasped are the only guide to action.

He is an indefatigable worker, and makes up his mind rapidly in the midst of action; but he has the power of seeking rest from the stress of his daily work by turning his mind to other things even at anxious times. Thus, Mr. Puaux tells us, that on September 9, 1914, in the crisis of the battle of the Marne, when the Breton corps was still retiring, the center of the Ninth Army was in danger, and Grosetti's arrival to its help was strangely delayed, Foch walked up and down with one of his staff, talking not of the war, but of a scientific question that had no reference whatever to it. He had given his orders and set Grosetti's division on the march, and he awaited the result of his maneuver without giving way to anxiety.

Besides this power of detaching himself for the time being from the strain of war, says his biographer, Foch has always been able to economize his energy by the studious care with which he restricts his activity to the special functions of the high command he holds. He does not scatter his energies. Work that can be left to others is left to others. Mr. Atteridge continues:

He deals with the direction and combination of operations in their broad essential lines, leaving all matters of detail to the commanders of the fighting fronts. This principle of command is an elementary one; but it is a point in which some of the greatest commanders have nevertheless failed. Even Napoleon, in his later years, made the mistake of trying to supervise everything; and we find him, during the campaign of 1814, when it was essential that Paris should be put in a state of defense, paralyzing the local authority and causing loss of valuable time by insisting that no work should anywhere be done until the plans had been submitted to him at his headquarters in the field. Foch knew how to trust Haig, Pétain, and their generals in all matters of the execution of his plans. At his headquarters, consequently, even in the busiest times, there is no elaborate office machinery required. Half a dozen officers work with him. Three rooms are enough for all their requirements. Thus it is that he is able to direct vast operations from a headquarters established, not in the midst of some large city, but in a little house in some small country town or village.

This fits in with the simple life he has always lived, his modest ways, his dislike of mere parade and show. Usually he has no escort. Perhaps one of his staff is with

him; as often he is alone, when he goes about. He is a worker, and all his ways are of the simplest. In an age of advertisement, he shuns publicity. He has never been interviewed, and we have seen that his relations with the press during the war have been limited to a few courteous receptions, here and there, of a group of correspondents, to whom he addressed the briefest of speeches. This is why there is in his case a lack of personal anecdotes, such as are connected with the names of most public men in all countries. One writer of a sketch of his life in a London paper could find nothing better to mention as a personal trait than that he was for years a great cigar-smoker, but had lately taken to a pipe, perhaps because the war made it difficult to get his favorite cigars. For any other man of note, the journalist would have found it easy to collect a store of personal detail.

In the years before the war he used to spend his periods of leave at his Breton home, and arrange, if possible, to have his soldier son-in-law with him there. The war has made sad inroads into the little circle that used to assemble at Trefeunteunio. His only son, Lieut. Germain Foch, has been killed in action, and one of his daughters has been widowed.

In his writings Foch dwells upon duty and discipline as the guiding ideals of a soldier's character. They have been the guides of his own career; but no true impression of the man can be formed, unless we bear in mind that with Ferdinand Foch himself the idea of duty and discipline has a higher sanction than military tradition. From his boyhood the religion that he was taught in his Pyrenean home, and later in the Jesuit colleges, has been something not merely to be professed, but to be practised. It has been a real force in the shaping of his great character. . . .

In the campaign of Lorraine and in the days of the Marne, when Foch was not at headquarters behind the war-front, but among the soldiers in the actual battle-front, he was more than once seen kneeling among his officers and men at those masses celebrated under the open sky. At Doullens, Cassel, and Frevent, day after day, he found time for the morning mass, and in some leisure moments of the day went again to pray before the altar. On the morning of the most critical day of the fight by the marshes of St. Gond, he appealed to the chaplains for their prayers. On the eve of his last great effort, in the critical summer of 1918, he asked for the prayers of the children of France. The editor of the Catholic paper, the London *Universe*, passed on his appeal to the Catholic children of England, and was able to write to Marshal Foch that thousands of them were offering their communions for him. Amid the pressure of his work, the Marshal wrote a letter of thanks for what he described as "this great act of faith."

On the authority of one who was with him at his headquarters we know that on the evening of July 17, when he had issued his final orders for the great effort of next day, he laid all work aside to find time for prayer. He had told his staff that he wished, if possible, to be left undisturbed for an hour or so. They naturally thought that he felt he needed a brief rest. But how he was spending the hour was revealed by a mere chance. A telegram arrived that required his immediate attention. He was sought for and found alone in a little chapel kneeling in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

In the minds of many men, the idea of a commander in the field, who brings religion

into his daily life, is perhaps obscured by the thought of a grim Puritan soldier, such as Cromwell, likening himself to the warriors of the Old Testament, and speaking of his opponents as the Amalek and the Philistine, to be smitten with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Or perhaps there comes the memory of a soldier like Chinese Gordon, with his erratic mysticism and his ideas of an almost personal inspiration. But for a Catholic soldier like Foch, his religion has not the grim fanaticism of the Cromwellian, nor does its clear teaching lend itself to visionary self-delusion. There is no temptation for the general in command to imagine himself a Heaven-guided leader of men. It is enough for him that he finds help in prayer, and that in times of danger the sacraments of the Church are, for him as well as for the simple soldier in the ranks, the well-known way of preparation to face death as the beginning of a new life.

Napoleon said of his great opponent, the Archduke Charles of Austria: "He is a good man—a man of irreproachable conduct. His soul belongs to the heroic age; his heart to that of gold." Ferdinand Foch deserves the same testimony. Or we may compare him to one of the chivalrous types of an earlier day, and describe him, like Pierre Bayard, as "the good knight, without fear and without reproach."

Personal glimpses of a man who bulks as large in the present history of the world as Ferdinand Foch will come out, in spite of that retiring disposition of which his biographer writes. An American girl, recently returned from service with the Allies on the other side, brings one of these glimpses. It has to do with a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, a chicken, Marshal Foch, two aids, and the girl who tells the story, all in a hole in the ground—"somewhere in France." More than many pages of character analysis, the little incident reveals the true simplicity of the French leader. As the *New York Evening Telegram* quotes this American girl whom Foch invited to lunch:

"Well, it was in November, of 1914. At that time he was not yet marshal, but commander of the armies of the north. I was in that part of the country in connection with my hospital work and paid him a visit at St. Pol. The Hun guns were bombarding and throwing their shells in an utter disregard for expense. But they were five kilometers short.

"The commander took advantage of a five-minute respite, and with true French hospitality invited me to lunch. I was amazed at the invitation, for I saw absolutely no signs of any place where we might eat. However, I followed him into a cellar with two of his aids.

"By all means have lunch with us," he said, and forthwith he pushed his hand into his right-hand pocket and out came a chicken.

"Here is your lunch," and with that he dissected the leg of the chicken, handing it to me.

"But you must have bread, too." You see he was considerate even under these circumstances.

"Let the lady have some bread," he said, calling to an officer. And, as tho by magic, he dived the hand of an aid into his coat and out came a long loaf of bread.

"And wine." And this command brought

another of his aids to the rescue. From a near-by shelf a bottle of wine was procured. Unceremoniously and in soldier fashion the head was cracked. So we had lunch—and a very good one, too."

JAPAN, THE LAND OF QUICK AND EASY DIVORCES

NO equivalent for the American Reno exists in Japan, but it is not needed. If divorce is not quite as easy as it was during the shogunate, the legal difficulties and obstacles are hardly as great as they are even in Nevada. Yet divorce was a still simpler matter fifty years ago. Lord Redesdale, one of the first British diplomats to visit Japan, wrote in 1870, when the island Empire was in transition from the feudal system, "sacred as the marriage tie is, so long as it lasts, the law which cuts it is curiously facile, or, rather, there is no law; a man may turn his wife out-of-doors, as it may suit his fancy." At this time, or just before it, all that was necessary was that the dissatisfied husband should make a declaration of divorce before his Daimio, or feudal chief, and the thing was done.

Legally speaking, matters have changed considerably since those days, and yet the Rev. J. B. Duthu tells us in *L'Information d'Extrême Orient*, that the old ideas concerning divorce are as much alive as they were a century ago. Thus we learn that:

Separation by mutual consent is still a legal process, but the law gives the woman the right to resist a demand for divorce. In practise, however, it is very rarely that a woman avails herself of this legally recognized right. Where there is no fault justifying the claim for divorce the law requires that both parties give their consent for the petition to be valid. But even when both parties declare their consent to the separation, it is clear that the supposed consent given by the woman is far from being always voluntary. Happily in Japan as elsewhere, social usage is more efficacious than the law, even in such a matter as this; were it otherwise, the position of the woman would be untenable. Divorce is, above everything, a family affair, and consequently the family of the wife has its word to say, and says it in order to protect her against the other party. But among the lower classes the wife is more often sacrificed than elsewhere. Cases where it seems as tho a man divorced his wife simply for the pleasure of turning her into the street are not rare. The woman accepts her fate with what philosophy she may, for it is clear that she has nothing to gain by remaining in the house of a man who does not want her, and, besides, the law can only offer her an illusory protection. Some time since, one read in the papers cases of women who have been divorced too cavalierly, bringing the ex-husband before the courts on a claim of damages. How far the pleas were serious I do not know. The tribunals very rarely gave them any satisfaction, and, after a time, these actions suddenly ceased.

It happens sometimes that the married pair have neither of them anything to say in a divorce petition. During 1918, a certain Mrs. Yamamoto Sumi petitioned for a divorce from her husband, Yamamoto Takeshi. When the time came for hearing the case, the three counsels for

the plaintiff all pleaded against the inadmissibility of the petition, stating that the lady did not wish for a divorce. She was on the best of terms with both her husband and her mother-in-law, they said. All the trouble came about through some of her relatives, who, being fishers in troubled waters, had taken advantage of the ignorance of the wife to get her, at their instance, to sign a petition for divorce.

The divorce-rate in modern Japan is between sixty and eighty thousand a year; but among the lower classes there are large numbers who never trouble to register either their unions, official or unofficial, or their separations. Some say that there is in fact one divorce to every three marriages. As for the regulations of the recent past, this writer tells us:

In the law of the Koryo families, in the Taiho Code (701), which was still in force till a few years ago, are enumerated the seven chief causes of divorce. These are: (1) sterility, (2) adultery, (3) disobedience to parents-in-law, (4) gossiping, (5) theft, (6) jealousy, (7) contagious disease. For any one of these causes the husband had the right to dismiss his wife. Commentators on this code say that "sterility," as herein specified, does not mean absolute sterility but includes failure to bear a son—sons alone being able to continue the ancestor cult.

The idea that a childless woman may expect to be divorced at any moment has by no means disappeared. Not long ago a woman committed suicide by throwing herself into a well, because, according to report, having no children, she was expecting her husband to send her away. None of the reasons of divorce enumerated in the Taiho Code, it should be said, are included in the new civil code promulgated in 1898. This code recognizes two kinds of divorce—divorce by consent and divorce by judicial decision.

For divorce by consent, the general custom is that the man gives the woman the old formula called *mi kudari hau* or the "three lines and a half," which declare, "I divorce you and will have nothing to say if you go to another man." By far the greater part of Japanese divorces are by this supposedly "mutual" consent, the courts being required to pass upon comparatively few petitions for divorce, most of these coming from women. We read further:

Divorce is very common in Japan, but it is regarded as infamous. So, both in the middle and upper classes the good name of the house is in jeopardy when one exposes one's family affairs to public curiosity. Arrangements for the divorce are made very secretly, and it is often not till long after everything is done that the public has reason to suspect anything. Divorces prayed for before the courts are always those of the lower classes. The most common grounds for judicial divorces are abandonment by the husband, his disappearance, or his sentence for an infamous crime. This must be said for the judges—they endeavor to restore harmony to households—but they rarely succeed. They often send back the complainants tho they know they will do little good thereby.

As for the many actual causes for

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divorcee, such as mutual ill-feeling, superstitious ideas, quarrels with the mother-in-law, and financial questions, they are all hidden behind the formula, *kafu ni awanai*—"inability to conform to the usages of the house"—which is even more elastic than our own "incompatibility of temper." In the East generally, as an evil consequence of the admirable reverence for parents, a fruitful source of marital trouble is dissension between the wife and her husband's mother, and in Japan *kafu ni awanai* is most likely to mean "mother-in-law." The husband's mother likes to make her authority felt. On this point Dr. Duthu says:

Besides, the mothers-in-law do not fail to give an appearance of reason to their attitude. According to them, the young women of to-day refuse to bow the head before a mother-in-law. These are evil times! A young wife of less than twenty years perhaps can not habituate herself to angularities of character. In a new family it is often necessary to change all one's ideas and habits. That this does not come spontaneously, that it causes conflicts with the mother-in-law who, on her part, claims to hold her son in perpetual tutelage and to rule her daughter, is less astonishing than any other result would be. So, when the mother-in-law has not the good sense to arrange things, the family quickly becomes a veritable hell. The only way out is that of divorce by mutual consent, and the reason given in these cases is that the young woman can not accustom herself to the usages of the house—*kafu ni awanai*. The husband would give little proof of good sense and the whole of society would be against him—so exigent are the ideas of filial piety—if he did not make his own all the bitterness of his mother. She may not even be his real mother, but if she has the legal title, that is sufficient.

One of the causes of these quarrels between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law is that generally, in Japan, the young household is obliged to live under the same roof with the parents as one family. If they could only live by themselves there can be no doubt that there would be far fewer divorcees. But it is only in the upper classes that young couples can have a house of their own.

Naturally, divorcee may also arise out of the wife's frivolity, and separations are common in Japan as elsewhere among those who do not take marriage at all seriously. In regard to the social attitude toward divorce, the article concludes:

It is, however, certain that among self-respecting people, anybody who, for one reason or another, has been divorced regards the incident as an unhappy page in life. They do not regard the divorcee as a good chance to get out of a bad bargain, but as an unhappy experience in which there is nothing to be proud of. But notwithstanding the ignominy attaching to divorce, among the lower classes, and even among the more enlightened, there are plenty of people who take divorce as lightly as they take marriage. There are plenty who think it quite natural to have three or four marriages and divorcees to their account. There was the case of a naval officer who was said to have been married twenty-

five times. It is true that in the end he was universally despised and rejected.

Among women of the lower classes one may find those who have married anything up to thirty-five times. They hold the record, no doubt. In the middle and upper classes three or four times is the limit.

But women do not seek divorcees as frequently as men. A woman with the divorcee habit is more or less a family disgrace; and even an unhappy wife does not relish the idea of finding herself reduced to living again under her family roof as an unwelcome guest.

SOUTH-AFRICAN SNAKES AND THEIR SERPENTINE WAYS

SNAKES are perennially interesting, partly because most men are afraid of them, and partly because few men understand them. We are fond of calling them "mysterious." From remote savage ancestors we have inherited a notion of the surpassing "wisdom of the serpent," tho unlike our jungle progenitors who worshiped the snake because they feared him, we kill him, without discrimination, for the same reason. In *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, Mr. William Charles Scully adds to the popular fund of reptilian information through a most interesting article on "Some South-African Snakes," which we can only quote in part here. While the plentiful mammalian life of South Africa, Mr. Scully tells us, has been almost swept away by natives armed with the white man's weapons, snakes and lizards, living underground and being largely nocturnal, still flourish except close to the homes of men. But snakes are a secret folk. Only unusual occurrences, like the periodic freshets of the Great Fish River that sweep vast numbers of clay-bank burrowers out of their homes, disclose to the unobservant the fact that there are still plenty of snakes in South Africa.

No solid-toothed snake is venomous. All snakes with grooved, channeled, or tubular fangs are more or less poisonous. Its teeth being curved and only adapted for gripping, no snake masticates its food. Also, contrary to a prevalent notion, snakes do not slaver their prey to aid them in swallowing it; the saliva is poured on when the victim is well inside.

Of the South-African colubrids, that prolific snake family of which the well, but not favorably known cobra is a distinguished member, Mr. Scully says:

Some are venomous; some are not. But the venom of a colubrine snake is usually far more deadly than is that of any viper. The head of the family is the mamba, *Dendraspis angusticeps*, which is the longest venomous snake in the world. This distinction was formerly claimed for the Indian hamadryad, which, however, does not appear to reach a length of more than twelve feet. I have personally measured a mamba thirteen feet four inches in length, and they probably run to fifteen feet in exceptional

instances. The mamba is, moreover, undoubtedly the most dangerous of all snakes. Not alone is its venom deadly, but it is highly aggressive at times, and its speed is quite extraordinary. If disturbed during the pairing season, the mamba attacks without hesitation; and if at any time one happens to get between the mamba and its dwelling, the snake rushes straight for its objective and, in passing, strikes swiftly as lightning at the intruder. The mamba's fangs—two on each side—are long, deeply grooved, and powerful, and the amount of venom injected when they are buried in the flesh of a victim is much more than is necessary to cause death.

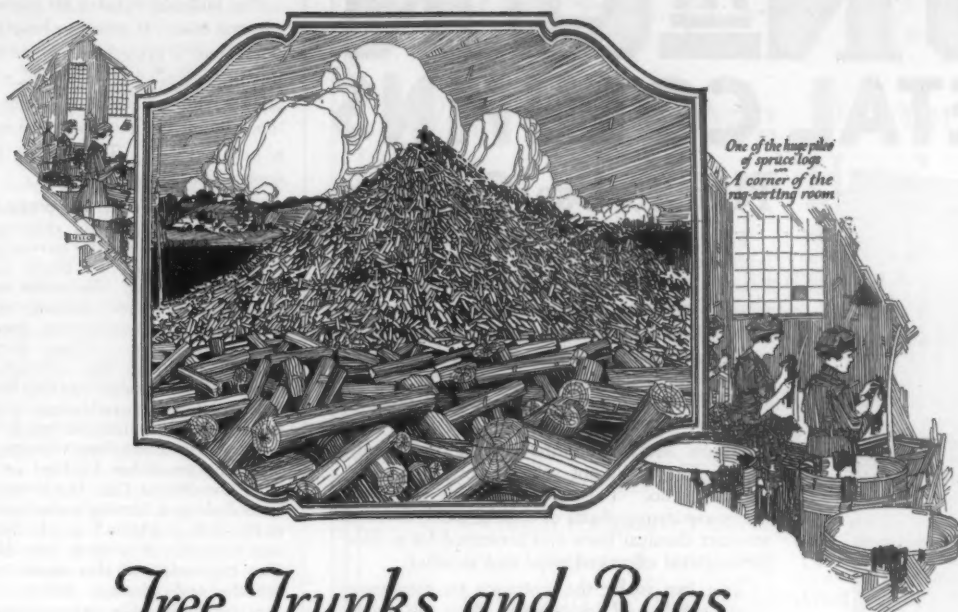
The mamba, like most colubrine snakes, is oviparous. The eggs are often laid among dead leaves between the protruding roots of trees. Soon after being hatched the young snakes ascend among the branches, where their protective coloration makes them difficult to discern. They live upon eggs, birds, and small mammals. The mamba has the habit of lying coiled among the branches adjacent to a foot-path in a forest. Wo to the passing wayfarer in such a case! If he touch a twig, and thus impart the least tremor to the snake's lair, a lightning-swift stroke upon face, neck, or arm seals his doom. Such a stroke may be delivered either forward or sideways, with equal speed and effectiveness.

South-African cobras resemble their better-known cousins, the Indian cobras, and grow to be six feet long. Their venom is the deadliest substance known, and is inevitably fatal. Of this species we read:

The cobra is found all over South Africa, but is especially plentiful in the dry, sandy deserts to the northwest, in and beyond the Cape Province. Here extensive colonies of large mice abound, patches of ground thirty yards in diameter being thickly honeycombed with burrows. In these the cobras dwell—apparently, as in the case of the puff-adders, on the best of terms with their hosts, upon whom they principally feed. It would seem as if the mice had resigned themselves to paying a certain toll to their formidable guests. However, it is probable that the mice revenge themselves by seeking out and destroying numbers of the cobra's eggs. The snakes are seldom seen. Occasionally—for instance, on an exceptionally cool day in summer—they emerge. In winter they hibernate, and on an ordinary summer day the sand becomes so hot that any snake attempting to crawl over it would immediately be scorched to death. However, their frequent zigzag spoors show that cobras are in the habit of emerging at night.

The cobra is an incorrigible robber of birds' nests. Among the rocky hills fringing the desert its presence is often revealed by a swarm of angry birds. These circle around the marauder, screaming, pecking at it, and beating it with their wings. The bite of the cobra is fatal to all snakes, the cobra itself included.

An interesting close relation of the cobra is the ringhals, or ringneck, so named because of two black bands across its throat. This snake when excited blows out a fine spray of venom which may reach a height of six feet. The author declares that he has proved by experiment that the ringhals aims at the eyes of its enemy, which are blinded, sometimes



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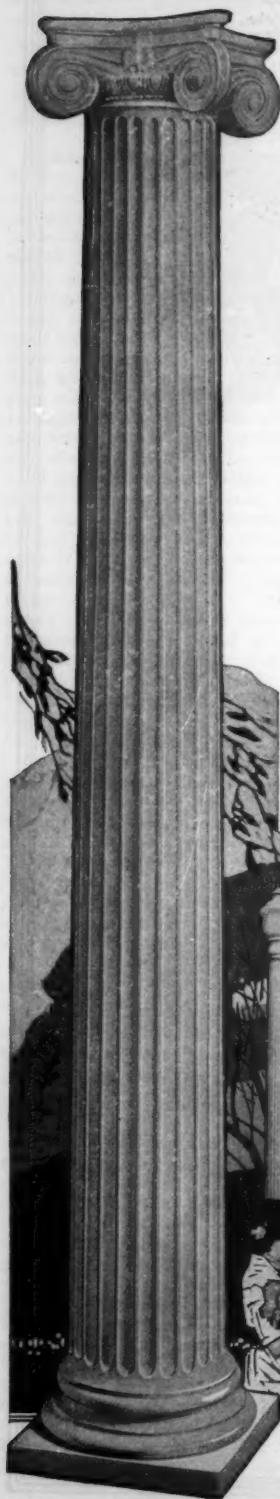
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permanently, if the venom reaches them. While the bite of the ringhals is highly venomous, the snake appears to prefer spraying venom.

The puff-adder takes its name from its guttural hiss. It attains a length of about thirty and a growth of about six inches. But in the valley of the Shure, a tributary of the Zambezi, the puff-adder is sometimes found five feet long and as thick as a man's thigh. This snake is further described as follows:

The coloration of the puff-adder is in groundwork a series of delicate browns, with more or less regular curved transverse patches darkening to black and edged with vivid yellow. Its scales are keeled; its short tail tapers suddenly to a point. It is a sluggish creature, incapable of swift progression. When disturbed, it flattens itself to the ground, the air express in the process causing the warning hiss which has saved many a life. But if the foot of the intruder touch it, or even tread in its immediate vicinity, the puff-adder lunges either forward or sideways, with a swiftness that the human eye can not follow, and, having buried its fangs deep in the flesh, holds on like a bulldog, forcing two streams of venom into the tissues. The expression of this snake—its square muzzle and glaring, lidless eyes with vertical pupils—the extraordinary gape of the jaws, and the huge, erected fangs form what is probably one of the most fiendishly menacing combinations in nature. Nevertheless, apart from its head, the puff-adder is a creature of great beauty—more especially in spring, when the old skin has recently been sloughed off. The rich tints shade into each other in a pattern of bewildering complexity, and the curved, transverse markings form a tracery full of symmetry and grace.

The food of the puff-adder consists of rats, mice, frogs, toads, and other small animals. Like most South-African snakes, puff-adders eat each other. If two, one larger than the other, seize an animal at the same time by opposite ends, the jaws of the larger snake will, on meeting, close over those of the smaller one, and the latter, as well as the prey, will be swallowed. In dealing with a toad or a very small animal, the puff-adder will seize and swallow it without using the poison-fangs; but in the case of a larger rodent, the snake will strike, let go, and wait until the victim collapses before swallowing it.

Then there is the horned adder, so-called because the groups of erect scales that grow over the eyes resemble horns. It inhabits desert places, where it buries itself in the sand with only the head emerging. This is almost identical with the "asp" that Cleopatra employed as a means of suicide. Another disagreeable species is the night-adder, which has the unpleasant habit of lying at night in pathways.

An interesting, non-poisonous snake is the egg-eater, which has a more curious method of opening eggs than is ever seen at the human breakfast-table. Says Mr. Scully:

This creature is only about eighteen inches long, with a diameter of about three-fourths of an inch. Yet it will swallow an ordinary fowl's egg without difficulty. Its teeth are rudimentary, but it has

extraordinary power of expansion of the jaws and neck. The neck vertebrae have developed spines—hypapophyses—which slant forward and pierce the esophagus. After the egg has been swallowed, the snake lifts its head and neck, and works the egg backward and forward against the spines, which act like a saw and cut the shell. The egg collapses, the contents run into the stomach, and the shell with its membrane is ejected.

The boomslange, or tree-snake, found wherever trees are plentiful, grows to a length of six feet, and varies in color between a vivid grass-green and a dull brown. When disturbed it puffs out its body until for nearly two-thirds of its length its girth is doubled. Until recently it was generally regarded as innocuous, but has been shown to be venomous to a dangerous degree. Further, we read:

The only sea-snake found in South Africa is *Hydruis platyrus*, which ranges from southern Asia down the eastern coast of the African continent as far as the Cape of Good Hope. From there the cold current prevents it going north. This snake—one of a large genus—measures about two feet. It is black above and yellow beneath, and has a vertically flattened tail. *Hydruis platyrus* is highly venomous, its poison-apparatus being as intricately developed as that of the cobra, to which it is related. This is remarkable, in view of the flattened tail and the position of the nostrils, which indicate that it has been a sea-dweller for an immensely long period. The venom can be of little or no avail against the cold-blooded creatures upon which this snake preys.

The python, the largest of South-African serpents, has been found as long as twenty-five feet. Of the habits of this huge snake Mr. Scully tells us:

The python principally frequents rocky chasms in moist, warm forests. It is not dangerous to man, being quite non-venomous. It will, however, fight fiercely if attacked, and the long, sharp, recurved teeth may inflict a severe bite. The python usually preys upon small animals, such as minor antelopes, monkeys, coney, and birds. Sometimes this snake coils itself at the bottom of a stream and lies with its nose just emerging. When a small buck comes to drink, the snake seizes it by the nose, the recurved teeth taking an inextricable grip. After the buck has been drowned the python coils itself around the body and crushes it into an elongated mass, for convenience in the process of swallowing. The saliva of the snake flows freely, but only over that portion of the prey which is engulfed. The python does not regard the horns, which are occasionally to be seen sticking out through its abdomen. When the carcass, including the bones, has been dissolved in the powerful gastric juices, the horns drop off and the holes fill up, the snake apparently being none the worse for the perforations.

So far as I know, the python is the only snake which incubates its eggs. Such, numbering from thirty to fifty at a brood, and weighing about five and one-half ounces each, are usually laid in a deep rock-crevice or in the deserted burrow of an ant-bear or a hyena. The mother coils herself over and around them. During the incubation period the snake's temperature rises somewhat.

Speaking of snakes that are not only

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harmless, but beneficial to man; Mr. Scully mentions the mole-snake that grows to be over seven feet long and lives mainly on rats and mice and such small beer. It is viviparous and has been known to have as many as eighty-four in a brood. Like all other constricting snakes it is non-venomous, but, unfortunately for its good repute and safety, it bears an outward resemblance to the cobra. Mr. Scully comments upon the fact that wild animals fail to discriminate between poisonous and non-poisonous snakes, regarding them with equal terror, and suggests that this may indicate that at one time all snakes were venomous, but that in the case of snakes now innocuous, the venom has been merged in the gastric juices, which form the most powerful known solvent of animal origin.

In South Africa nearly all snakes go swimming in hot weather. Says the author:

They swim freely across both rivers and salt tidal lagoons. Sometimes they lie coiled on the surface of the water, fast asleep—the long, single lung being inflated to provide the requisite buoyancy. In some localities, boating at night in hot weather is distinctly dangerous; for snakes are apt to coil about the oar without being observed, and thus get into the boat. But there are several species of snakes which are practically amphibious. These inhabit the margins of streams and pools, and prey on frogs and small fishes. It is their habit to climb trees suitably situated; from these they dive and pursue their quarry to considerable depths. None are venomous.

The green water-snake—*Chlorophis hoplogaster*—is, when gliding sinuously through clear, still water, probably unequaled for beauty in the animal kingdom. The liquid medium enhances its gloss, until it resembles a living emerald. Its rhythmic curves weave patterns graceful almost beyond the possibilities of imagination. Another—*Aelophis rufulus*—olive and pink in color, is almost incomparably beautiful.

Fortunately for us, snakes "are wholesale and consistent cannibals," for were it otherwise their numbers would be embarrassingly great. Mother snakes not infrequently dine on their large families. But many animals of other species are inimical to snakes:

The mongoose, the meerkat, and the badger destroy large numbers. So does the secretary-bird, which provokes the snake to attack and, when the latter lunges, dashes forward with wings expanded to form a shield, and thus flings back the attacker. After these tactics have been repeated several times, the snake becomes exhausted, and then the bird rushes in and with a nip of its powerful beak dislocates the spine just behind the head. The great turkey-buzzard seizes the snake just behind the head, flies spirally into the air to a height of several hundred feet, and then drops its victim to the ground.

But in regions closely settled by human beings, the most deadly and relentless enemy of the serpent tribe is the domestic cat. The snake is, unless the weather be cold, largely a nocturnal hunter. It lies in wait on the pathways used by small

rodents—on the margins of pools and water-courses frequented by frogs. The cat stalks the stalker, pouncing after the latter has seized and partly swallowed its prey and is thus relatively helpless. The cat is fully alive to the danger of his sport, and invariably endeavors to inflict a disabling bite in the vicinity where the spine of the reptile joins the head. The rapid disappearance of snakes from the vicinity of human habitations is undoubtedly due to the "harmless, necessary cat." The latter appears to be proud of its achievements in this line, and will often bring home a freshly killed snake with every appearance of satisfaction. I have known several cats with whom this was a habit.

Snake venom can be counteracted only by means of serum taken from the blood of immunized animals, and, especially as the venom of each species needs its peculiar remedy, the needed serum is not likely to be available when required.

The author has, however, a poor opinion of the snake's intellectual qualities, notwithstanding his physical charms, for he says:

The so-called "wisdom of the serpent" is completely mythical. The mind of the serpent is inferior to that of all mammals and birds and to that of many fishes and insects. A dull, senseless malignity is its most outstanding characteristic, but of wisdom it has no more than the oyster or the clam.

SENATOR BORAH STOLE NO TURKEYS, BUT HE PAID FOR THEM

SOME years ago, in Lawrence, Kansas, several enterprising students of the University of Kansas, belonging to the same fraternity, were gathered together with nothing much to do. Borah, destined for future fame in the Senate of the United States, was of the number. Somebody, or perhaps it was the Old One himself, who is supposed to spend much time supplying jobs for people with nothing to do, suggested that a pleasant and profitable way to spend the evening would be to conduct a raid on the poultry-yard of a farmer who lived not far from the town. One of the students knew several girls, students in the University, who could cook turkey in the most approved fashion. The crowd agreed with some enthusiasm that the proper thing to do was to "lift" a few turkeys and have a feast.

Of all that company only the future Senator objected. Such conduct, he declared with indignation that presaged his future emotions when considering the League of Nations, was unworthy of students and gentlemen. At least a writer in the *Baltimore Sun* vouches for Senator Borah's indignation and sinlessness in the matter of stealing turkeys. As the writer explains:

Perhaps he already saw the Senatorial toga afar and wished no unworthy action to rise up to stain the honor of that office. But the consciences of his fellow students were callous to the eloquent rebukes of

this future guardian of the morals of a nation. They told him he might return to his lonely room and his studies if he wanted, but they were going after turkey. The future Senator went back to his kerosene-lamp and the study of Constitutional law while his unregenerate companions made their way under cover of darkness to the farmer's place.

Even the member studying for the ministry went along. He had no intention of stealing turkey—oh, no—but he wanted to see a neat job done. This man was a football-player as well as theological student and proved one of the most valuable members of the party. For as they crept toward the turkey-roost a faithful watchdog made a vicious charge upon them. The embryonic parson fell upon that dog with all the skill of a football artist capturing a muffed pigskin, and when the party was ready to withdraw he left the faithful dog with neither breath nor bark in him, to say nothing of bite. The turkeys were safely stored away, and in course of time the conscienceless crowd feasted on the fruits of their raid. The future Senator scorned to taste the forbidden food. He rated a clear conscience higher than a full stomach.

Some days later the same crowd again found time hanging heavy on their hands. The turkeys were gone—so was Borah. While these idlers let time slip past, this earnest student continued to pore over the pages of that book on Constitutional law as it lay under the glare of his well-filled lamp. In the meantime, his companions thought of the turkeys and sighed. The memory whetted their appetites for another feast. They called in a man of the town—not a student—and explained the whole situation to him. Within a short time they had enlisted his help in a new nefarious scheme, and had dressed him up like a farmer of the most violent type of Populism, then rampant in Kansas. Sockless Jerry Simpson would have recognized him as an own brother. It was the type specially hateful to Borah.

This man went to the professor's house where Borah roomed. At the door he demanded in tones that penetrated even to the room with the lamp and the book on Constitutional law wanting to know if a man named "Borer" lived there. The professor's wife, who answered the door, replied that Mr. Borah roomed there, and pointed the way. Borah had pushed back the green shade from tired eyes and waited to greet the stranger.

"Is your name Borer?" demanded the farmer again.

"My name is Borah," answered the man of future greatness, with a touch of dignity that was to become habitual with him.

"Do you belong to the Bite-the-Pie Club?" further queried the farmer.

"I don't know what you mean," replied Borah.

"Well, do you belong to this here thing?" and he held out a paper with the name of the Greek letter fraternity written on it.

"Yes, I belong to that," replied the student.

"I know you do," said the farmer. "Don't get any idea I'm asking for information. You belong, and so does"—and here the farmer enumerated the full membership of the chapter of that fraternity. "Furthermore, I want you to understand that I know that it was this crowd that robbed me of half a dozen fine turkeys."

"I had no part in any such proceeding," exclaimed Borah.

"I know that, too," said the farmer.

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CONTRACTORS
BOSTON, MASS.

The J. D. Fate Company
Plymouth, Ohio

Boston, Feb. 7, 1919

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J. H. Rollins
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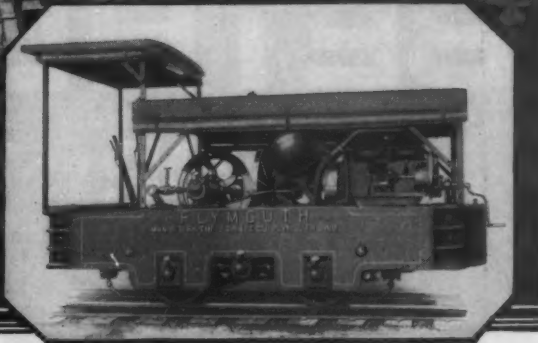
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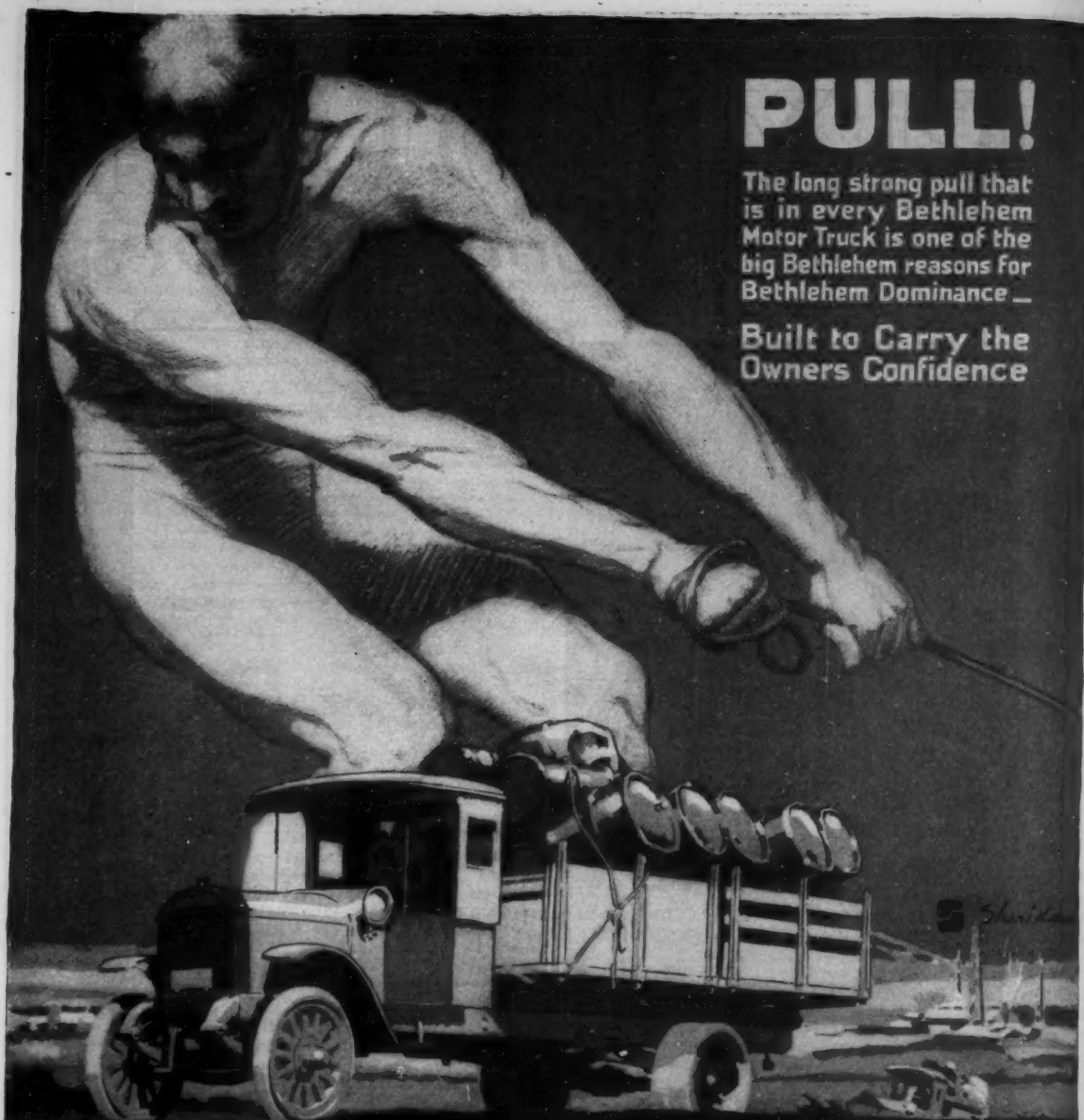
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"That's the reason I have come to see you. You seem to be the only one that has any sense. But you knew they were going to do it, and I calculate that makes you about as bad as the rest of them before the law. And I just came around to tell you that I'm going to have the whole lot of you arrested in the morning, and you're the first one I'm going for."

Visions of the disgrace of the thing ran before this lover of the law. He knew the merciless chatter and the relentless gossip of the small college town. He saw the honor of his beloved fraternity dragged in the dust. With great tact he suggested to the farmer that if any such wrong had been perpetrated it must have been in the nature of a joke and that full restitution would be made. The farmer wanted restitution right away and the upshot of the matter was that Borah compromised with him for ten dollars. He congratulated himself that the incident was closed as far as the farmer was concerned. In this surmise he was quite correct, for the crowd of unregenerates enjoyed another feast that same night in which the temporary farmer had his full share. But when Borah appealed for the return of his ten dollars he found indeed that the incident was closed.

WHEN SUBMARINE FOUGHT SUBMARINE

SETTING a submarine to catch a submarine appealed to popular imagination early in the war; but popular imagination, as usual, was told that it was all wrong. Later it turned out to be right, and now official British records are made public showing that British submarines accounted for a very considerable proportion of German underwater raiders. It is true that submarine did not frequently fight submarine in the black depths of the seas, as predicted by imaginative writers early in the war, stabbing, launching torpedoes, turning and twisting in the midst of glaring, blinding pencils of radiance from underwater search-lights; but the plain and simple way in which reality adopted the ideas of the scientific dreamers and fictionists contains any quantity of satisfactory thrills.

From "authentic narratives hitherto unpublished," Sir Henry Newbolt has compiled a series of submarine *vs.* submarine tales, and made them into perhaps the most interesting chapter of his new book, "Submarine and Antisubmarine" (Longmans, Green & Co.). He begins:

Let us take first the case of *E-54*, Lieut.-Com. Robert H. T. Raikes, which shows a record of two successes within less than four months—one obtained with comparative ease, the other with great difficulty. The first of the two needs no detailed account or comment. *E-54*, on passage to her patrol ground, had the good fortune to sight three *U-boats* in succession before she had gone far from her base. At two of these she fired without getting a hit; but the third she blew all to pieces, and picked up out of the oil and debris no less than seven prisoners. Her next adventure was a much more arduous one. She started in mid-August on a seven-day cruise, and in the first four days saw nothing more ex-

citing than a neutral cruiser carrying out target practice. On the morning of the fifth day, a *U-boat* was sighted at last; and after twenty-five minutes' maneuvering, two torpedoes were fired at her, at a distance of 600 yards, with deflection for eleven knots. Her actual speed turned out to be more nearly six or seven knots, and both shots must have missed ahead of her. She dived immediately, and a third torpedo failed to catch her as she went down.

An hour and twenty minutes afterward she reappeared on the surface, and Lieutenant-Commander Raikes tried to cut her off, by steering close in to the bank by which she was evidently intending to pass. *E-54* grounded on the bank, and her commander got her off with feelings that can be easily imagined. Less than an hour after, a *U-boat*—the same or another—was sighted coming down the same deep. Again Lieutenant-Commander Raikes tried to cut her off, and again he grounded in the attempt. He was forced to come to the surface when the enemy was still 2,000 yards away. To complete his ill-fortune, another *U-boat* was sighted within an hour and a quarter, but got away without a shot being possible.

Twenty-four hours later the luck turned, and all these disappointments were forgotten. At 2:6 p.m. Lieutenant-Commander Raikes sighted yet another *U-boat* in open water, on the old practice-ground of the neutral cruiser of three days before. He put *E-54* to her full speed, and succeeded in overtaking the enemy. By 2:35 he had placed her in a winning position on the *U-boat's* bow and at right angles to her course. At 400 yards' range he fired two torpedoes, and had the satisfaction to see one of them detonate in a fine cloud of smoke and spray. When the smoke cleared away the *U-boat* had entirely disappeared; there were no survivors. Next day, after dark, *E-54's* time being up, she returned to her base, having had a full taste of despair and triumph.

Earlier in the year, Lieutenant Bradshaw, in *G-13*, had had a somewhat similar experience. He went out to a distant patrol in cold March weather and had not been on the ground five hours when his adventures began. At 11:50 a.m. he was blinded by a snow-squall; and when he emerged from it, he immediately sighted a large hostile submarine within shot. Unfortunately the *U-boat* sighted *G-13* at the same moment, and the two dived simultaneously. This, as may easily be imagined, is one of the most trying of all positions in the submarine game, and so difficult as to be almost insoluble. The first of the two adversaries to move will very probably be the one to fall in the duel; yet a move must be made sooner or later, and the boldest will be the first to move. Lieutenant Bradshaw seems to have done the right thing both ways. For an hour and a half he lay quiet, listening for any sign of the *U-boat's* intentions; then, at 1:30 p.m., he came to the surface, prepared for a lightning shot or an instantaneous maneuver. No more complete disappointment could be imagined. He could see no trace of the enemy—he had not even the excitement of being shot at. On the following day he was up early, and spent nearly eleven fruitless hours knocking about in a sea which grew heavier and heavier from the south-southeast. Then came another hour which made ample amends. At 3:55 p.m., a large *U-boat* came in sight, steering due west. Lieutenant Bradshaw carried out a rapid dive and brought his tubes to the ready; courses and speeds as requisite for attack.

(These reports often omit superfluous details, while they bristle with intention.) The maneuvering which followed took over half an hour, and must have seemed interminably long to every one in *G-13*. At 4:30 the enemy made the tension still greater by altering course some 35 degrees. It was not until 4:49 that Lieutenant Bradshaw found himself exactly where all commanders would wish to be, eight points on the enemy's bow. He estimated the *U-boat's* speed at eight knots, allowed 18 degrees' deflection accordingly, and fired twice. It was a long shot in rough water, and he had nearly a minute to wait for the result. Then came the longed-for sound of a heavy explosion. A column of water leapt up, directly under the *U-boat's* conning-tower, and she disappeared instantly. Ten minutes afterward, *G-13* was on the surface, and making her way through a vast lake of oil, which lay thickly upon the sea over an area of a mile. In such an oil-lake a swimmer has no margin of buoyancy, and it was not surprising that there were no survivors to pick up. The only relics of the *U-boat* were some pieces of board from her interior fittings. *G-13* completed her patrol of twenty-eight days, and returned to her base without sighting another enemy—she had cleared that area for a month.

A successful hunt by Lieutenant North, in command of *H-4*, resembles *G-13's* exploit in many respects, but has this picturesque difference, that it took place in Southern waters and in a bright May midnight. It was more than forty-eight hours since *H-4* had cast off from the pens before she sighted the quarry she was looking for, three points on her port bow. The hour was 11:10 p.m. and the moon nearly full. Lieutenant North at once turned toward the enemy and went to night-action stations. The distance between the two boats was about 1,000 yards, and it was desirable to reduce this to a minimum—say, to 250 yards—in order to make sure of a hit in the circumstances. The enemy was a large *U-boat* and was going about eight knots, in a course which would bring her across *H-4* almost too directly. But she had not advanced more than 300 yards when she altered course eight points to starboard. Lieutenant North instantly saw his opportunity, turned first to port to cut her off; and then, when his superior speed had made this a certainty, eight points to starboard to close her. Within four minutes after sighting her, he had placed himself on her port beam at the desired range of 250 yards. He fired two torpedoes. Both hit and detonated, one under the conning-tower and one in the engine-room. The enemy sank immediately—in fifteen seconds she had gone completely. Then came the usual search for survivors, and two were eventually rescued; they were the captain of the boat and his quartermaster. *H-4* combed out the surrounding area thoroughly; but no more could be found; and in view of the presence of prisoners, Lieutenant North at once returned to his base.

But it is not to his purpose, says the author, merely to enumerate successful shots of the simple and easy kind, so he passingly mentions a round dozen of these simple and easy shots, each of which left the German *U-boat* fleet decreased by one unit, and turns to some cases where "exceptional circumstances" added a "special cause for satisfaction." For example, he says, it is always pleasant to catch a pirate



"Drop that Cough"

"That's what they used to whisper to us when a working party went creeping across No Man's Land, toward the German wire, and any old sound might start a machine gun going. Believe me, any bird who had a cough never had to say 'stop your shoving.'"

We kept our interval and distance from him without being reminded of it.

That's how we all got the habit of using these S-B Cough Drops. The Maxim silencer has nothing on them. Have one?"

When will people learn what the soldier has to learn, that a cough gets you into all kinds of trouble—*unnecessary* trouble, because a cough itself is unnecessary.

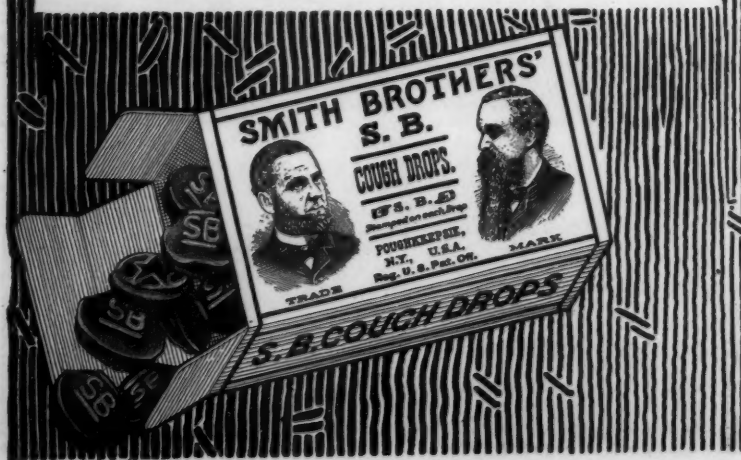
Smith Brothers Cough Drops won't cure a cold. But they *will* relieve the cough. And often they keep it from developing into something worse. And they protect the people around you.

Pure, no drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

One placed in the mouth at night keeps the breathing passages clear.

Drop that Cough
SMITH BROTHERS OF Poughkeepsie

FAMOUS SINCE 1847



red-handed, and he gives several examples of pirates that were so caught:

Lieut.-Com. G. R. S. Watkins, in *E-45*, was beginning his day's patrol at 6:15, on a dim October morning, when he observed flashes on his starboard bow. He altered course in that direction, and after five minutes sighted an unhappy merchantman under fire from a *U-boat*. He dived at once and approached. At 6:37 he was near enough to see through his periscope that the vessel was a steamer with Dutch colors painted on her side. She was a neutral, and of course unarmed, but such considerations meant nothing to the *U-boat* pirate, who had ceased fire and was coolly waiting for his victim to sink. He was a large submarine, partially submerged, and by way of further caution he was steering about in figures of eight, with his gun still manned. But, for all his caution, just retribution was upon him. Lieutenant Commander Watkins fired his first shot at 400 yards, and missed—altered course instantly, and in little more than three minutes fired again, from a new angle, two shots in rapid succession. Thirty seconds afterward, justice was done in full; a loud explosion was heard and there was a tremendous convulsion in the water. For the moment, *E-45* was blinded—her periscope was submerged. With a rebound she came to the surface, saw in one quick glance that her enemy was destroyed, and sank again to sixty feet. When she had reloaded, and returned finally to the surface, both pirate and Dutchman had disappeared into the depths.

Lieutenant-Commander Vincent M. Cooper, in *E-43*, also had the satisfaction of surprising an enemy at work. This was a *U.C.-boat*, engaged not in actually firing on merchantmen, but in the still more deadly and murderous business of laying mines for them. When sighted by *E-43*, she had evidently just come to the surface, as men were observed on the bridge engaged in spreading the bridge screen. Lieutenant-Commander Cooper went straight for her at full speed. But as it was 9:30 A.M., and broad daylight, he was forced to remain submerged, and being in shallow water he soon had to slow down. Again and again he bumped heavily on shoals, but fortunately was never quite forced to the surface. After an hour of this he got into deeper water, and was able to go faster. At 11 o'clock he rose to twenty-four feet, and took a sight through the periscope. There was the enemy, about 400 yards away on his port beam. He dived, and five minutes later came up for another sight. This time the *U-boat* was on his port quarter. He turned toward her, but at the moment of attack, when the sights were just coming on, *E-43* dived under a big wave and the chance was spoiled.

Her commander was not to be thrown off; he immediately increased to full speed, altered course, and planned a fresh attack. By 11:17—nearly two hours after beginning the chase—he was in position, two points abaft the enemy's beam at 550 yards' distance. This time he took every precaution to insure a kill. On firing he dived his periscope, so that in case the boat rose suddenly nothing should be visible; and at the same time he yawed to starboard, so as to be ready with another tube if the first shot was a miss. Then came a trying period of suspense and disappointment; he listened in vain for the sound of an explosion, and after forty-five seconds raised his periscope to see what had happened. It was only later, on communicating with his officers and men in the forward

and after compartments, that he found, as others have found, how differently sound may affect the different parts of a submarine when submerged. The central compartment may be completely deafened, either by reason of its position, when a detonation occurs directly ahead or astern, or by the much slighter continuous noises of the various electrical machines which are situated there. In this case, the dull report of the underwater explosion, which was not audible to Lieutenant-Commander Cooper, was heard in both the other compartments about twenty seconds after he had fired the torpedo.

At the moment when the periscope was raised, the U-boat had disappeared, and there was a great commotion in the water where she had been. E-43 hurried to the spot and found the surface covered with a black oily substance which stuck to the glass of the periscope and put it out of action. Lieutenant-Commander Cooper rose to twenty feet and put up his second periscope, but the U-boat was gone and had left no survivors.

Similar, in many ways, to this was the chase which E-35 has to her credit, but the story is worth adding, says Sir Henry, "because of the masterly precision with which the commander, Lieut. D'Oyly Hughes, conducted the maneuver and reported it afterward." At four o'clock, on a May afternoon, Lieutenant Hughes sighted in his periscope a low-lying object two or three miles distant on the port beam. The narrator continues:

His own boat was at twenty-six feet, and the object was only visible intermittently, when on top of a wave—it was impossible to be certain about it. He turned at once and went straight for it, speeding up as he did so. But this led to immediate difficulties. There were a long, breaking swell across his course and a strong wind. Depth-keeping was almost impossible, and there was a constant risk of E-35 breaking surface and throwing away her chance. It was necessary to go down to quieter levels, and for some time she traveled at forty feet full speed on.

At 4:18, Lieutenant D'Oyly Hughes reduced speed and brought her up again to twenty-six feet. His first observation, on looking into the periscope, was that the bearing had changed; and, secondly, that the floating object was without doubt a large enemy submarine. He headed at once to cut her off—she was making slowly off northward—and dived to forty feet in order to increase to full speed himself.

After a twenty-four minutes' run he slowed down again for periscope observation, ordering the boat to be brought to twenty-three feet. This was a very anxious moment, for the sea once more all but gave him away. The swell rolled E-35 up till she was actually for an instant breaking surface, within 1,800 yards of the enemy. She was got down again to twenty-six feet without having been seen, and her commander then very skilfully placed her in the trough of the sea, where he could pursue the chase on a slightly converging course instead of following right astern. On this course, which soon became absolutely parallel to that of the enemy, he remained at periscope depth for another half hour; then at 5:20, observing that he was not gaining fast enough, he dived again to forty feet and speeded up, at the same time bringing a torpedo-tube to the

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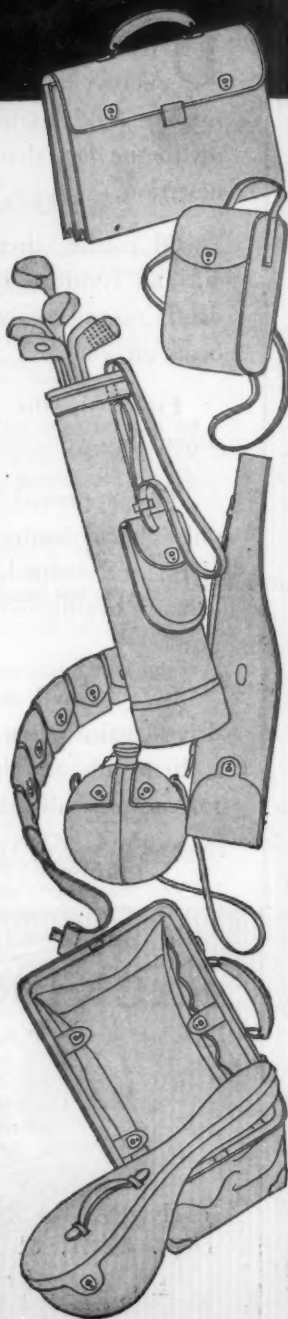
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"ready." At 5:35 he slowed once more for observation, and found the range had decreased to 1,100 yards. Down he went again for another spurt. At 5:53, he was within 900 yards; but as the parallel courses of the two boats were only a little more than 100 yards apart, he was "still very fine on enemy's port quarter"—the shot was almost a bow-chaser shot and practically hopeless. He dived again, and for twenty-four more minutes patiently continued to observe and spurt alternately.

At 6:17, a dramatic change occurred in the situation. On rising to observe, he found that the enemy, for some irrelevant reason of her own, had turned sixteen points to starboard, and was now actually coming back on a course which would bring her down the starboard side of *E-35* at a distance of scarcely more than 200 yards. This was much too close for a desirable shot—setting aside the dangers of the explosion, it was not certain that the torpedo would have picked up its depth correctly in so short a run, and a miss might put the *U-boat* on guard. Still, to maneuver for a fresh position would take time and the chance was quite a possible one; the torpedo, at the end of 200 yards, would be, at any rate, near picking up its depth, and might well make a detonating hit on its upward track—it could not miss for deflection at that range; the enemy's length was taking up almost the whole width of the periscope. Even if it were a miss underneath, it would probably escape notice, especially in so heavy a sea.

Lieutenant D'Oyly Hughes took exactly one minute to perceive the change of course and the wholly altered situation, to weigh all the above considerations, and to make his decision. At 6:18 he fired, lowered his periscope, put his helm hard astarboard, and increased his speed. The hydrophone operator heard the torpedo running on her track, but the sound grew fainter and fainter and died away without a detonation. The shot was a miss beneath the target; after more than two long hours the chase had failed.

The failure was brilliantly redeemed, and with astonishing swiftness. To realize the swiftness and the brilliancy of the maneuver which followed, it is necessary to bring it vividly before the mind's eye. The two boats must be seen at the moment of the first shot, passing one another at 200 yards on opposite courses, *E-35* going northeast and the *U-boat* southwest on her starboard beam. At 6:19 the enemy turned a little more toward *E-35*, and began to steer due west under her stern, happily still without sighting her periscope. *E-35* was on her old course, running farther and farther away to the northeast, and there was already some 500 yards between them. But when the *U-boat* took up her westerly course, Lieutenant D'Oyly Hughes in an instant sent his boat on a swift curve to port, turning in quick succession north, northwest, west, and southwest, till in less than seven minutes after missing his first shot he was bearing down south-southwest on the enemy; and therefore only 30 degrees abaft her starboard beam and hardly more than 500 yards distant. By pure luck, the unconscious *U-boat* had at the first critical moment done precisely the right thing to save herself; by sheer skill, the *E-boat* had been brought back to a winning position. At 6:25 Lieutenant D'Oyly Hughes—coolly estimating speed, distance, and deflection—fired one torpedo at his huge enemy's fore-turret and another at her after-turret.

Both hit where they were aimed to hit.

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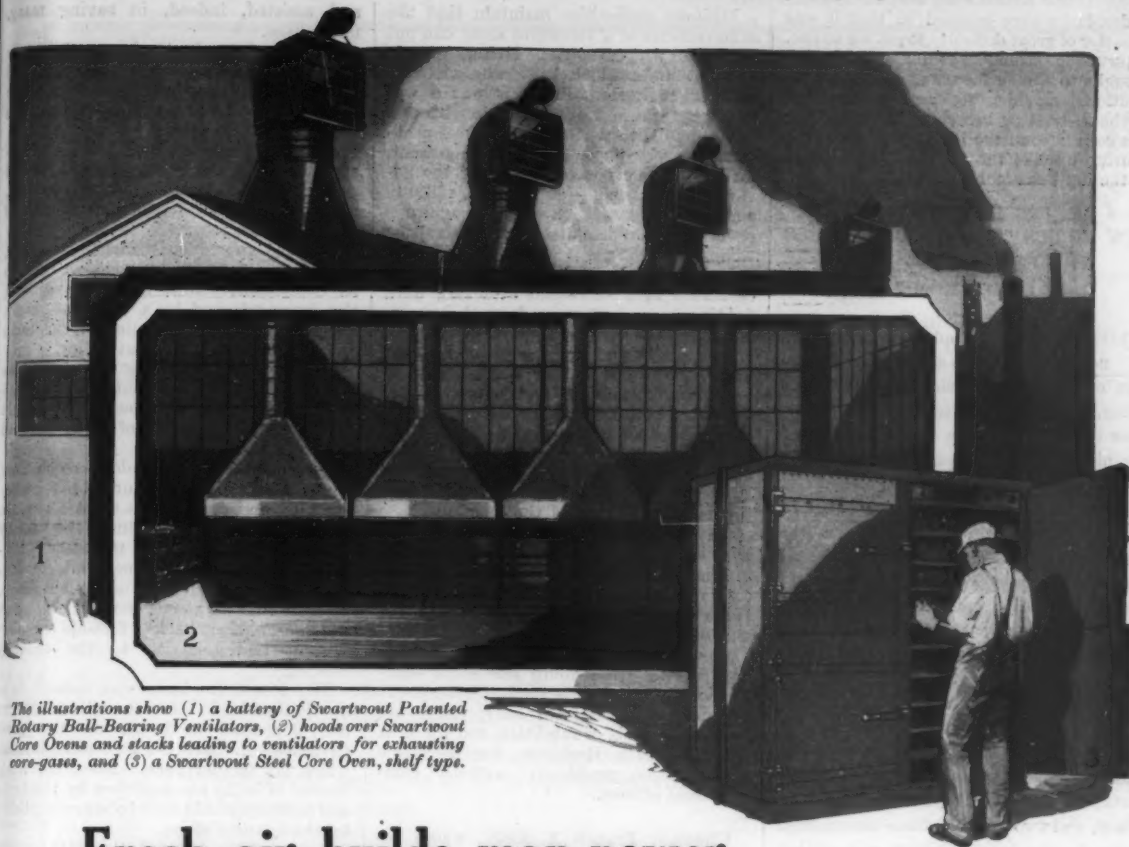
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The first made very little noise, but threw up a large column of water and debris. The second did not appear to the eye to produce quite so good a burst; but the noise was louder, and the concussion felt in *E-35* was very powerful indeed, the whole boat shaking and a few lights going out momentarily. When the smoke and water column had cleared away, there was nothing to be seen but a quickly expanding calm area, like a wide lake of oil with wreckage floating in it, and three or four survivors clinging to some woodwork. *E-35*, with her sublieutenant, her coxswain, and one able seaman on deck, and life-lines ready, went at once to their rescue; but a second *U-boat* made her appearance at that moment, and Lieutenant D'Oyly Hughes was obliged to dive at once. Three minutes afterward, a torpedo passed him on the starboard side; but the new enemy was over two miles away, and tho he re-loaded his tubes and patrolled submerged on various courses, he never succeeded in picking her up in the periscope. She, also, had no doubt dived, and the two boats had scarcely more chance of coming to action than two men miles apart upon the Downs at midnight.

One case, and only one, is reported of a duel between submerged *U-boats*, and Sir Henry Newbolt passes it over in the space of a paragraph. Nevertheless, it is such an encounter as might serve a writer of imagination for a chapter by itself. Here, for once, submarine rushed at submarine in the depths of the sea, one was impaled and sunk, and the conquering boat almost followed her enemy. The English boat concerned in this duel was the *E-50*. She sighted an enemy, during a patrol off the east coast of England; both boats were submerged at the time, but they recognized each other by the different appearances of their periscopes. The German had two—"thin ones of a light gray color, and with an arched window at the top, peculiar to their service." So the two submerged monsters looked into each other's protruding eyes, or periscope lenses, too close to make the use of torpedoes possible. Then, says Sir Henry:

The British commander drove straight at the enemy at full speed, and reached her before she had time to get down to a depth of complete invisibility. *E-50* struck fair between the periscopes; her stem cut through the plates of the *U-boat's* shell and remained embedded in her back. Then came a terrific fight, like the death-grapple of two primeval monsters. The German's only chance, in his wounded condition, was to come to the surface before he was drowned by leakage; he blew his ballast tanks and struggled almost to the surface, bringing *E-50* up with him. The English boat countered by flooding her main ballast-tanks and weighing her enemy down into the deep. This put the *U-boat* to the desperate necessity of freeing herself, leak or no leak. For a minute and a half she drew slowly aft, bumping *E-50's* sides as she did so; then her efforts seemed to cease, and her periscopes and conning-towers showed on *E-50's* quarter. She was evidently filling fast; she had a list to starboard and was heavily down by the bows. As she sank, *E-50* took breath and looked to her own condition. She was apparently uninjured, but she had negative buoyancy and her forward



The illustrations show (1) a battery of Swartwout Patented Rotary Ball-Bearing Ventilators, (2) hoods over Swartwout Core Ovens and stacks leading to ventilators for exhausting core-gases, and (3) a Swartwout Steel Core Oven, shelf type.

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hydroplanes were jammed, so that it was a matter of great difficulty to get her to rise. After four strenuous minutes she was brought to the surface, and traversed the position, searching for any further sign of the U-boat or her crew. But nothing was seen beyond the inevitable lake of oil, pouring up like the thick, rank life-blood of the dead sea-monster.

NEW YORK'S 27TH, FIRST TO SMASH THE HINDENBURG LINE, COMES HOME

PIECES of the Hindenburg line were not distributed as souvenirs to members of the 27th Division, United States Army, some one has explained, because, after the division broke the line, it ground the pieces into such small bits that they were all lost in the excitement. The 27th, formerly a New York National Guard unit, returned to its home shores the other day, and received a welcome that began with siren blasts down the bay and ended with a sumptuous hotel dinner for all hands two weeks later. It had gone, and fought, and conquered, and generally "lived up to the best American traditions." Measured both by its casualty list of 7,262, which amounted to nearly 43 per cent. of its strength, and by the names on its banners, its service had been hard and important. Four big battles, two engagements, and two minor actions are credited to the division by the military powers that preside over divisional destinies, but the greatest of its deeds was the series of actions that broke the Hindenburg line. This fighting took place in the latter part of last September, and added materially to the German eagerness to end the war at once. Martin Green, a newspaper correspondent who was frequently with the division abroad and came back with the largest shipment of it on the *Leviathan*, writes in the *New York Evening World*:

The greatest achievement of the 27th Division was piercing the Hindenburg line, and history will show that this was one of the hottest engagements of the war when natural and military obstacles encountered are taken into consideration. But, while the credit of going through the Hindenburg line at its strongest point belongs indisputably to the 27th, the officers and men of the division do not claim that they won the war.

Their sole claim is that they accomplished the task assigned to them, while the 30th Division—the only other American unit on the British front—and the English, Canadian, and Australian forces in Flanders and Belgium and the American and French forces to the south and east also bravely and rapidly carried out the plans of the great drive planned by General Foch, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies. The men of the 27th are proud of their work in winding up the war; their personal pride does not overshadow the pride they feel in having been a combative part of the great Allied wall of bayonets and guns which stretched from the English Channel to the Swiss border and overwhelmed the invading hordes from Germany.

Military authorities maintain that the achievements of a victorious army can not be gaged by its casualties. History records cases of units which have won victories with slight losses. But this was a war different from any other ever fought, and in its final phases it presented new problems at every phase of each engagement, for the Germans were contesting the advance with machine-gun defenses, skilfully and bravely served on a scale of magnitude never before encountered by assaulting troops.

It is a fact beyond dispute that heavy casualties in a successful attacking unit, fighting over a terrain deemed impregnable by the enemy against determined and carefully and trickily planned resistance, establishes that the engagement has been hot, impulsive, and overpowering. Therefore nothing more need be said than this in relation to the part played by the 27th Division in the engagements leading up to and associated with breaking the Hindenburg line and consolidating captured positions beyond the line.

On the last day of the New York Division in line only 850 rifles were left in the 53d and 54th Infantry Brigades, comprising the 105th, 106th, 107th, and 108th Infantry Regiments and the 105th and 106th Machine-Gun Battalions.

At one period in the fighting in the first dash at the Hindenburg line every commissioned line officer of the 106th Regiment was incapacitated from duty, either because of wounds or fatalities, and the next day the 107th Regiment, for the same reason, was practically without commissioned officers.

Chaplain Francis A. Kelly, whose rewards for valor in action include the British Distinguished Service Medal, the American Distinguished Service Cross, and the French *Croix de Guerre*, has written a series of articles descriptive of the bitter fighting that took place while the 27th was advancing across the entrenchments, redoubts, cement pill-boxes, and tunnels that made up the Hindenburg line. On September 29 a climax was reached. The German had been forced backward, but he had not yet learned that he could not stand before the American attacks, and he was fighting back with the courage of desperation. Father Kelly writes in the *New York American*:

The grand attack was scheduled to begin early in the morning of Sunday—preparations for which were made on all sides. The 105th shortly after midnight began to march back to occupy the land over which they had so valiantly and courageously fought on the 27th.

We realized that our work would cost us many casualties, and so, for that reason, our division surgeon, Lieut.-Col. Walter C. Montgomery, called upon the American Red-Cross Headquarters in Paris and asked them to send up ten ambulances to assist in evacuating the wounded.

Immediately the request was complied with, and there were sent to us and to our division ten American ambulances. Their work can not be overestimated. It was of such a nature that Maj.-Gen. John F. O'Ryan has commended the ten drivers for the wonderful work which they accomplished. They worked night and day evacuating the wounded, carrying them back to the casualty clearing-stations,

and assisted, indeed, in saving many, many lives.

The schedule of attack was faithfully lived up to. The barrage opened at 5:50 A.M., and it pounded away for fifteen minutes with a fury and a rage that it is impossible to describe.

After a fifteen minutes' period of destruction the tanks began to move forward slowly but surely; they pressed forward, giving to the infantry behind a sense of security and safety.

It was dawn and fairly bright. Suddenly, as they began to mount what was known as Guillemont Farm, there was a flash, the flame followed by a whip of smoke, one after another, until nine of the tanks were removed from the battle-line.

It was with a sickening feeling that we saw this fearful accident, for we felt that inside them we would find naught but the charred remains of those who had formed their crews.

An effort had to be made to reach them immediately. With undaunted persistency some of our dough-boys crept along the line, nearer and nearer, until they finally reached these nine iron monsters. Suddenly the doors were opened and, much to our surprise, but greatly to our happiness, we were able to rescue most of the crews and to carry them back to first-aid dressing-stations and then on to the casualty clearing.

This loss of the tanks was, indeed, to us a serious setback. It was on them that we had depended to break up the great stretches of barbed-wire entanglements which lay farther back. Now, the work, instead of being accomplished by the tanks and infantry, would have to be accomplished by the infantry alone.

But, nothing daunted, the infantry held to their positions, and the 107th began to advance, began to reach out in an endeavor to arrive beside the units of the 106th, who had pushed farther than had been intended for them and were in hourly danger of being flanked and captured by the Germans.

It was no easy matter for youngsters such as these of the 106th to hold the position which they had obtained, and it was only because of exceptional courage and great valor that they were able to continue and persevere until help and assistance arrived.

Their position in front was such that it was impossible to give to the men of the 107th a protecting barrage—a short barrage would have brought death and destruction to the members of the 106th.

It was here that the 107th lost terribly. As the regiment advanced, writes the chaplain, its ranks were "combed with fire" from the enemy's lines, which "seemed to decimate them as they moved step by step nearer the German positions." His account continues:

The 108th, on the right, moved in line with the 107th, and by eight o'clock in the morning there began to pour back to us a line of Hun prisoners, each of them thoroughly disgusted with the cause for which he fought, each of them telling that the spirit and morale on the other side of the lines were breaking.

It was with a tenseness and a nervousness which only an occasion like that can bring about that we watched the advance of our infantry.

The 105th had been given the desperate task of mopping up on the extreme left, and their work was to be continued by the

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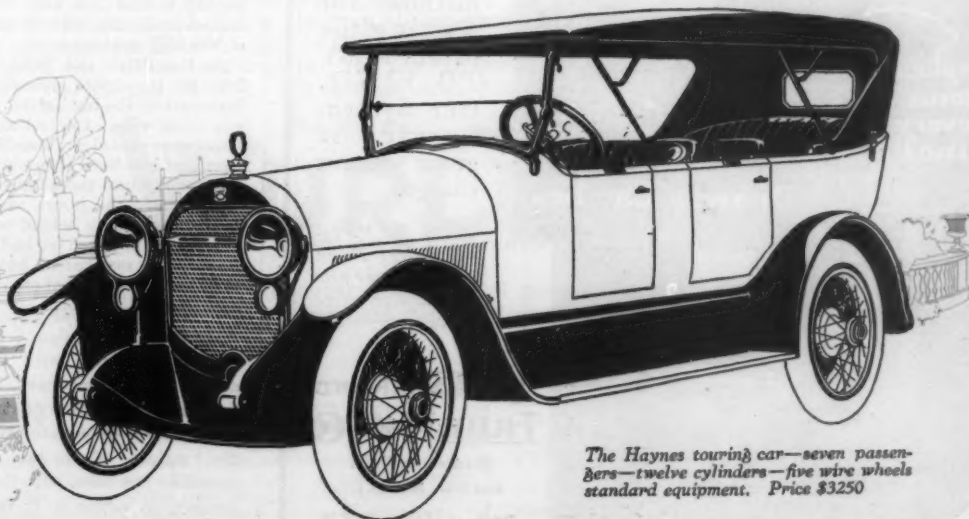
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106th, acting in the rear with the 107th and the 108th.

Mopping up is not by any means an easy task. We found, in many cases, that the Germans had left behind certain of their numbers hidden away in dugouts and trenches with the idea that as our lads advanced they should spring up behind them and attack them from the rear. It was done in some cases, and it was to prevent this being carried out that the 105th began to mop up.

Dugout after dugout was found filled with Germans, and here it was that hand-to-hand encounters took place. Most of the enemy would surrender on being detected, but others refused, with the result that many of our lads had to clean them up solely with their hand-grenades.

The 102d Engineers were moved up about 8:30 in the morning for the express purpose of beginning the repairs on the roads. These roads had been so torn by shot and shell that it was next to impossible to have our ambulances moved over them, to have our ration parties advanced over them, to have our artillery move forward.

We can't give too much credit to the wonderful work done by these engineers that Sunday of the 29th of September. Every man of them was ready not only to do the tasks allotted to engineers, but to accept any other task which might be given him and to carry it out, realizing that it was all for the division and for the cause.

The real advance of the infantry had begun about 6:30. The 107th and 108th actually swept forward, and within an incredibly short time had joined up with their companions of the 106th, who had been caught at the Knoll the Friday before.

One can hardly imagine the joy which filled the hearts of those youngsters as they realized that at last the assistance necessary to their release had arrived. For two days they had waited and watched, ceaselessly fighting and holding, against great odds, positions which they had obtained. Truly, it was relief—relief of soul as well as of body.

The German continued to pour into the lines his hail of lead. It was not surprising to find lads here, lads there, torn almost limb from limb by the fearful work of the high explosives.

As the 107th and 108th advanced, the lads of the 105th joined up—eager to take part in the big battle. The machine-gun nests were attacked and taken; pill-boxes were raided and trophies of which the Germans had been so proud now began to fall quickly into the hands of our boys.

Gradually the hours wore by and the sun began to sink behind our lines. Most of the ground which we had set out to take was now in our hands, but more had yet to be taken ere the real prize could be called ours.

On the following day, September 30, the Germans reacted with fierce counter-attacks. The Americans, in the battered remnants of trenches that they had captured, had no adequate protection against the hurricane of fire that came from the German positions. If it had required heroism to advance, it required no less to hold. As Father Kelly writes:

Looking back on it all, one wonders how any human being could possibly have lived through the fearful shelling which was carried on throughout that day, but our lads were determined that no



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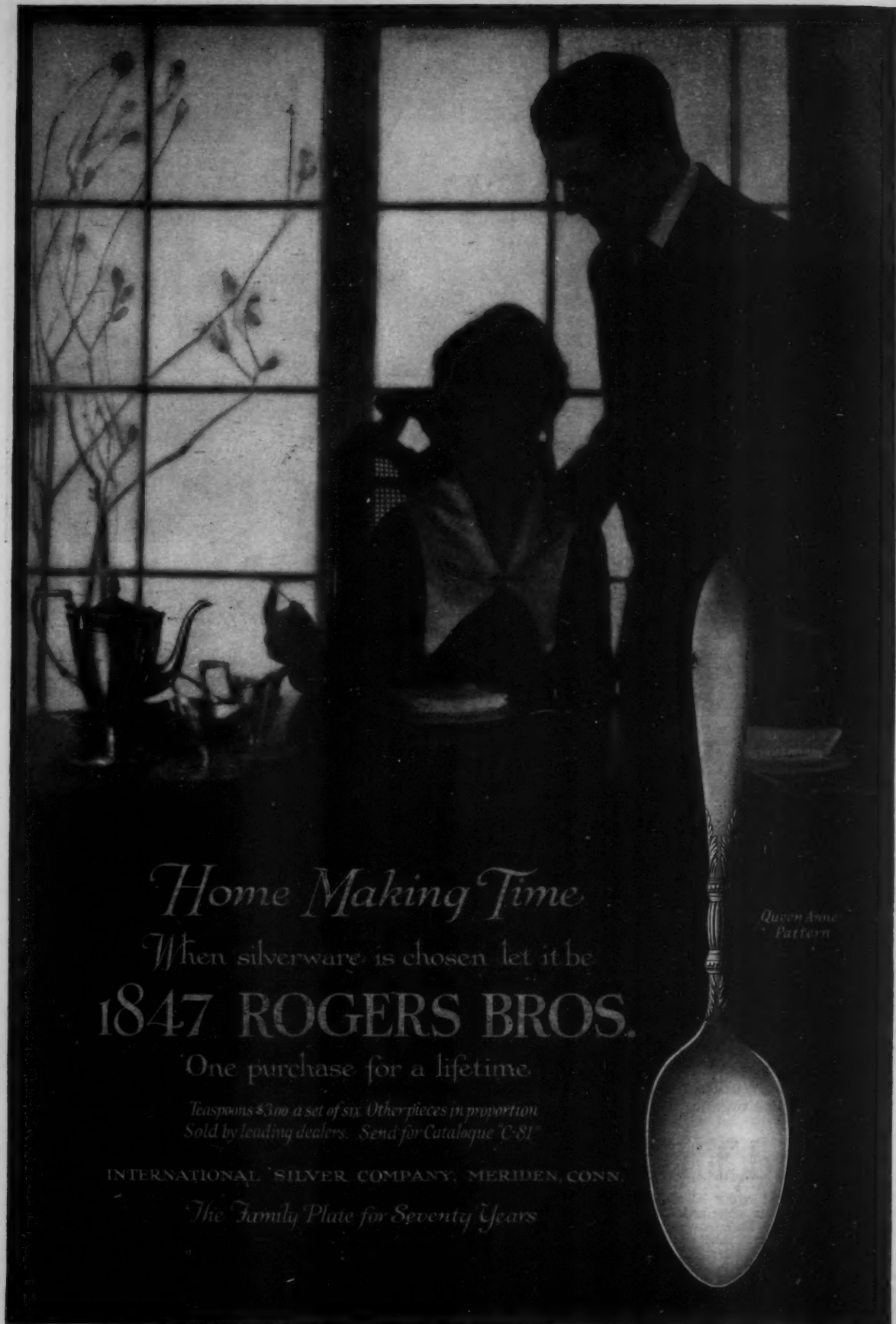
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counter-attacks should take from them what they had gained at such a fearful price; not only that they should not give up what they had obtained, but should push forward and obtain their objectives.

Here might be written pages and pages of individual acts of heroism; in fact, we might cite every lad who stood in the lines on those days and tell the world that each had accomplished singular feats of bravery and valor.

The citations which have been given to so many by our division commander, as well as the great number of decorations awarded by both the American and British governments, testify to all the world that these young heroes did their work well.

They were attacked from all sides, but stubbornly they resisted, and their resistance was rewarded by the opportunities to advance, which opportunities they most eagerly seized, and, on September 30, brought to the division, crowning their work, the word "Success."

On October 1 the battered division was relieved from its position and sent back, not to rest, but "to gather themselves together and proceed to the area about Premont and Montrefohain, in which section was to be staged the next show." Father Kelly's attention, in this interval, turned from the living to the dead. He writes:

On that field of honor lay many of our brave youngsters, who had most unselfishly made the greatest of great sacrifices—that of a man giving his life for his country.

We found our dead lying in trenches, lying in shell-holes, many of them showing that they had died instantly, while others had, before death came to them, endeavored to bind up their wounds and to stanch the flow of blood. It was a sacred duty which the detail of 350 men of the division now started to perform—truly the last that might be done on earth for their dead comrades.

With a will and a spirit which ever marked their work, they started to prepare the cemeteries. Our object was to locate the cemeteries so that they should remain for all time as marks of the points at which the division had made its greatest stands. The work of collecting the bodies was a task of no mean proportion, because the work had to be carried on under heavy shell-fire from the enemy's guns.

The first cemetery which we laid out was at what was known as Guillemont Farm. It was this point which was considered of such great importance, and it was over this very ground that the enemy put up a stubborn resistance. From the section round about we carefully collected all the bodies.

Our work of burial was finished within a few days, and then the engineers began the erection of a suitable monument, bearing the inscription that this was the cemetery of the Twenty-seventh Division and that herein lay their heroes.

It was a pretty spot—on a knoll overlooking the surrounding valleys. It is now, like all our other cemeteries, enclosed by a fence, with paths laid out between the rows of graves; crosses or boards with stars rampant, marking each grave, and each cross or board inscribed with the name, the number, the rank, and organization of the dead soldier.

This was one point upon which our commanding general was most particular—that the dead should be properly identi-

fied and their bodies properly cared for. No pains were spared, no trouble considered too great to give them all the honor and all the glory which we might pay in our own poor way. When we came across a body we could not identify, we secured the finger-prints and hoped that by this means identification may later be established through the bureau at Washington.

From Guillemont we moved on to Boni, where we opened the second cemetery. Here again we collected the bodies and interred them properly. Work here was, indeed, most difficult, because the bodies had to be carried over ground torn by shells and whose roads had been utterly destroyed.

The work at the cemeteries having been finished after some days, we now turned our attention to holding services. The afternoon that the work was completed, the paths were cleaned, the graves trimmed, and everything made spick and span. A large American flag was brought out and laid in the center of each of the cemeteries.

The detail of men were lined up at attention; chaplains from the division representing the different religious persuasions began to hold their services. It was over in about an hour and it was just as the sun began to sink that a roar of cannon in the distance gave to these dead soldiers a last volley, after which taps were blown and the detail moved on to join the division and prepare for its next great work.

It was, indeed, a gruesome task which we had just finished—a task at once pathetic and sad.

For instance, one day, as we were gathering the bodies, we came across one youngster in whose hand was clinched a letter which he had written as he lay there on the field, unable to arise or return, awaiting only the moment to come when God would call him unto himself.

The letter was addressed to Mrs. Mary Reilly, of New York City. It read:

"MY DEAR MOTHER:

"I am writing this letter on the field and I got wounded while fighting for Old Glory. I was wounded three times. God bless you and the girls. Pray hard for me. Tell Kitty that I love her and am always thinking of her and you. God bless you all until we meet in heaven.

"Your loving son."

Such were their thoughts as they died! They died, thinking of home and their loved ones! Died, thinking of the glory which was theirs! Glory, indeed, to be allowed to give their lives "while fighting for Old Glory!"

Many such instances could be recorded; instances which would show that while they fought with the tenacity and the determination of a warrior, their hearts were filled with love and tenderness for those left behind.

Less personal, but so complete and explicit that it may be incorporated bodily into future histories of the Great War, is an account of the division's achievements written by the Divisional Judge Advocate, Lieut.-Col. J. Leslie Kinkaid, and published in a recent issue of the *New York Times*. Colonel Kinkaid follows the history of the division from the day of its landing in France:

When the division landed in France in June we were assigned to work with the Second British Army. We were immedi-

ately put into active training. This training consisted of participation in minor activities, in anticipation of battles or engagements which were to follow. We were stationed in Belgium in the Ypres and Mont Kemmel salient. Our first actual experience was the holding of the East Poperinghe line, behind Dickebusch Lake, from July 8 to August 30. The action consisted of constructing and occupying the second position opposite Mont Kemmel during a time when the enemy was expected to make heavy attacks. The position was under close observation from Mont Kemmel and was subjected to observed artillery-fire by day and continued fire by night, inflicting daily casualties. The enemy opposite the 27th Division consisted of the group of armies under Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. These were intending to make a determined drive against the northern part of the salient from the Somme to the sea, with the Channel ports as their objectives.

At that time it was felt that the British holding the front line alone would be unable to withstand the shock of such an assault and that the deluge of Huns would roll up the East Poperinghe line. There, however, it was to stop. Those were the orders from General O'Ryan.

While this was going on at the north of the fighting line, the Germans at the south were making their great drive toward Château-Thierry. This at first met with such great success that the Germans postponed attacking in Flanders in order to exploit to the full their southern drive. As the world knows, the Germans were stopt at Château-Thierry and were driven back. These conditions necessitated the withdrawal of Prince Rupprecht's group of armies from the north to the south, and the drive to the sea was abandoned. During this time, however, the 27th had not only held the East Poperinghe line, but had gone forward, occupying the front lines in the Dickebusch sector. There were some minor actions there in the period from August 21 to August 30. The Dickebusch sector, which is in the vicinity of Dickebusch Lake, was the scene of terrific assaults.

The front line was held intact, however, raids repelled, and continuous harassing raids made on the German lines.

Upon information being received that the German drive to the sea had been abandoned, the 27th Division was selected to attack and capture Mont Kemmel. General O'Ryan, knowing integral parts of his division as an inventor knows the parts of the machine he has invented, set to work to prepare each detail for this operation. This was to be the first real battle of this former New York National Guard division. There was confidence among the men in their own fighting ability, in their officers, and in their General, who, during the time the division had held the line, had given many evidences of his skill and personal bravery. General O'Ryan, formerly an artilleryman, himself devised new and special features of artillery support, and attended even to such details as the preparation of relief maps, so that every phase of the battle might be studied by his officers and every point taken into cognizance.

A method of artillery-fire originated and used with good effect by the Americans at this time was known as the "hurricane of fire." Instead of firing a continuous number of shells during the entire day, a concentrated fire of all batteries would be

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directed on determined points for a period of three minutes. The narrator resumes:

During the first few days in August the division moved up to the front line of the Mont Kemmel sector, relieving the 6th and 41st British divisions. At that time No Man's Land was dominated by the Hun, but in three days and nights the 27th reversed this condition of affairs with such marked aggressiveness that the enemy placed opposite us a number of new divisions, among which was the 8th German Division, considered one of the finest in the German Army. This crack organization of the enemy's forces immediately tried to show its mettle by making a raid in broad daylight behind a moving curtain of steel. The barrage fell upon the leading elements of the 107th Infantry, formerly the old 7th of New York, but did not in the least demoralize or disturb the spirit and determination of the men. The raid was a failure. The men of the 27th Division met their assailants, who attacked them behind a barrage with bombs, rifles, and grenades. So fierce was the fighting that some of the squads were almost entirely wiped out, but not one prisoner was taken by the enemy. The enemy left a large number of dead and wounded on the field.

The attack on Vierstraet Ridge, August 31 to September 2, forced the Germans to retreat from Mont Kemmel, as well as from the territory to its south. The enemy was found to be withdrawing his main force to Wyttschaete Ridge, but leaving his machine-gun crews to hold the ground as long as possible, and keeping the whole terrain covered with artillery-fire. Our troops continued a following action, meeting strong resistance, including counterattacks by enemy infantry, to the east slope of Vierstraet Ridge. The 30th Division (American) on our left, the 34th British Division on our right, and other corps of the Second British Army further south participated in this engagement. As a result of the three days' fighting, the 27th captured Vierstraet Ridge, Rosignoll Wood, Petit Bois, and Plateau Farm. Many prisoners were taken and a new line established on favorable ground in place of the old line, which for months had suffered under direct enemy observation.

Immediately after this the 27th was ordered to a rest-area, where for two weeks it went through an intensive training in preparation for the great battle in its history, and in the history of the war. That was the battle of the Hindenburg line.

On September 25, the 27th took over the front occupied by the 74th and 18th British divisions. This was opposite the outpost positions of the Hindenburg line and included the points known as the Knoll, Guillemont Farm, and Quennemont Farm. Three times the British made attacks to break these points, but with no success. Their attempts were repulsed each time with terrific shell-fire by the Boche. It is estimated that the total British casualties in these engagements were about 80 per cent. of their attacking forces. Upon our arrival at the sector advanced battle headquarters were established in the chalk quarries at St. Emile.

The story of the 27th's attack on the famous line, from ferro-cement outposts to the final ramifications miles beyond, has been told often enough before, but never, perhaps, with the clearness and

attention to important details which distinguish Colonel Kinkaid's narrative. The action is laid before us in a way suggesting a good military map. Opposite the American position, he writes, was the famous St. Quentin tunnel of the Hindenburg line. The account continues:

We knew that our orders were to take that tunnel if it was humanly possible to do so. Between that tunnel and our position lay the outpost positions of the Hindenburg line. The problem was to capture these outpost positions, put them behind us, and then to concentrate our full force on the breaking of the great Hindenburg line itself. It was an effort to wipe away and clear up any obstacle that might impede or delay the main attack that was to be launched later against these reputedly impregnable German defenses.

Our point was first to clear away the debris heaped up before the wall and then to go to the wall with the force of a monster battering-ram. On the morning of September 27 the 106th Regiment began the initial movement of cleaning up the outpost positions of the Germans. The Germans appreciated what we were after; they knew our final objective was not the Knoll, or the Guillemont Farm, or the Quennemont Farm, but what lay beyond that.

All the strength and power and morale of the German Army lay behind these points, and their orders were to hold the line at all costs. They fought with every deadly weapon and contrivance known to modern warfare. The 106th, full of the knowledge of what the gaining of the outpost positions would mean to our armies, withstood repeated counterattacks and advanced in the face of counterbarrage and deadly machine-gun fire to their objectives. The Knoll changed hands four times. The fighting was terrific. Both sides were battling for the possession of the ground that would be the great vantage-point in the battle to come. The loss of it to the Germans would mean the laying bare of the Hindenburg line. The gain of it to the Americans meant the opportunity to force the pressure on the great wall. This fact can not be too greatly emphasized. The night of September 27 saw the Germans occupying a small portion of the Knoll, but Guillemont Farm and Quennemont Farm were in our hands. The 106th had accomplished that which had been the serious stumbling-block of former attacks.

That night the 106th was relieved by the 107th and the 108th Infantry, who took possession of the line that had the day before constituted the outpost positions of the Hindenburg line. The 106th, which had earned a well-deserved rest, was held in the rear as a divisional reserve in case it should later be needed. The 105th, which in the course of the battle greatly distinguished itself by helping to stem the tide on the flank attack made on the 107th Infantry at Vendhuille, was placed behind the front lines and held in readiness to fall into action at short notice.

Before us lay the famous Hindenburg line, which, according to the captured documents of the Great German General Headquarters, was invulnerable to attack. It was the rock of Gibraltar of the German morale. The armies of the Allies might gain point after point and victory after victory, but the Hindenburg line would be held intact forever. It was the Verdun



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of their defenses. It was everything that was strong and powerful and formidable. No Allied army could ever pass that.

There was every reason for their holding this belief. The line consisted of three deep trenches with concrete firing-steps, each trench protected by a belt of barbed-wire entanglements twenty to thirty feet in width. The first belt of wire might be cut, but there was another beyond and still another beyond that. These trenches were as strong as human ingenuity and human power and human labor could make them. Behind them, acting as a great warehouse for fresh troops and a haven for exhausted ones, lay the famous St. Quentin Canal tunnel, built by Napoleon in 1811. It was 5.7 kilometers long (about 6,000 yards in our measurement), dug straight through a hill, and constructed of arched brick walls with a broad tow-path running along the side. The Boche had filled the canal within the tunnel with canal-boats, in which men were quartered, and had sealed both ends with ferro-concrete walls four feet thick. The tunnel lay from ten to fifty meters underground. Access to the fighting-lines was had through passages and galleries cut from the tunnel to the trenches. These had the appearance of underground galleries or avenues. Reinforcements could be brought to the trenches without having them subjected to shell-fire or airplane observation. In the same manner the wounded and exhausted troops could be rushed back to the areas behind the fighting-lines without suffering additional casualties.

On the outcome of the American attack on these wonderful defenses, writes Colonel Kinkaid, depended "the outcome of the war." The 108th was sent ahead on the southern half of the advancing American line, the 107th on the northern half. The heaviest tanks in the British Army, carrying 27-centimeter guns beside the usual machine guns, preceded the infantry, following the barrage. The succeeding events in this victorious American attack, which certainly constituted one of the decisive battles of the war, and has, thus far, been one of the most vaguely described, are finally cleared up by Colonel Kinkaid's report. His account proceeds:

Within two hours after the attack had been launched word was received at General O'Ryan's headquarters that the entire squadron of tanks had been wiped out by ground mines and direct hits from cleverly concealed antitank artillery. Of the twenty-six tanks that had started out, one alone was just about able to limp back in a sorely disabled condition.

The command of the General was to go ahead. The other artillery would give the supporting fire. The men did go ahead. The 108th went through death-dealing fire, and penetrated and held the Hindenburg line from Bony to Bellecourt. There, in spite of constant counter-attacks of the Germans, they held on with the grip of bulldogs. The line had been reached at too great a cost to be given up under any circumstances. They were there, and they were going to stay there.

The 107th, equally brave and determined, attacked at the northern end. Machine guns planted along every twenty feet of the Hindenburg line spit the death-fire into their faces and bodies, but they went on. Their objective was the tunnel, and there's where the German

cunning did more to straighten the lips of our men than anything else. The 107th advanced, tore its way through the hellish barbed-wire belts, and was ready to keep on advancing and tearing the way until the tunnel had been reached.

But—and here is the thing that roused the boys to the fiercest anger—no sooner had they conquered one area than fresh German troops would rise out of the ground behind them and fire from the rear. They came up through the underground passages, connecting them with the tunnel, and, armed with machine guns and bombs, attacked our boys from behind as they were advancing. The men of the 107th, with the Germans in front of them and the Germans behind them, fought like so many devils. It was a battle against terrific odds. Time and again they made attempts to mop up the line and clear the ground that the advance had gone over, but the constant surging in of Germans behind them made it a grim task.

General O'Ryan at headquarters knew what was happening all this time. He knew the 108th was holding on tight; he knew the 107th was constantly forced to take a defensive position as well as an offensive position. It was impossible to send any artillery-fire across to help the 107th, because the men were so interspersed with the Boche soldiers who were oozing up out of the ground. It was the most trying position any commander has ever had to face. The liaison officers sat near, nervous and alert. The news of the 108th was good, but they feared for the 107th. But General O'Ryan knew the mettle of the men. When the report came that the Germans were not only fighting the 107th from the front and then from the rear in the captured area, but had also launched a left flank attack from the area of Vendhuile, the 105th Regiment was sent in to stem the tide of the counter-attack. This regiment, together with the 107th, finally overcame the enemy. The 105th and 107th went ahead, and, despite the terrific odds they encountered, elements of the division reached the main line and forced their way into the St. Quentin tunnel. Some of the elements of the 107th, when greatly outnumbered and reduced to skeletons of their former selves, retired to the support troops, while elements of the 108th held on, bombing dugouts and positions on the main defensive line and capturing more prisoners than their own strength.

The tunnel was taken, and the retreating Germans "were spewed out of the ground in hordes." Airplanes flying over the battle-ground reported that the areas behind the tunnel were thick with running men. Evidence was given by the prisoners that the victory had been complete, as Colonel Kinkaid reports:

Those that we captured were all broken up in body, spirit, and morale. The rock of Gibraltar, upon which they had pinned all their faith, had failed them. When they were lined up at headquarters they were like so many masses of limp clay—all the fight and the will to war had simply run out of them. The plaint expressed by all of them was: "The war is over. The Hindenburg line has broken."

The setting sun on that September day showed in dim outline that New York's soldiers had paid the price. Closer observation proved that this price was paid in a way that should bring pride to the heart of every American.

This was the most sanguinary battle on the Western Front. The casualties on both sides were terrific. But the American Army had shown that, young as it was, it had the power to crush the Hindenburg line.

Through the break made by the American divisions the rest of the Fourth British Army pushed and continued to go forward, harassing with terrific fires the fleeing columns of Prince Rupprecht's army. The 27th Division was withdrawn in order that it might rest and reorganize. During the battle the 27th had captured seventeen German officers and 1,782 enlisted men, aside from a number of field-pieces and hundreds of machine guns. The armies participating in the battle were the 3d British Corps, the 2d American Corps, consisting of the 30th and the 27th divisions; the Australian Corps, the 9th British Corps, and the Tenth French Army. These were spread out along the line, fighting independently and controlling different sectors.

After a period of about two weeks, the 27th once again went into action. On the afternoon of October 14, after a night patrol of No Man's Land, General O'Ryan directed a raid on the enemy in the vicinity of St. Souplet, on the Selle River, for the purpose of identifying opposing divisions. This raid was brilliantly executed in broad daylight, at three o'clock in the afternoon, by a small detachment of the 108th Infantry, which captured twenty-seven prisoners. Preparations were immediately made for crossing the stream and assaulting the heights beyond. The division headquarters of the 27th were moved to Busigny. It was at that time the furthest east of any divisional headquarters, and also the closest to the enemy's line, which was only approximately 2,100 yards distant.

Throughout the succeeding operations the supporting artillery was a special feature. This consisted of the Australian artillery placed under the orders of General O'Ryan. On the morning of October 27, the 105th and 108th Infantry crossed the Selle and successfully captured the heights beyond. All the bridges of the river had been blown up by the enemy, but the 102d Engineers, advancing immediately behind the first wave of the infantrymen, succeeded in constructing bridges in an incredibly short time. It was necessary, however, for the infantrymen in their initial attack to ford the stream and to climb up the slippery banks on the further side as well as to climb over a railroad embankment which, at that point, just beyond St. Souplet, was forty feet high.

On October 17 the 27th captured more than 1,400 prisoners. Fighting in open-war character continued for four days, during which the division suffered hundreds of casualties. The results in the number of prisoners, field-pieces, and machine guns captured were enormous. The enemy was pushed back to the line at the Canal de la Sambre. In the fighting the 27th was opposed by twelve regiments from four different divisions.

The following letter of commendation from the Commander-in-Chief of the British armies to the commanding General of the 2d American Corps shows what was thought of the 27th Division:

"Now that the American 2d Corps is leaving the British zone, I wish once more to thank you and all officers, non-commissioned officers, and men under your command on behalf of myself and all ranks of the British armies in France and Flanders for the very gallant and efficient



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service you have rendered during the period of your operations with the British Army.

"On September 29 you took part with great distinction in the great and critical attack which shattered the enemy's resistance in the Hindenburg line and opened the road to final victory. The deeds of the 27th and 30th American divisions, who on that day took Bellecourt and Nauroy, and so gallantly sustained the desperate struggle for Bony, will rank with the highest achievements of the war. They will always be remembered by the British regiments that fought beside you. "Since that date, through three weeks of almost continuous fighting, you advanced from one success to another, overcoming all resistance, beating off numerous counter-attacks, and capturing several thousand prisoners and many guns. The names of Braneourt, Premont, Vaux-Andigny, St. Souplet, and Mazinghem testify to the dash and energy of your attacks.

"I rejoice at the success which attended your efforts, and I am proud to have had you under my command.

"D. HAIG, Field-Marshal."

The battle of Jone de Mer Ridge, in the vicinity of the Arbre Guernon, on October 18 and the engagement on the St. Maurice River in the vicinity of Catillon on October 19 and 20 virtually completed the fighting of the 27th. The last engagement was a bitter advance attack on the enemy for the purpose of capturing machine-gun nests. The attack was successful, and further advances were completed by the British forces.

A summarized chronology of the division's travels in France is given by *The Times* as follows:

May 30—Last elements of division landed at Brest and St. Nazaire. Quartered at base camps until ordered to move to St. Riquier, British training sector.

June 8—Arrived at St. Riquier in the Abbéville area. Training under British command begun. Ordered to march to Gamache area.

June 20—Arrived at Gamache area. Training given on British rifle range. Ordered to march to Beauval.

June 25—Arrived at Beauval (back of Albert). Training continued until ordered to entrain for St. Omer area.

July 3—Arrived at St. Omer area. Division headquarters opened at city of Neulet. Ordered to march to rear areas of Poperinghe sector.

July 7—Advance echelon encamped at Camp Douglas, between areas of Abeele and Poperinghe.

Rear echelon encamped at Ouderzele area. Intensive preliminary training given. Ordered to march to East Poperinghe and hold the line.

July 9—Arrival at the East Poperinghe line, where first minor action took place. Held line until August 20, then moved on to Dickebusch sector.

August 21—Action on Dickebusch sector. Line held until August 30. Advance made on Vierstraat Ridge.

August 31—Vierstraat Ridge (vicinity of Mont Kemmel). Battle fought. Advance made on Wyttschaete Ridge, September 2. Retired to rear area.

September 4—Entrained at Heidebeke for Doullens area. Division headquarters opened at Beauquesnes, near Amiens.

Rest, reorganization, and training.

September 20—Ordered forward to area opposite Hindenburg line.

Headquarters opened at Buire Woods and St. Emile.

September 27—Battle of the Knoll, Quinémont Farm, and Guillemont Farm.

September 29—Battle of the Hindenburg line (vicinity of Bony). St. Quentin Canal taken.

October 1—Ordered to area behind fighting-lines for rest and reorganization. Headquarters at Buire Woods, Tincourt, and Premont. Ordered forward at St. Souplet.

October 17—Battle of La Selle River (vicinity of St. Souplet).

Headquarters at Joncourt and Busigny.

October 18—Battle at Jone de Mer Ridge (vicinity of Arbre Guernon).

October 19-20—Engagements at St. Maurice River (vicinity of Catillon).

October 20—Moved to Corbie—rest and training camp.

November 28—Moved to Le Mans for training, refilling, and inspection in preparation of movements to Brest for embarkation.

AMBASSADOR WALLACE, OF PARIS, FRANCE, AND TACOMA, WASH.

TWO cities claim the new Ambassador to France, Hugh Campbell Wallace—Lexington, Missouri, where he was born and spent his boyhood, and Tacoma, Washington, his home when he isn't at the national capital, or Paris. The *Kansas City Star* is authority for the statement that the new Ambassador was known among the boys of Lexington as "Rubber" Wallace, because of his springy walk, adding that those who knew him in his earlier years find it somewhat difficult to picture him as a suave and dexterous diplomat, and still, *The Star* continues,

Some there are, however, who recall certain trades of marbles or sling-shots or other prized possessions of boyhood with this same "Rubber" Wallace, and they say that Messrs. Clemenceau and Poincaré had better watch out. "Rubber" Wallace was a gifted trader, and there is nothing in his later career to indicate that he has lost this exceptional knack.

President Wilson may have considerable faith in Hugh Campbell Wallace, and ordinarily Lexington is willing to back up Mr. Wilson in almost any view he takes. But, just the same, Lexington is not quite ready to admit Hugh C. Wallace into its local hall of fame. For, you see, Lexington does not know the Hugh C. Wallace, millionaire banker, astute politician, friend of Presidents, and associate of the mighty. It isn't acquainted with the Hugh C. Wallace who is one of the golfing partners of President Wilson and a member of the exclusive Metropolitan and Chevy Chase clubs. It only knows "Rubber" Wallace, who didn't show any unusual promise in anything except throwing stones and "skinning" the other boys in trades.

Still Lexington folk of the older generation take a rather kindly view of Hugh Wallace's advancement. They admit that he has done "pretty well for the chance he had."

T. B. Wallace, the future Ambassador's father, kept a store in Lexington, and named his boy after Hugh Campbell, an old Scotchman in St. Louis, from whom he used to buy his groceries and to whom he



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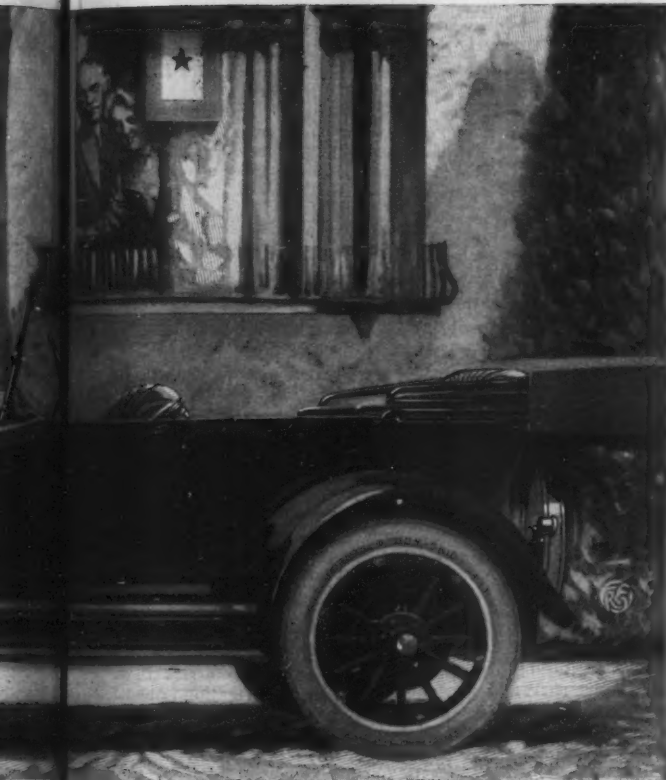


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was grateful for extensions of credit through hard times. Young Hugh, we are informed, was a good ball-player, and also a hard worker—the sort of boy who always had a job of some sort, clerking, herding stock, or helping in a real-estate office. Nothing is said of his schooling, or whether French was included in the curriculum. He made an early business trip to Texas and New Mexico and also was a boatman with a surveying party, one of whom testifies to his ability as a poker-player, intimating that this quality would be handy in diplomacy. His elder brother Tom, having gone out West, Hugh soon followed. *The Star* continues, following his career,

It was at Salt Lake City, where Hugh stopt for a short while, that he got his start politically. President Cleveland appointed the young Missourian receiver of public moneys. He was only twenty-four then. Tom Wallace had gone out to the coast and Hugh soon followed him there. The two Wallaces made influential friendships on the coast and soon organized a bank at Tacoma, Wash. Banking was rather slow for Hugh, however, and he left it mainly to Tom while he ventured into other fields. One of these was real-estate development, and here he applied the learning he received from Ed Winsor in a Lexington real-estate office. He also backed a steamship line to Alaska in the gold rush and he acquired an interest in several Alaskan mining properties. When the Hill and Harriman factions staged their battle for the Northern Pacific Railroad and sent the stock sky-rocketing in 1901, Hugh Wallace was one who was "in on" the big deal. He cleaned up a fortune out of it alone. Tom Wallace died about seven years ago.

Despite his attention to big business, Hugh Wallace kept his hand in the political game and was one of Cleveland's counselors. He was invited to Washington by President Cleveland, and it was there that he met the daughter of Supreme Court Justice Melville E. Fuller. Miss Mildred Fuller and Miss Frances Folsom, later Mrs. Cleveland, were classmates and chums. When Wallace and Miss Fuller met it was pretty much a case of love at first sight. They were married in 1891.

Telling of Mr. Wallace's political rise, the *Buffalo Express* says that while he, as a former Missourian, had supported Champ Clark at the Baltimore Convention, he worked for Mr. Wilson's election with an energy that brought him into close touch with the President, who eventually thought so well of him, continues *The Express*, that—

Nothing would do but Mr. Wallace must let his timber interests in Washington, his mining interests in Alaska, and his real-estate interests in Tacoma slide and come to the national capital and help to win the war. So he did, and bought a home on Massachusetts Avenue and joined the best Washington clubs, as he had joined the best clubs in New York. Soon he began to be seen occasionally with Colonel House and now and again he would be noted coming in or going out of the President's office-building. Then he would disappear for weeks or months at a time. This would be when he was getting the President first-hand information at home or abroad. He got a lot of it, first and last, and evidently it was valuable.

In fact, this paper classifies Mr. Wallace as "almost another Colonel House," for—

Until his appointment to his present post his relation to the Administration was much like that of his prototype. He was an unofficial member of the President's official family. He went on secret missions to England, France, and Italy. He was seen about the White House now and then, and he and his wife were at most of the official functions, but that he was connected in any way with public affairs was not generally known until his name was sent to the Senate.

Eloquence is rated among Mr. Wallace's ambassadorial qualifications. In proof whereof *The Express* quotes the following period from a speech delivered twenty-eight years ago at a banquet of the Southern Society in response to the toast, "The Southerner and the West":

"For more than one hundred years upon this continent a silent army has been marching from the East toward the West. No silken banners have waved above it and no blare of trumpets or beat of drums has heralded its progress. And yet its conquests have been grander than those of Peru or Mexico, its victories more glorious than those of Marengo, or of Friedland, or of Austerlitz. It has subdued an empire richer than the Indies without inflicting the cruelties of Clive or the exactions of Hastings, and that empire is to-day, Mr. President, a part of your heritage and mine."

And *The Express* believes that "not even Mr. Wilson's justly celebrated typewriter could weave words together more cadently."

WATCH OUT, MR. CONGRESSMAN, MISS YOUNGER HAS YOUR NUMBER

"OH, the women of my State don't want it," airily declared a Congressman when approached by a suffrage worker of the National Woman's party; and he figured that he had disposed of the matter so far as he and his State were concerned. Instead, he soon found himself deluged with letters and telegrams from the women of his district, and at last was forced to throw up his hands and cry: "Kamerad!"

You see he had figured without Maud Younger and her card-index system, an elaborate, powerful, and hitherto little-known instrument cleverly conceived to bring to bear on Congressmen the necessary amount of "pressure" to insure their support of the suffrage amendment. To its influence much of the advance of the cause is attributed, and on its efficiency the women base their hopes of victory during the session of the next Congress.

It is a very simple, tho comprehensive, "system" which seeks, first, to discover whoever and whatever has the most influence with a Congressman, and then sets to work to bring that influence to bear. Here is a description of the cards of the index as presented in the *New York Times Magazine*:

No. 1—Contains the member's name

and his biography as contained in the Congressional Directory.

No. 2—A key-card, has these headings: Ancestry, Nativity, Education, Religion, Offices Held, General Information.

No. 3—A subcard under the foregoing, as are those yet to be given, contains these headings: Birth, Date, Place, Number of Children, Additional Information.

Nos. 4, 5, and 6—Are respectively for Father, Mother, Brothers. They have headings to elicit full information on these subjects, as Nativity, Education, Occupation.

No. 7—Education: Preparatory School and College.

No. 8—Religion: Name of Church, Date of Entrance, Position Held in Church, Church Work.

No. 9—Military Service: Dates, Offices, Battles, Additional Information.

No. 10—Occupation: Past, Present.

No. 11—Labor Record.

Nos. 12 and 13—Are set aside for Literary Work and Lecture Work.

No. 14—Newspapers: Meaning what newspapers the member reads and those that have the most influence over him.

Nos. 15 and 16—Are respectively for Recreations and Hobbies.

Every possible detail that will be of assistance to the energetic lobbyist in pursuit of a vote is entered on these cards. And Miss Maud Younger, chairman of the Lobby Committee of the National Woman's party, is the keeper of the index and has directed its use for three years. The writer in *The Times Magazine* says:

She is frankly enthusiastic over the methods employed and their results. When asked about the card-index system in Washington the other day, she took the inquirer to the room where the records are kept, and drew from one of the cases a set of cards that concerned a Senator who was not in office long, so that the entries were few.

"I do not think I ought to show a set that has been filled out with information," Miss Younger said, "as that is confidential."

"Some of your opponents assert that you have gathered information about members of Congress which they do not wish to have known and that this has been employed, in some cases, in the attempt to change them in favor of the amendment," said the inquirer.

"There is not a word of truth in that," answered Miss Younger. "Such information has been offered, but we have refused to accept it. We have never for one moment considered employing such methods."

"How do you use the system?"

Miss Younger searched through several sets of the cards.

"This will show," she said. "It is a lobby slip. After a Congressman, as a new member, is entered on a set of the cards in the index, a new addition is made to the set every time one of our lobbyists or a suffragist delegation visits him. The lobbyist, when she starts out, receives a lobby slip which has a list of entries to bring out fully all the information she obtains. Here, on this slip, under the heading, 'Exact Statement and Remarks,' are these words made by the Congressman to our lobbyist, 'Put me down on the mourner's bench, I am thinking about it.'"

"Then," said Miss Younger, with heightened animation, "we would get busy with the index. We would go through the records so as to find out just where to bring influence to bear on him,



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But the influence of Chemistry is not limited to textiles. Whatever you do there is probably a chemical side to it. Products of the mine, farm, forest and factory are subject to its laws. The manufacturer who brings chemistry into his business brings success a little nearer.

Wouldn't you like to learn more about Arthur D. Little, Inc.—about how they may be able to help you solve your industrial problems? There's an interesting book published which tells how Arthur D. Little, Inc., have cooperated with other manufacturers. "Chemistry in Overalls," it's called. Wouldn't you like a free copy?



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Suppose we saw he was a strong labor man. Labor organizations, we have found, are usually sympathetic with us. We would get after those labor organizations that had the most influence over him to pass resolutions and to appeal to him individually to vote for suffrage.

"Suppose, say, our information was that he was controlled by another who was his financial backer. We would get the financial backer if possible, and then the conversion would be complete. Only the other day we won over the financial backer of a Senator who had been opposed to the amendment. He has become convinced that the future of the Senator depends on his becoming a supporter of suffrage. He has promised to write to the Senator and we expect a change in the Senator's vote the next time the amendment comes up. Twenty-two Senators have changed their position in favor of suffrage since I came to Washington."

Miss Younger denied that detectives were ever employed in getting the information for her card index. The "system," she declared, depended entirely upon the party organization all over the country to gather its data. Asked why she wanted to know the lodges and clubs to which a member belonged, Miss Younger said:

"In them we often find the men who have the most influence over the Congressman. There is a definite purpose in every card. To know the hobbies of a member may seem inconsequential, but that often paves the way for a favorable introduction better than anything else, and, for instance, a man who plays golf with a member may find just the right opportunity to talk suffrage. That is why we collect all we can about the Congressman's family life. The entry calling for his ancestry may seem unnecessary at first glance, but that may supply the clue. Some races are more disposed to suffrage than others.

"It is important to know all about the mother, and that explains why a whole card is devoted to her. Mothers continue to have strong influence over their sons. Some married men listen to their mothers more than to their wives. You will hear a man telling his wife how his mother used to do it, and then we know from his frequent reference to his mother that if we can make of her a strong advocate for suffrage we have the best of chances of winning the son, or if it is the wife who has the strong influence and she is an anti, we know that our first work must be to convert the wife to our cause. Why do we devote a card to the brothers? One of them may have the necessary influence. We especially want the character of the member—his standing in his community."

"Why do you want to know the habits of the Congressman?"

"For several reasons. For example, some Congressmen get to their offices early; one that I know at 7:30, and this is often the best time during the day to see them. Then if a member is a drinking man, we want to know that. One of our lobbyists may go to him and not know what is the matter with him."

As an evidence of the growth of the movement it is interesting to note that in 1913 only \$10 was allotted for lobbying. Since then more than \$425,000 has been raised, Miss Younger told the writer in *The Times*. The expenses in Washington this year, she estimates, will be \$100,000.

WHAT BRITISH AIR-SHIPS HAVE DONE IN WAR AND WHAT THEY MAY DO IN PEACE

WHILE much was told of the devilish deeds and dreadful disasters of German *Zeppelins*, comparatively little has been disclosed of the activities of the British lighter-than-air flying service. Now, however, we are beginning to learn something of the importance of this branch of aeronautics. In *The London Magazine* for March Capt. William Pollock, of the Royal Air Force, says:

Air-ships were terribly secret while the war was on. Vague stories about "English *Zeppelins*" were heard, but no one outside the air-ship service, or in the trade, knew much about them. I had been flying for two years when chance sent me to the air-ship branch, and then I was perfectly astonished at what I saw and found out.

The reason of all this secrecy was largely due to the fact that air-ships were part and parcel of the Navy. They were organized and run by a special Admiralty department, and used entirely in over-water work, mainly antisubmarine and convoying. True, a few military men had a part in the air-ship service, but it was worked on very R.N. lines. And, of course, the R.N. never talks till its job of work is done—and even then it does not say much.

Now that the job of work is done it is allowable to glance back at what has existed, and what has been accomplished, and to peep into the future and see what is to come.

When the war broke out there were exactly two British air-ships ready for service. They at once began to patrol the Channel, looking for hostile war-ships, blockade-runners, mines, and other enemy nuisances to our lawful command of the seas. It was quite a small show, but every one was very full-out, and the uses and possibilities of air-ships were so apparent that there was no hesitation in going hard ahead with them.

And so, bit by bit, the service grew. More ships were built, more people taught how to fly and handle them on the ground, more stations opened. At the time the armistice was signed there were one hundred and three ships and sixteen stations in commission.

The ships ranged from the S.S., or Submarine Scout, a small, one-engined, non-rigid, up to the huge rigid type, nearly six hundred feet long, and with a gas capacity of over a million cubic feet. In between these were S.S. Twins (two engines), Coastal, Coastal Stars, Parsevals, and N.S.s, or North Seas, the last being a particularly strong and weather-worthy type of ship, designed to scout for the fleet and able to carry a normal crew of ten for twenty-hour trips. It is an N.S. that holds the present record for the longest flight in point of time—over sixty-one hours.

Fleetooned with bombs, which were often loosed off with devastating effect upon the undersea Hun, all these air-ships kept up a constant patrol right round the coasts of England, Scotland, and Wales, and to the south and southwest of Ireland. They scouted for the fleet, helped to guard convoys of food-ships, looked for U-boats, and kept prying enemy eyes from seeing what our mine-layers were doing.

Now and then the Hun would have a dip at one of them. Down Pembroke way one day a submarine popped up and began to fire off at an air-ship. It was not nice,

for the submarine had the biggest gun, and he was then too far off to be bombed. A shot into the gas-bag would almost certainly have set the ship afire, and when that happens it is a case of good-bye—every one; but the captain, somehow, did not worry about a little thing like that. Altho his blower-pipe was shot away, he chased the Hun for all he was worth, and drove their gunners down with his Lewis gun. The said Hun promptly closed down his gun business, but, before he could disappear, got a bomb on top of him. The pilot got the D.F.C.

The total flying-hours put in by British air-ships during four years of war are most interesting and instructive. Here are they:

1915	339 hours.
1916	7,678 "
1917	22,389 "
1918 (to October 31)	53,534 "

The duration of individual flights, or perhaps it is more accurate to say cruises, varied with the type and powers of endurance of the ships and with local conditions. A rigid or an N.S. can stay out much longer than an S.S., for instance.

A medium ship, says Captain Pollock, would cruise, on the average, about ten hours. But there were considerably longer cruises during the summer days with their extended periods of daylight, and weeks of fine weather, permitting a succession of these longer expeditions, which were a severe strain on the personnel. As far as lighter-than-air craft are concerned, the captain declares, the future lies chiefly with the rigids, and he continues:

Now it may be well to explain here exactly what is meant by a rigid airship. As the term "rigid" suggests, it is not a ship of the flabby, ordinary balloon type, but one of a firm nature. It is the "English *Zeppelin*," and the rigidity is insured by means of girders. So far duralumin—and in two cases wood—has been used for these girders; in the future steel will be employed. Covering this framework of girders is a fabric envelop, and inside the envelop are the balloonets, filled with hydrogen gas, which buoy up the ship in the air.

The cars, or gondolas, slung from the envelop, carry the engines and provide the positions from which the ship is navigated, steered, and controlled generally, while up inside the envelop a walking-way runs practically the whole length—from bows to stern. To get from car to walking-way, you climb up a short, perpendicular ladder, and once there you can go for a stroll, lie down and sleep, or lean against a girder and contemplate life in solitude and apart from the earth-world. If you are further adventurous you may even climb another ladder and bring yourself outside the ship and upon its top.

There will shortly be ready to take the air the best rigid this country has yet built. It will be a monster of seven hundred feet long. To fill its balloonets 2,724,000 cubic feet of hydrogen-gas will be required; a crew of thirty, all told, will be needed to man it; and its full speed will be seventy-one miles an hour. Passengers, luggage, and freight to the weight of fifty tons could be carried in this ship, if employed commercially, and it will carry enough petrol to cruise for eight days seventeen hours.

Having digested these figures, I now ask you kindly to contemplate an air-ship about twice as long, with a gas capacity nearly four times as great, and with a range of

do the tubes you use fit?

The composite inner tube here reproduced illustrates the superior fit of Michelin Red Inner Tubes as compared with ordinary makes.

The tube shown was made by cementing together sections of a Michelin Tube and of a tube of another representative make. This composite tube was then slightly inflated and laid into half a casing, cut longitudinally.

Notice that the Michelin Tube (shown on right) fits perfectly, being ring-shaped like the casing itself because it was made on a ring-shaped mandrel. The other tube, *like all tubes other than Michelins*, does *not* fit perfectly, because it was made on a straight core and hence is simply a piece of straight tubing, bent to go inside the casing.

The fact that Michelin Tubes are formed to fit the casing, practically eliminates pinching when fitting, and makes them more durable. Yet Michelin Tubes—like Michelin Casings—are not high priced.

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MICHELIN

twenty thousand miles. And having contemplated such a ship, I will now let you into a secret—such a ship is coming.

To be known as "the ten-million ship," on account of its gas capacity, it is, among other things, going to provide the ideal means of getting round the world. It will have a roof-garden. It will have an elevator to that roof-garden. There will be dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, smoking-rooms—perhaps even bathrooms. For sixteen days, non-stop, traveling at an average speed of fifty-one miles an hour, passengers will be able to cruise from place to place in this liner of the air. Truly the prospect is alluring.

There are two objections which are often urged against air-ships. One is the danger of fire; the other the fact that hitherto a small army of men has been needed to land them safely.

To deal with the fire danger first. There does not seem any need for the frequently demanded, non-inflammable gas in place of hydrogen. During the war British air-ships did two million five hundred miles in the air, and only in one instance did a ship catch fire. The German *Zeppelins*, too, did a vast amount of scouting, and—apart from those brought down by our gun-fire—only three were lost by fire in the air. So much for that.

Now with regard to a big landing-party being necessary. This is a drain on manpower—and consequently finances—which should very soon be done away with. The commercial air-ship of the future will drop its landing-ropes, a few men will seize hold of the ropes and attach them to winches—and mechanical power will do the rest.

The elaborate and costly sheds at present in use in various parts of the country will be abandoned too. Mooring-masts, contrivances to which air-ships will be attached and kept riding out in the open, head to wind, have been experimented with for a long time past and have proved themselves adequate. Already a ship thus moored has successfully ridden out a sixty-mile-per-hour gale.

Captain Pollock declines to discuss the comparative values of air-ships and air-planes, as he does not believe that they will be rivals in the coming age; for he concludes:

Their jobs will be different, chiefly the aeroplane will compete with the train and the motor-car; the air-ship with the steamship. In time the air-ship will be able to take passengers and merchandise anywhere a steamer can take them, and in half the time.

The taunt that air-ships are fair-weather craft is not borne out by facts. In 1918, in the British Isles, where you get just about the world's worst weather, there were only nine days on which air-ships could not fly.

It is not the force of the wind up top-sides that worries an air-ship so much as the force on the ground when it wants to land.

Finally, on the questions of comfort and safety, the report of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee has this to say:

"In journeys in which speed is not the most material factor, and particularly where passengers are being carried, and safety is consequently a paramount consideration, the air-ship offers advantages over the aeroplane in the way of comfort, ease of navigation, capacity for safe flight at low altitudes, and high ratio of disposable lift."

THE BIRDS, IT WOULD SEEM, RATHER LIKED THE WAR

LIKE the men in the trenches, the birds of No Man's Land and its environs, if they never exactly liked the war, at least got used to it. Many of them went about their housekeeping among the guns with a nonchalance to be envied by the hardest veteran, and chummed with men of war as they had never chummed with men of peace. Says a writer in *My Magazine* (London):

At first the birds were much disturbed and frightened by the war. Just as the onset of battle terrified enormous herds of wild boar from the forests of the Vosges and Ardennes down into the woods of Flanders, so in Russia, where the far-flung lines of battle coincided with the migration lines of the birds, there was a terrific panic among birds.

After six or seven months of the war we noticed in England great numbers of birds, especially plovers, which at the same time were noticeably few in France. Then came the long war of the trenches, and birds came with astounding confidence close to the armies; they swarmed about Ypres when it was being daily shelled more and more into melancholy ruin; they built and reared their young in every bit of thistle ground which occurred about No Man's Land; they actually entered trenches. Needless to say, the robin came first, but he was not always boldest. There were two wrens in a hut in which four officers slept, and one morning an officer found a wren building a nest of twigs in his jersey hanging there. It popped in and out, bringing twigs, and remained in possession, taking no notice of the men except to pipe them a stave or two as it sat on the nest. For cannonading it seemed to have no ears.

There was a certain blackbird found after our capture of Wytshaete Ridge in 1917. When we reached the summit there she was, sitting placidly on her nest in the front trench-line. Within 120 yards of the nest one of our big mines had been blown up. It had left a hole in which a house could have been built, but there, on a nest with five eggs, sat the mother blackbird, with her mate hovering near.

It is one of the natural marvels that the birds should have become accustomed to the noise of the guns. A gunner friend of this magazine says that after first firing a heavy gun he was deaf to everything but an intense ringing in his ears for the next forty-eight hours, yet the birds seemed not to suffer. They sang and answered to each other, not only in the silence but while the firing was at its height. When the bombardment of Verdun was at its most awful pitch, there, up above the French gunners, was a lark singing a song of hope and glory to these indomitable French warriors. But that was general everywhere, as the birds settled down among exploding mines, whining shells, groaning thunder, and bursting bombs.

We were able at home to trace the same adjustment of bird-nerves to new conditions. Pheasants would give early warning of coming airplanes, but the writer found, to his great astonishment, that peacocks were the first to raise their voices. During one long moonlight night of *Gothas* a blackbird in the garden, silent during actual raids, gave its warning pipe as, one after another, five squadrons appeared. We could not hear the air-

planes, but we knew that the bird could, for as the bird's sharp, low note rang out we saw, far away in the distance, signals which portended the enemy's advance. Swans, for some reason, proved the most timorous; and one remembers hearing them flying with great fuss and clamor as we stood watching falling bombs. The swans never returned, but the brown owls made a night of it, hooting and tooting, and then, when it was all over, assembling in conference in the branches of an elm-tree.

There was a plague of rats and mice in the trenches, with the result that large numbers of owls appeared. Then came the kestrels and the harriers. The kestrels not only regularly rummaged the trenches in quest of vermin, they would roost on the posts supporting the barbed wire, and make their nests in the entanglements of the trench-wire itself. Kestrels do not usually seek the company of men, but here they might come and go without danger, and they did, showing that it is only through persecution that they were shy of us. What a curious irony that here, in the midst of a world-war, where every man was armed, they were able in safety to live in peace with their most dreaded enemy!

We had some rare naturalists in the Balkans, men who trained falcons to hunt for them and to return with their prey. A curious friendship sprang up out there between certain of our airmen and a company of storks. Storks are, of course, magnificent fliers, and one would like to know whether they imagined these machines which so outstrip them to be birds of a superior order. We remember how eagles attacked the man who first flew over the Alps, but the storks did not attack; they were very friendly, and when a machine came down from a flight they would come up, hop on to the wings, and take the airplane under their protection.

Most of us know that for ages canaries have served as life-savers to miners, who used to take them down the coal-pits to detect the presence of gas before it reached human senses. The canary did the same thing in the trenches. When our men carried out subterranean mining operations, they would take canaries below to give warning. The bird is extremely sensitive to gas, as the guinea-pig is; it is a toss-up, until evidence is collected, which is the more sensitive. Whenever ~~poison~~ gas began to creep over from the enemy's trenches, the little golden bird would always be the first to show signs. A horse would stand still and die of asphyxiation, but the canary would give warning with his twittering, and the order "gas-masks" followed instantly. Canaries were also caged in ambulance-trains to cheer our wounded men in France.

One canary was responsible for a very strange incident of the war. We were mining on an enormous scale, and it would have been death for our men to betray their presence; they would have been counter-mined and blown to pieces. When the work was nearing completion, and an enormous mass of explosives was to be exploded beneath the enemy's position, the canary on duty escaped and flew into the open. It flaunted itself in the sunlight of No Man's Land. Had the Germans seen it they would instantly have known that a mine was being prepared for them, and snipers were told to shoot the unlucky bird. But as he hopped about, difficult to see, the best man could not hit him with mere bullets. Machine guns were as useless, and the position was desperate. In the end we had to turn on our artillery to



No less inside the house than out, every surface calls for protection. Daily use means daily wear upon the surface of everything used. Appreciate the principle of surface protection.



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kill the canary! The Germans, thinking an attack was impending, replied with machine guns and all the heavy artillery in the neighborhood, so that this bird cost many lives. But the secret was not revealed, and a great British triumph resulted from its preservation.

Under trench-life conditions the birds seem to have flourished, but with the breaking-up of trenches all the undergrowth has gone, and much of the forests. The struggle for existence among birds must have been rendered much more acute than before, and we must wait to see the results. The naturalist has much to learn from the facts of the war that must come to light.

STUDENTS AT KANSAS MILITARY SCHOOL ASK TO BE KILLED

PEOPLE don't read petitions, they merely sign them, and a bright young upper-classman in St. John's Military School, at Salina, Kansas, can prove it. He circulated a piece of paper requesting the decapitation of those who signed, representing that it was a petition for a holiday, and found plenty of his fellow students ready to put their signatures to a document providing not only that they should be "noisily decapitated," but that their parents need not be notified "as it will not be worth while," and that their personal belongings, "such as old shoes, pants, marbles, . . . and chewing-gum," should be bestowed on the school "thereby to preserve the memory of otherwise worthless lives." From either the psychological or jocular standpoint, the bright young man's experiment was a large success. Also, according to the account of the hoax published in the school paper, *The Skirmisher*, he chose a way of making public the contents of his "petition" that enabled him to get a little additional "snap" into it. As *The Skirmisher* tells the story:

Acting on the theory that people will sign practically any sort of a petition without reading it carefully, if the introduction of the petition sounds all right, A. G. Oliver, senior captain of the cadet corps at St. John's Military School, recently circulated a petition calling for the decapitation of those signing. He obtained fifty signatures.

He would have got more signatures if there had been time. In the petition the words "Holiday" and "Tuesday, February 4," were typewritten in capitals and stood out from the rest of the petition. These were the words that did the work.

A dance was given at the school that night. During an intermission the names of the signers were called out and the cadets were told to form a line in the center of the dancing floor. After they had done this, the petition was read to the amusement of the guests and the consternation of the cadets. The signers then, for the first time, discovered what they had signed.

Cadet G. K. Harris stood in line without having signed the petition. When the names were being called out, thinking he was going to miss a holiday, he stood anxiously near by. Sergeant Stanley Skilling noticed his agitation, and whispered, "Slip in line, they'll not notice that your name wasn't called." Harris obeyed

cheerfully and stood in line at attention with the rest. The petition follows:

"St. John's Military School,

Salina, Kansas, February 3, 1919.

"To the Faculty of St. John's Military School:

"We, the undersigned, do hereby respectfully submit the following petition:-

"That in view of the fact that the cadet corps has been unusually conscientious in the performance of its duties and obligations and that the school spirit heretofore displayed has been a great credit to the institution, and since the officers have been very punctilious in the performance of their duties to the great assistance and relief of the faculty,

"Be it hereby respectfully petitioned that if

A Holiday

be considered on Tuesday, February 4, the faculty postpone the same indefinitely as an unworthy reward for the above-mentioned excellencies and virtues.

"As a more fitting recognition of our achievements, we beg that something be granted which will not soon be forgotten. On the date aforementioned, we request that we, the undersigned, be conducted to the rear of the gymnasium and be there noisily decapitated.

"The formality of notifying our parents can be done away with, as it will not be worth while. All our belongings, such as text-books, old shoes, pants, jerseys, kite-strings, photographs, marbles, shiny clubs, pennants, paper airplanes, and chewing-gum we dedicate to the school, hoping thereby to preserve the memory of otherwise useless lives.

"All of which we humbly petition."

The signatures, fifty of them, follow, and are printed in full by *The Skirmisher* for the edification of the signers' fellow "studes."

WEATHER IN WAR AS ALLY OR ENEMY

MARK TWAIN'S plaintive remark about the weather—that everybody talks about it, but nobody does anything—applies to war-time weather as well as peace weather. And as for war-time weather, great soldiers have always wished that they could do a lot about it. Cold, storm, and freshet have often proved more powerful than the strongest battalions. Every one remembers what "General January" and "General February" did to Napoleon in the fatal retreat from Moscow, and in discussing the setbacks in the earlier days of the recent war Marshal Joffre said, "I command soldiers, but not the barometer."

In *The Windsor Magazine* (London), Mr. E. D. Ushaw repeats a report that the Germans had sixty meteorologists and forecasters attached to the headquarters and army staffs. It was a tremendous advantage to know what the direction of the wind was to be before starting a gas-attack or putting up a smoke-screen. Says this writer further:

Fog hinders the operations of our cloud-land cavalry. Great heat—as in Mesopotamia—saps the energy of troops. On the Tigris our men grilled in tents at 117 degrees Fahrenheit, a temperature which called up insect plagues in overwhelming legions. "As I write," an officer told his

people in a letter home, "I can't see the end of my pen!" Here entomologists were sent out to assist their colleagues who were concerned with the weather alone. Rain, as millions of our soldiers know to their cost, means mud that may be knee- or even waist-deep. This interferes with all transport, whether of ammunition or general supplies.

Mud hampers the movement of guns, great and small, both in the advance or in a retreat. "Armies so huge as ours," mourned the late Harold Chapin, "are fearfully weather-bound. Many a lad who 'went West' would now be alive if his boots hadn't been so hopelessly clogged. . . . Oh, this cruel mud!" And many a tank of ours has been wrecked in the inexorable slime—fast held as a target and shelled by special rifles. Rain was against us in the Pilken Ridge attack, and in the battles of Neuve Chapelle and Hill 60 the elements favored our enemy. It was the same at Loos. Wet mists and quagmires are characteristic of the Ypres salient. The chalk soil of the Ancre and the Somme joined forces with the rain against us continually.

Snow changes the entire aspect of a landscape and may upset the calculations of the artilleryist. A hard frost may help a defeated army to save its batteries by hardening mud that would otherwise prevent the removal of heavy guns, or it may, by shutting canals or rivers to navigation, seriously hamper the transport of stores. And weather certainly does affect the temper of the combatants. Says Mr. Ushaw,

That sturdy Englishman Dr. Johnson always denied that the weather influenced his spirits. Possibly this was true in his Fleet Street haunts; but on the famous Highland journey the great man gave way to gloomy thoughts on a trip which was marked by "almost one continued storm." There is conclusive evidence to show that soldiers' morale is affected by climate, and in the Great War our armies have sampled every known variety, from the Arctic Ocean to the Central African Lakes.

Our steadfast heroes have frozen to death in Gallipoli blizzards; they have also died of heat-stroke in the Persian Gulf, where hospital ships have had to stop and turn round to coax a little air into suffocating wards.

In the sea affair weather is likewise all-important. In the Falkland Islands battle the German cruiser *Dresden* escaped owing to the sky becoming overcast and cloudy as early as four in the afternoon. And in the Jutland fight—the greatest in history thus far—torpedo-attacks upon our ships were favored by low visibility, which also enabled enemy vessels to keep out of range.

On that mighty day, as Admiral Jellicoe told a meeting at the Albert Hall, "the Clerk of the Weather acted as he had so often done during the war—on the side of the enemy."

Of course we are always likely to think that the weather, like other unavoidable circumstances, favors the other fellow. Still, it did seem like meteorological pro-Germanism, that when, during the period of air-raids on London, a moonless night gave promise of immunity, a brilliant aurora betrayed the city to the Zeppelins. Did the Germans forecast the Northern Lights? Anyhow, they started their last great offensive in March, apparently



"What Is It"—is the swift, direct telephone greeting in Cuba today. It is replacing the deliberate and uncertain phrases formerly customary, just as slow and uncertain telephones have been replaced by the Automatic. In 1910 Havana had a modest telephone system of the ordinary sort. It installed Automatics. Today it has 20,000—the most intensive telephone development in Latin America.

Just as in Havana, so business men everywhere, are learning how the quick, certain and convenient service of the Automatic Telephone invites men to save time by talking instead of wasting it by walking. Even where the Automatic is not yet serving city systems, private business is getting the benefit of Automatic speed and economy by installing the P. A. X.—the Private Automatic Exchange.

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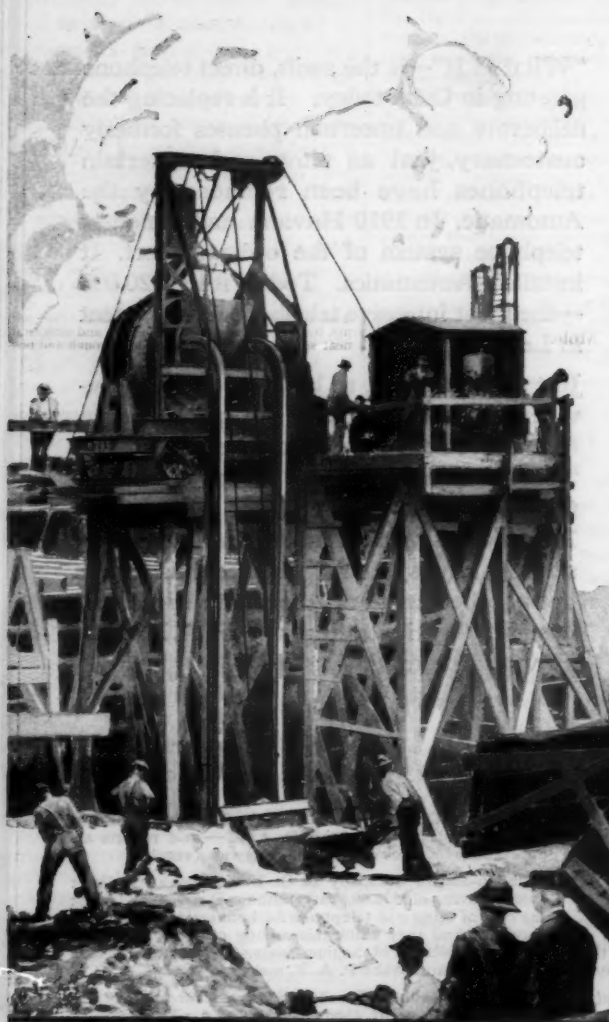
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The photograph shows a Novo D.H. Hoist at work on a concrete dock which the government is building at the Quartermaster's Terminal, Greenwich Point, Philadelphia. The work undertaken by the Snare & Triest Company, contractors, requires compact, portable power—outfits that can be quickly set up and put to work, wherever there is work to do. The hoist shown is one of the many Novo Outfits which are successfully meeting this need.

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knowing that the weather was going to be abnormally fine for that usually unfavorable month.

But a good commander, while he takes advantage of the weather, is not bound by it. Thus we read:

The German artillery specialist, August von Mackensen, captured Constanza in a furious rain-storm, and in the far-off days of the Spanish Armada menace we attributed, not our delays and disappointments, but our victories to the wind and weather, linked with our traditional mastery of the sea.

The shrewd and able commander, whether by land or sea or air, takes advantage of every change—fair or foul, rain, hail, wind, or snow, fog, frost, or sweltering heat, with all its attendant phenomena. When men carrying food and boxes of ammunition to the front lines came to grief in icy pits and clay-holes that were thigh deep, a Canadian general bethought him of the Indian way of weight-carrying by means of "tump-lines"—a broad strap round the forehead, steadying the load on the carrier's back and leaving both arms free for balancing.

Weather vagaries arise only to be fought by quick wit and resource. It was the Russian leader Alexieff who put his troops into long white garments, and so made them almost invisible against the fresh-fallen snow. The Germans from the first studied weather changes as a factor in the conduct of war. They knew that a fall of snow could easily add a ton to the load of a Zeppelin air-ship. Then a thirty-mile wind could reduce the speed to one-half, and there was, moreover, the intense cold of great heights to take into consideration.

Those cumbrous raiders came over on an east wind and went back against it. The German meteorologists collected data all the way from the North Sea to a point in Russia, 1,000 miles to the east, and from the arctic circle down to the Adriatic. This enabled them to forecast raid weather from the east at least twelve hours ahead, and send warnings by wireless to air-ships over England or the North Sea. This sometimes accounted for the abrupt departure of enemy craft which had barely touched our coast and were recalled.

Of the German meteorological service, Mr. Ushaw tells us that while Hamburg was its general headquarters, the chief weather station was at Lindenberg, on Lake Constance, with auxiliary stations at Frankfurt and Aix-la-Chapelle. Data in regard to winds were especially gathered at Lindenberg. Sixteen stations contributed news to this center, having sent up balloons ten thousand feet or more to note signs. Lindenberg sent to the flying stations the predictions for calm weather that were likely to be followed by an air-raid on England. But the upper strata of the air are not yet explored as they must be before flights across the ocean with passenger and merchandise become common occurrences.

Returning to the actual application of weather observation in war, the author repeats:

Our scientific enemy has always considered the weather, and set spies upon it as upon other phases of war. The famous March onslaught was timed to begin in a fog, for the sake of surprise. A month later came snow-squalls and a temporary

lull. On clear days the Germans ordained that infantry might not move with more than four men in a group, or cavalry more than two together. Between vehicles there must be a space of at least three hundred yards. In hazy weather forty footmen might move in concert, twenty cavalrymen, and ten wagons. This applied to the first zone. In the second zone the groups of "misty days" in the firing-line might assemble in clear weather at intervals of five hundred yards.

German gas regiments contained trained meteorological observers, for any error in calculation might see the poison vapor blown back whence it came, with fatal and panicky results; this has frequently happened. If the wind be too strong, the gas is dispersed, or else it moves too fast. If a breeze were too light, the fumes took too long to cross No Man's Land; the best wind was one of between five and twelve miles an hour.

Weather prophets also guided the German submarines. Smooth water and long summer daylight have advantages; but so have the winter nights, which enabled these craft to come up and recharge their batteries, to rest and refresh the crews, and make long trips at the surface in quest of new prey.

But we have never neglected the study of weather as a prime factor in a scientific war of ever-increasing complexity. In the classic Zeebrugge affair Admiral Keyes waited for "certain conditions of wind and weather" before he gave orders to move across. A sea-fog was hoped for, with light airs favorable to the use of smoke-curtains. A shift of the wind accounted for many of our casualties, but it held well enough for the *Vindictive* and her consorts to approach the Mole. At Ostend the wind was uncertain, and trouble was caused (our First Lord has told us) "by mist, rain, and low visibility, with consequent absence of aerial cooperation."

The Italian exploit at Pola, when an Austrian dreadnought was destroyed, was favored by a very dark night and an offshore wind which kept all sounds from the landward side. One foggy night, when Paris was quite sure she would be free from attack, nine German aerial squadrons deliberately selected that occasion, feeling sure of a surprise success.

Experience has taught England the necessity of more intensive weather observation, in peace and war, and she is acting accordingly. Telling of the work of the University of Manchester with self-recording balloons and kites on Glossop Moor, Mr. Ushaw continues:

Data of temperatures, pressures, humidity, and currents have been obtained at heights of fifteen and even twenty miles; and it has been found that there is a fairly regular fall of one degree Fahrenheit for every three hundred feet above sea-level. This continues for six or seven miles up (higher than the highest mountain on earth); but from there to the eighteen-mile level—the so-called "inversion layer"—there is no further change. There are no clouds above six miles, and at two miles high the atmosphere, even in July, is always below freezing-point.

At these great altitudes our pilots are warmed with electric suits, the current being supplied to fine wires suitably insulated within the clothing. So it is the heavens which are now being explored, with peace as well as war in view. Wind velocities are observed by sending up small unmanned aerostats, and watching them



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Actual photograph showing Goodyear Solid Tires at work on a heavy duty motor truck owned by the Zettelmeyer Coal Company, Cleveland, Ohio

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"ON our fleet of 11 trucks Goodyear Solid Tires are uniformly giving us close to 20,000 miles of service. Indeed our first set of six on a 5-ton truck hauled capacity loads of coal constantly and went past 23,000 miles. The others are all like the first."—C. F. Jost, Gen. Supt., Zettelmeyer Coal Co., Cleveland.

IN Cleveland, they will tell you that the Zettelmeyer Coal Company, a very large coal concern, is a carefully managed organization.

Up to last year the officials of this company kept close watch of the cost of delivering coal by conducting continuous experiments with different makes of solid tires.

And out of many months of mileage comparisons of tires grinding under dense, heavy loads, has come their complete adoption of Goodyear Solid Tires.

Today every truck in a fleet of eleven begrimed coal-carriers is shod with the thick-treaded, powerfully constructed solid tires that bear the familiar name of Goodyear.

It is significant that the Goodyear Solid Tires did not win initial recognition simply by running up remarkable single-tire records or just by giving high mileages on one of the smaller units.

Indeed, Mr. Jost, the company's General Superintendent, states that the very first set of the Goodyears delivered more than 23,000 miles *per tire* on a 5-ton truck which carried full loads constantly.

Thereafter, more sets of four and six Goodyear Solid Tires were applied to the Zettelmeyer trucks and it was found that all ran 20 per cent farther than the hardiest of other solid tires.

All averaged close to the 20,000-mile mark, although they were driven every day in littered coal yards and over railroad tracks and rough pavements to factories, office buildings, hotels and public institutions where deliveries are made.

Continually punished between crushing burdens and harsh surfaces, the Goodyear Solid Tires have worn down very slowly and evenly, resisting chipping, shredding and separation from the base.

They consistently endure the fierce batterings for a whole year and frequently remain in this hard duty for more than a year and a half.

The Zettelmeyer Coal Company, then, bases its decision on the *uniform economy* of Goodyear Solid Tires, which is the identical reason that has led so many truck owners, agents and makers to adopt them.

In addition, this company reports that valuable attention has been given to its tire needs by a local Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station—one of the hundreds of such stations found in all important industrial centers.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES

from the ground by theodolites. It is a novel field, and, like others in science, it has received astonishing impetus from the demands of war.

NATURALIZING CANADIAN SALMON IN UNITED STATES WATERS

ACCORDING to the naturalists, that lively fish, the salmon, has no naturalization laws. He considers himself an inalienable citizen of the particular stream in which he was hatched, periodically returning thither from the depths of the sea, there starting a new generation on its way, and there ending his interesting career. Now the salmon-supply in the Puget Sound region had been sadly depleted by the demands of the great canneries, and as the salmon industry of the State of Washington alone is worth about \$17,000,000 a year, this entailed a financial as well as a food problem.

It was found necessary to transplant the sockeye salmon in our waters. But the sockeye is a Canadian. In the breeding season, the sockeyes, for the most part, insist on returning to the Fraser River, up in British Columbia, to deposit their eggs. How were the eggs to be placed in some of the twenty-four hatcheries of Washington? For, says a writer in *Sunset*,

All fishery men said the sockeye could not be transplanted to our shores because even if the salmon were caught on their way up to the Canadian Fraser River, where they wanted to lay the eggs, it would be necessary to tow them in crates to Friday Creek, which would kill them.

But L. H. Darwin, the State fish commissioner of Washington, thought it worth trying, anyhow. So, we read further,

During the fishing season of 1915, he made arrangements with some of the fish-trap owners on the San Juan Islands, Puget Sound, to use their traps during the thirty-six hours of the week when the traps are closed. Tens of thousands of these salmon were caught. Large floating crates were then made in which to tow these fish. Each crate was protected by a heavy boom of logs on all four sides, so that the rush of water would not mangle the fish. All was so arranged that when the fish swam into the crates the door was locked and they were towed in the crates on Puget Sound to their destination, which was Samish River. Now Samish River is a fresh-water river situated near Bellingham. It is necessary, for they only breed in the headwaters of a fresh-water stream, and the young sockeye that are hatched along the fresh-water stream-bed live there for a short time. After this, however, they swim to salt water and into the Pacific Ocean. When they are ready to lay eggs again they hunt up the stream in which they spent their young days.

After the crates were towed to Samish River, Mr. Darwin dammed the mouth of the River with nets, to be sure that the former citizens of Great Britain would not run away. On Samish River is located Friday Creek, on which stands one of the State fish-hatcheries. So another trap was set for the salmon to swim into this creek, that the State might watch them. Some swam to the hatchery and

some swam on to Samish Lake. Enough swam to the creek to prove the value of the experiment. The salmon, with the exception of the "steelhead," lay their eggs and die.

When the females were caught, they were killed and about 3,000 eggs were taken from each. These eggs were then fertilized by the male. When hatched they were the first real Uncle Sam sockeye salmon. Good care was taken of them. In fact, they were given canned salmon to eat to make them grow faster. And they did grow and progressed very well. A percentage, of course, was lost; this, tho, was infinitesimal.

When our new United States citizens became large enough they were loaded into trucks and taken up to the lake (Lake Samish) and released. But before this was done all of their enemies were removed from the lake by the officials with dynamite. Nothing like giving them a good reception even should they not desire to stay at that time. They certainly developed in this Republican lake, and when the days grew warm they did the same as their forefathers; swam down-stream into salt water and out to the Pacific. But it seemed they came back to our own Republic instead of going back to the land of their forefathers, Canada, and we have so many more in our hatcheries.

There are now, says the writer of the article, many more millions of young salmon in the waters of Friday Creek than many of the fishermen say they have ever seen, and there is talk of trying to propagate the Western sockeye in the Penobscot and other Eastern rivers.

THE BOTTLING-UP OF FIELD-MARSHAL VON MACKENSEN

EVEN after the signing of the armistice last November, Field-Marshal von Mackensen, conqueror of Serbia and Roumania and so often victor in Russia, remained at liberty to menace the hoped-for peace. When hostilities officially ceased, the Field-Marshal was still in Roumania. He was next heard of as at the head of a large army of veterans, moving through Hungary toward Germany, perhaps to overturn the socialistic régime, perhaps to recall the Kaiser, or, as some hinted, perhaps himself to seize the reins of power. At last came the news that, after vainly objecting, he had yielded to the demands of the new Hungarian Government that he should submit to the internment of himself and his soldiers. He retired to the château of Foth, near the Hungarian capital of Budapest, but no one knew what he might be planning there; and the French, who had already sent a mission from Belgrade to Budapest, felt that the grim field-marshal, with his undoubted military genius and capacity for sudden and unexpected action, was too great an element of possible danger to be left to his own devices. Should the new and none too strong or stable Government of Hungary fall, what was there to prevent him from marching his army into Germany and causing further trouble?

A translation made for the New York

Times from an article in *L'Illustration*, Paris, thus tells how and why the most-feared commander of the Great War was finally put under effective restraint through the ingenuity of a French officer:

To a request from the Hungarian Government that he give his word of honor that he would not try to escape into Germany, Mackensen had made this cryptic reply:

"I give my word that I shall not leave as long as there is a German soldier on Hungarian territory."

The Hungarians, not knowing exactly how to go about disarming and internment Mackensen's 80,000 veterans, then asked their commander to order them to give up their arms and submit to internment.

"I will give the order," said Mackensen with fine irony, "but I can not answer for its being carried out. My troops, you see, are so undisciplined!"

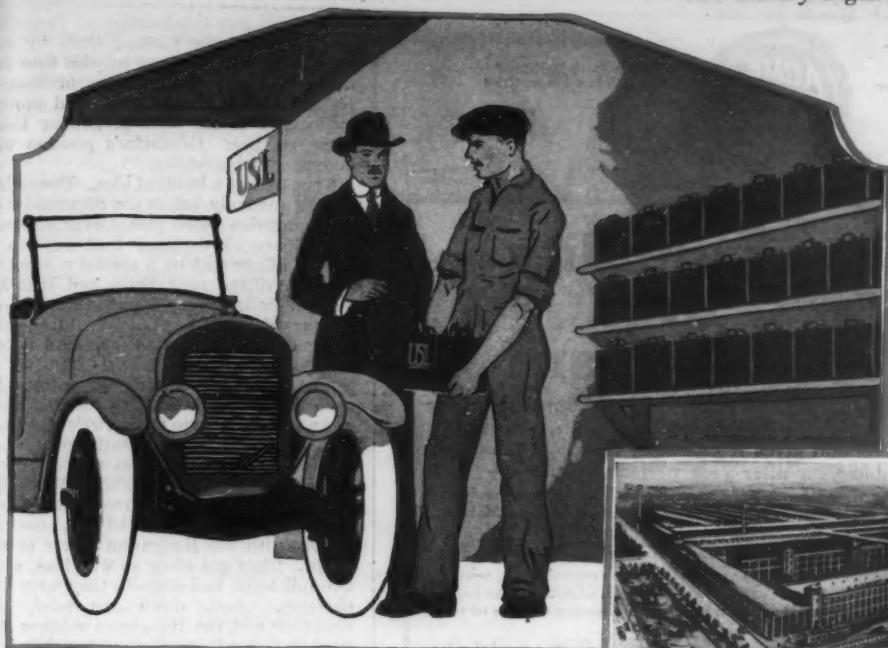
Meanwhile, his divisions, fully armed and equipped, were moving steadily toward Germany. And soon evidence that their commander meant to follow them reached Lieutenant-Colonel Vix, head of the French military mission at Budapest. Vix heard one day a few weeks ago that Mackensen was actually packing up his belongings, and at once communicated with the commander of the French troops in Belgrade, asking permission to detain Mackensen in order that the terms of the armistice might not be violated, and asking at the same time for a detachment of soldiers to enable him to arrest the grim Prussian. General Henrys, French commander of Belgrade, at once ordered four squadrons of spahis, or French colonial cavalry, under Colonel Guespereau, who were stationed at Temesvár, to proceed with all possible haste to Foth.

In the meantime, things were moving quickly at the latter place. Mackensen's baggage had already been sent away. The Marshal's departure seemed a question of hours. Lieutenant Gènevriev, of the French Army, who had motored from Budapest to Foth in order to keep an eye on the German, found himself in a difficult position. He had secretly posted a few men to watch every exit from the château where Mackensen was living and keep him informed of the prisoner's movements, but, having no armed force, he realized that he could do no more. He also realized that if Mackensen got wind of the fact that he was being watched by a French lieutenant, he would at once take alarm and dash away in an automobile, spoiling the whole plot.

Gènevriev proved himself a man of craft and resource. First, he had all the telephone-wires cut, so that Mackensen and his suite could not communicate with the outside world by wire. Then, leaving his automobile a few hundred yards away, he crawled into the park surrounding the château under the protection of night, and placed himself where he could see what went on inside.

Soon one of Mackensen's aids entered the room where the telephone was, and tried to ring up some one. He rang again and again. Then, with an oath, he dashed the instrument on the ground. Gènevriev realized that something important was afoot. It behooved the Frenchman to keep himself posted on everything occurring in the château, but, should he be discovered lurking in the park close to the house, his mission would be guessed and his prey would escape him.

And—where were the French cavalrymen? According to the arrangements



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made with the commander at Belgrade, they should have reached Foth by the time that Gènevrier had crawled into the park. But there was no sign of them—Hungary's war-time railways had proved inadequate to the task of getting them there on time. Gènevrier's position was becoming embarrassing.

Then he had a brilliant idea. Presenting himself suddenly before the commander of the Hungarian guard placed over Mackensen, Gènevrier declared that he was a French officer sent on a special mission to Vács, a village near Foth, and that his automobile had suffered an accident a short distance down the road. Would not the Hungarian be so kind as to send a few men to help the chauffeur fix it?

The Hungarian was all sympathy. At once he dispatched some of his men down the road where Gènevrier's chauffeur—whom the lieutenant had apprized of his scheme—was lying flat under the car looking for imaginary damage. While the men sought to help, the French lieutenant, sticking close to the château, chatted affably with the Hungarian officer of the guard. They got along so well that, after two full hours had elapsed, they were still chatting. And, down the road, the chauffeur and the Hungarian soldiers still tried to tinker Gènevrier's automobile into shape.

At last, from three different directions, the French spahis galloped down upon the château of Foth. Gènevrier turned to the affable Hungarian with a smile:

"Lieutenant," he said, "I thank you for your hospitality. My mission is accomplished."

"What do you mean?" demanded the Hungarian.

Lieutenant Gènevrier pointed silently to the spahis. Then he went up to Colonel Guespereau, their commander.

"Colonel," he said, "Mackensen is still here."

Guespereau demanded at once to be taken to the German Marshal. The latter, in a fury at what had happened, refused to receive him.

"I am a prisoner of the Hungarian Government and acknowledge no other authority here," he said.

Guespereau insisted. Then Mackensen said that he would send an officer to the park outside the château, where the French soldiers were posted, to parley with their commander. But the Colonel was adamant.

"I have orders to see Marshal Mackensen," he announced, "and I will see him, if need be, by force!"

That settled it. The Colonel was taken to Mackensen. Guespereau crossed the threshold of the room and saluted. Mackensen said to him in good French:

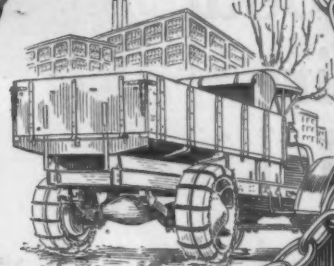
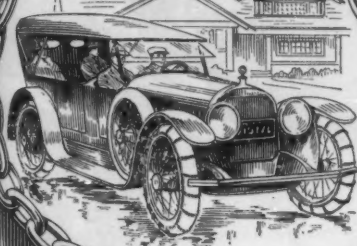
"Bon jour, monsieur."

That was enough. All Guespereau had wanted was to assure himself that Mackensen was indeed in the château. He threw a strong guard around the building and put a French officer in the next room to the German Marshal with strict orders to watch him.

Under the terms of the armistice, the Field-Marshal might be interned only on Hungarian soil; so a few days later he was removed in a special train to the château of Count Chotels, brother of the Countess Sophie Chotels, wife of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who with her husband was a victim of that historic murder in Serajevo in 1914, which was the starting-point of the world-war.



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LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE
FOLKS AT HOME

MONOTONY, the daily round of being all dressed up, on the job, with nothing of any particular importance to do, seems to be working against the grain of our soldiers on the other side as war, even with its worst features included, could not do. With all possible governmental assistance in the way of "leaves" and entertainments, the men feel that their "bearings are getting rusty," and this feeling, often enough, is strong in proportion as the soldier who has it is capable of better work than watching a few miles of uninteresting German country, where nothing is expected to happen. Sergeant Aksel Olson, of Omaha, who was so anxious to defend his adopted American ideals that he submitted to a major operation in the summer of 1917 in order to qualify himself for service, puts into words the real reason for much of the dissatisfaction and downright suffering that the end of the war has brought to the men on the other side. He writes to a friend in Omaha:

I trust we get back before this d—monotony, and consequent depression of spirits incident to the act of occupying Germany, gets the best of us. I hate this life with all that is in me. There is nothing here to live for that I can see. While at war there was everything to live for, everything to die for—death, real death, is a part of right living—but now there is nothing here worth dying for, nothing to inspire living. Our job is ended and every one wishes to go home. Personally I long for school. I need the stimulus now of school life, and fear for the consequences of this. But at best I can't hope to be back for months. There was much talk of discharging soldiers for a variety of reasons, but we find that, as usual, it amounts to S. O. S. (in the accepted rather than the official sense of the word).

I imagine that many people are envying us the privilege of being here, but, like most other things, it loses its romance when subject to close study; and, man! there is nothing in this world like old U. S. A. That is a lesson learned over and again by the soldiers in Europe. We know it by heart now.

What has young America got out of the war, what will those millions of American youths bring back from "Over There," aside from German helmets and such souvenirs? In a very graphic way, through a series of questions followed by a brief answer, Lieut. Carlos M. Fetterolf gives an answer. "These are some of the things," he says in a letter to his parents in Montclair, N. J., "which bind a man to his country, which make him thrill with the joy of being a man, a live man, and a strong man, taking part in a rather heated and strenuous difference of opinion between the greatest nations in the world." The very inclusive and representative list follows:

Did you ever hear the rumble of artillery caused by the guns of both sides?

Did you ever travel toward it and listen to its seemingly ever-increasing fury?

Have you ever seen the black of night broken by the flash of guns, the arc of a Very light, the twinkling, brilliant star-shell, the burst of shrapnel, and the streaks of tracer-bullets?

Did you ever progress through a ruined city, without seeing a sign of apparent life?

Did you ever see a dog wailing over its dead master?

Have you ever heard the zum-zum-zum of the Boche aviator as he wends his way through the black sky above, picking his path between the lanes of light thrown up from every side?

Have you ever seen a dozen lights converge upon a plane and watched the flash of shrapnel burst in the center?

Have you ever been responsible for 250 men, their safety and health, while the Boche a short distance away had about 200 different weapons for causing their death?

Have you ever yelled yourself hoarse?

Have you ever fallen over barbed wire into shell-holes full of water or into trenches deep?

Have you ever lived in water and mud and muck?

Did you ever see an ambulance standing drunkenly on three wheels while the wounded lay in the road?

Have you ever closed the eyes of a lad who said, "Yes, sir," and saluted, pulsating with life a few hours before?

Did you ever hear the screech of a shell on its way from the Boche, feel the shake of the earth as it struck, and listen to the blast of the explosion and the hum of many fragments?

Did you ever see a cottage disappear?

Did you ever have to wear a gas-mask for four hours?

Have you ever longed for an American cigaret?

Have you ever longed and sighed for a dance with, or even the sight of, an American girl?

Have you ever been scared, proud, nervous, brave, and had thrills in your back all at once?

Have you ever been on a runaway horse?

Have you ever been arrested and released in two minutes?

Did you ever have your happy home blown up a few hours after you'd left?

Did you ever walk twenty-one miles, carrying somebody else's load and trying to cheer people up?

Did you ever hear limbers crashing down a stone road, empty and swinging, the drivers eager to leave a shell-infested area?

Did you ever hear the Huns talking in their trenches when you were there, too?

Have you ever explained something to a General?

Have you ever talked to a man fresh from the States, who knew it all?

Have you ever paid forty francs for a dinner worth \$1?

Have you ever seen a city full of gaiety with about eight different nationalities of officers passing to and fro?

Have you ever seen a strong man turn child with shell-shock?

Have you ever had that peculiar feeling that something going mighty fast, with a curious little "ping" noise to it, just went by your ear?

Did you ever think how small and insignificant you are?

Did you ever think how great and glorious is your country? and your cause?

Did you ever feel the joy of an act which might cause another's death, but only the death of a Hun?

Did you ever swell with pride over a



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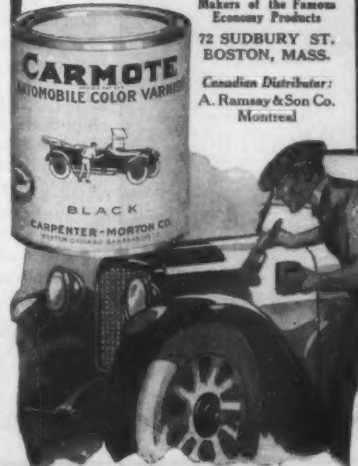
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Did you ever live a lifetime in a year and have a complete memory of it all?

Did you ever enjoy yourself thoroughly?
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The course of demobilization after a great war never did run smooth, at least not so smooth that justice was done to everybody, and complaints of American methods in getting back to a peace-time basis have not been few nor far between. The case of certain classes of sailors now being demobilized calls for attention, in the opinion of one of them, who writes from Perry, Oklahoma. Men who enlisted for the period of the war, he says, are being refused "honorable discharges," and forced to pay their own railway-fare home, even tho when they enlisted they were promised honorable discharges and transportation home at the end of their period of service. Many of them are being put under the handicap of "ordinary discharges" that carry an odor of bad conduct, and are forced to borrow money to get home on. In the case of the writer, these troubles were complicated by the fact that the "feminine patriot" who had held his job while he was away refused to give it up when he returned to civil life. He writes, under date of March 1:

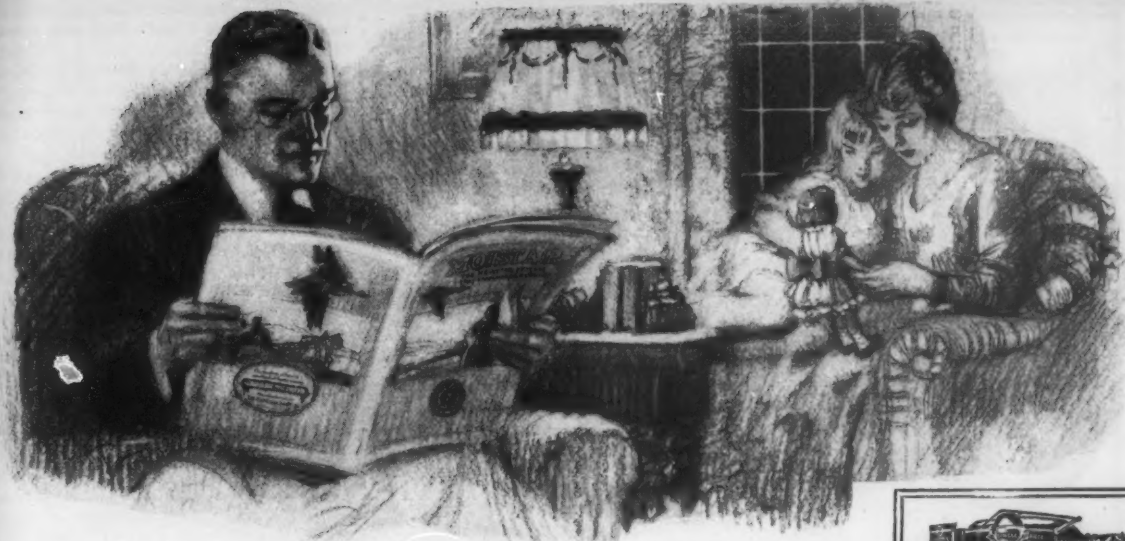
I am writing you this letter to see if you will call the attention of the public to the injustice being done the enlisted men of the Navy. I shall not attempt to write an article, but merely give you the facts. To begin with, there are three divisions of enlisted men in the United States Navy: those who enlisted in the regular Navy for four years, regulars for the duration of the war, and the reserves. It is the first two, especially the second, in which I am interested.

Officially the war is not ended now, but in fact it is, the returning of troops from abroad proving this. Along in December the Navy Department announced that 20 per cent. of the reserves, 20 per cent. of the duration regulars, and 10 per cent. of the four-year regulars enlisting between April 6, 1917, and January, 1918, would be discharged; in the case of the reserves, returned to inactive status for the remainder of their four-year enrolment.

These reserves signed up for a four-year enrolment, active service during the period of war, and inactive thereafter. The second class, duration regulars, signed up for duration of war only with no strings attached. The reserves returned to inactive status will be given an honorable discharge when their four-year enrolment has expired. Of course, their transportation home was furnished.

The two branches of the regulars, however, were given ordinary discharges and forced to pay their fare home at the rate of two cents a mile, not even being granted the special one-cent rate. There may be some excuse for this in the case of the four-year regulars, but it must be said in justice to them that ninety-nine out of every one hundred of them, as well as of the entire Navy, would have signed up for "duration of war" only if they had been given their preference.

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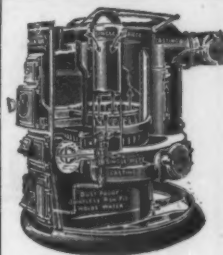
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received the same treatment. I belong to this class and when I took the oath of allegiance I was promised that I would receive an honorable discharge at the end of the war if my conduct should be good and would be given transportation home, or four cents a mile cash, if preferred.

I (and it is the same with a large part of my mates) have never had a mark of misconduct against my record, but was given a discharge equivalent to a bad-conduct discharge in peace times and forced to borrow money to go home on. This was not only because of an allotment and insurance in favor of my wife, but because we are forced to pay for our clothing after a certain amount has been issued us. In my case it was \$60, but varied with different men, why, I do not know.

When I was paid off at Hampton Roads, I received \$8.93, and this was more than many received. One sailor just before me received ten cents. He borrowed money to wire to his folks for transportation, remarking that he intended to have the dime framed to show the results of his services in the Navy. I do not know what the result would have been if he had drawn eleven cents worth of "small stores" during the preceding month.

But little bitterness was expressed, because the men were only too glad to escape from a service that did not care whether we had the price of a square meal after we left it.

But where the men did raise a loud howl was when they read that 113 conscientious objectors were released from the prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with full pay, honorable discharges, a suit of civilian clothes, and transportation home. Tho not so in my case, many of my friends had two overseas service chevrons, having served with the Northern Bombing Squadron, a division of the naval aviation; some of these wore wound chevrons, in addition.

Can you blame us for feeling resentment to know that every one of us who had enlisted for the duration of the war, and that voluntarily, because there are no drafted men in the Navy except among the negro stevedores, and who had given our country our best services, were given the equivalent of a bad-conduct discharge and turned adrift with a few paltry dollars while a group of moral and physical cowards (that is our opinion of conscientious objectors) were given every favor that we were refused?

In the future, if any of us who enlisted in the Navy for the duration of the war desire to take a civil-service examination, for example, we are under a big handicap because any man receiving an honorable discharge from military service is placed at the top of the list of applicants regardless of grades. This would not only give the men in the Army receiving honorable discharges an unfair advantage over us, but also give the men who spent their portion of military service in prison barracks the same advantage.

That one probability does not worry us any, but we certainly do feel that we are entitled to something more than an ordinary discharge with its odor of "bad conduct," at least as much as the conscientious objector.

If you care to give any publicity to the "gob's" cause, I am willing to assume responsibility for any statement I have made. My home address, however, is Enid, Oklahoma, but I was forced to come to this city after being discharged because the feminine patriot who assumed my position when I enlisted last March was un-

willing to return it to me when I came back to civil life.

Yours very sincerely,
KENNETH C. WILLIS,
Box 424. Perry, Okla.

Sergeant-Major Louis Cohen, Headquarters 1st Battalion, 5th F. A., A. E. F., recently happened to read an article in *THE DIGEST*, for last October, in which the *Boston Transcript*, to quote Sergeant Cohen, stated that it was giving "the first pictures of the Rainbow Division in action at the battle of Cantigny, where our men went over the top aided by French tanks." Sergeant Cohen objects:

I wish to state that the article is misleading to the public for various reasons: first, I wish to say that I was an eye-witness to the battle of Cantigny and know what I am talking about. Another thing that should be made clear to your minds is that the famous 42d Rainbow Division was not within one hundred miles of that fight on May 28 to 30, 1918. The battle was fought by the 1st Division, composed of regular troops who had already had their preliminary training. We had been trained for that fight for weeks right after we turned over the Toul Sector to the 26th Division. We have the proud honor of knowing that the 1st American Division, composed of regulars, was the 1st to land in France, the 1st to undergo training, the 1st to take over a Divisional sector held by Americans, the 1st to fight, the 1st to be raided, the 1st to make a raid on the enemy's trenches, and the 1st to capture ground from the enemy. We also have the honor of having assisted in the training of the 42d Rainbow Division during the winter of 1917, during their maneuvers, in which we aided them with supplies, wagons, and all sorts of necessary work. We are not seeking to take credit away from any Division, but what we want is fair play, and we at least deserve that for the work that we have accomplished. Let me tell you that the 1st Division was one of the most hard-working Divisions in the American Expeditionary Forces, and that for almost a year from the day we left for the first front on January 15, 1918, until November 11, 1918, the date the armistice was signed, we were relieved long enough just merely to get a breathing spell. We took our tasks as joyfully as we could, and when it was all over we were not put into the Army Reserve, or back to some camp for rest, but started on a 400-kilometer hike to Germany to take over a portion of the Coblenz bridge-head.

I am very glad to state that we are now living well and being treated very well and deserve all we can get. We are well satisfied with our lot and hope in the near future to come back and tell the folk all about our adventures during this war. Publicity, I can assure you, we do not want, that I am sure of; for all the publicity we get and want is from our Commander-in-Chief, who always has the highest esteem for this Division. We have also been cited quite often by the French, who have honored us with the nickname, "The Men of Cantigny."

Henry H. Lay, of Kewanee, Ill., resigned his commission as a Major in the National Army to enlist as a private in a unit that, he hoped, would give him a chance to see active service. He was shortly promoted to the rank of Sergeant, but the active fighting that he had come



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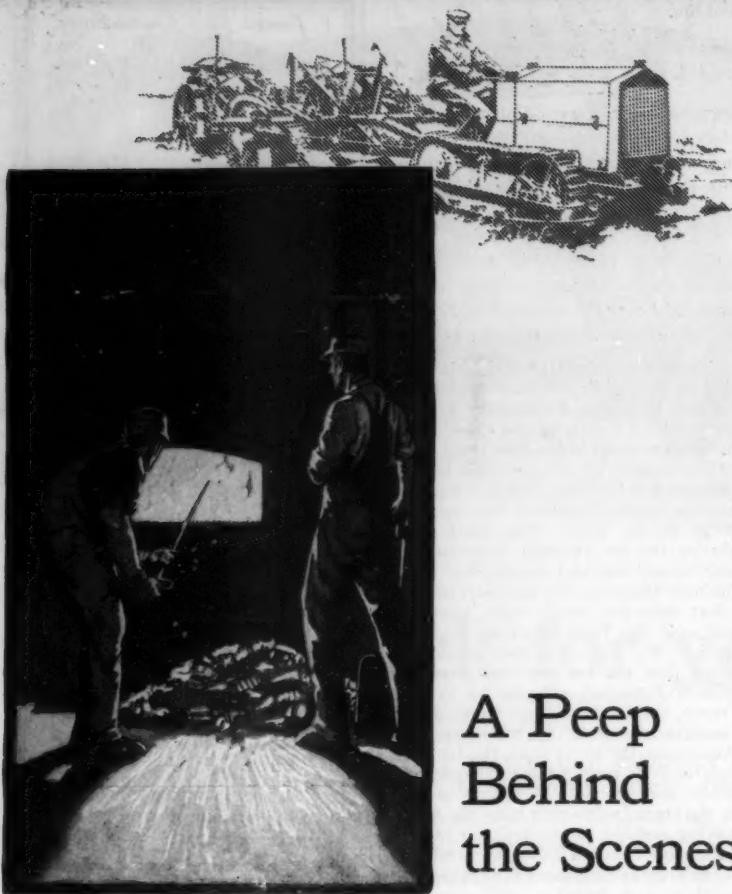
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over particularly to share was ended by the signing of the armistice, about the time he reached the front. In a recent letter to his sister in Kewanee, published in the *Kewanee Star-Courier*, he writes of a visit to Verdun:

We entered the city of Verdun by the western gate, which is a portal through massive walls of old stone masonry, which appear now quite out of date, and doubtless are not considered very formidable in these days. The city is deserted; no civilians live in it since the great battle; most of the leading streets have no buildings standing, tho in certain quarters some large structures were left intact, and seem occupied by the military authorities of the district. Verdun must have been a beautiful place, with fine business streets and substantial mansions, mostly of stone, concrete, and brick, now a heap of ruins. The sidewalks are piled with stone from the buildings, so that only the pavement is open for traffic. I had seen this sort of thing elsewhere, and while it was all tragic enough, I was more moved by the battle-field itself.

We rode through the city, crossed the Meuse, which meanders through it, and then went eastward for several miles to the spot where the great struggle took place from February until midsummer in 1916. One must see such a region to realize the destructive power of high explosive artillery as it has been developed in this great war.

The country is one vast area of abomination and desolation. The terrain is quite rolling here, like some of our more hilly Western land. Standing on an eminence, one sees, as far as the eye can reach, no tree left standing, only a stump here and there, and the ground everywhere a mass of shell-craters, with not a square foot of level earth left there. The soil is a sort of limestone and seems to have been churned again and again, so that only broken rocks with here and there a particle of earth are visible. One looks from hill to hill across valleys and plains, and everywhere over the horizon, for miles and miles, one sees the same dreary landscape. Most of the forts were leveled and those that are still remaining are entirely underground, so that nothing but nakedness appears anywhere.

As we wandered over these hills and through the valleys we saw many signs, I should rather say evidences of the terror of the struggle. It is said that a million French and Germans were put out of action at Verdun. It has been compared to our Gettysburg, as marking the turning-point of the Great War, for while the war was only half finished after that, and the Germans seemed to come back very strong several times later, they realized at Verdun that there was something besides the weight of numbers and material forces arrayed against them. And while, on the one hand, Verdun broke the conqueror's spear and turned back a worldly prince's desire to rule his fellow men, on the other, Verdun will always be remembered as the very apotheosis of French character, somewhat undervalued and considered decadent by the outside world. It must not be forgotten that Prussia attacked France in 1870 when France was politically corrupt with a feeble government of the Third Empire and a petty Napoleon. It took France half a century to purify herself and show to the world the real spirit of democracy she was. But when all is said and done there seems something beyond our ken in the way . . . the French said at

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Strathmore Quality Papers
They beat the Waste Basket

Strathmore  **Quality
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Verdun, "They shall not pass!" I wonder if they felt the force of Matthew Arnold's definition of God, "There is a power not ourselves that maketh for righteousness?"

Standing on that battle-field, one can not but be conscious of the spirit of those dead men who, let us hope and believe, did not die in vain. Sister, think of the trillions and decillions of men who have lived and died since our old world commenced to whirl in space, and how few of them we know anything about, or who seem to have left any impress on the lives which came after them. The Creator of the universe seems to be as lavish of human life as of animal or plant life, and the value of a single mortal soul, so precious to each of us, is as nothing in the Ages. But the value of an ideal or a principle in the lives of men is most precious in the sight of heaven, and for such a cause many men lay down their lives, that it may live and be passed down to better the lives of those who come after.

SOME COMMON NAMES AND THEIR ORIGINS

EVERYBODY has some sort of a name, and ought to have enough family pride to want to know how that name originated. Besides, it must be a great comfort for a man named "Codlin" or "Snooks" to learn that his ancestral appellation was really "cœur-de-lion" or "seven-oaks," the present rather plebeian-sounding name that he bears being a perversion of a loftier title. In Henry Ford's new paper, *The Dearborn Independent*, Mr. Judson Stewart, in an article that deals mostly with the more familiar names, comments that—

When the world was very much younger than it is now, two names were not needed because there were not many people; they lived far apart in different tribes and clans and did not get mistaken for one another. Consequently one name was sufficient. The first names were descriptive of the man, such as "One-Eye," or "Crooked-Leg," or "Strong-Arm." But of course when such a man died his name could not be passed on because his son would not be like him, that is, "Crooked-Leg's" son would doubtless have straight legs, so the name would not fit him.

Here it should be interpolated that a name given a man for some physical peculiarity has often passed on to descendants whom it did not fit; otherwise why should we have to-day tall men named "Little" and puny men named "Strong"?

Our author says further, dealing with names that are strictly patronymics:

When family names were used, not descriptive of any one man, but handed down from father to son, and the population increased, there might be two or three Johns in one clan and people would not know which one was meant when the name "John" was used. Then "given names" were necessary, a given name being one that is given to the child after birth, while the father's name became his by right of birth.

The "surname" may have come from

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the French who in the olden days used to write a man's name like this:

Jones
John

The family name, written on top or over was called the "surnom," meaning the "over name." Yet it is quite as likely that we got the word "surname" from "surname," or "sirename," meaning sire's or father's name.

A man named "Robin" would be given, or would take for himself, the name of John. John Robin would have a son. But in those days people were not given "given" names by their parents, and had none for years until they grew up and selected one for themselves. Consequently, when Robin's little boy became old enough to be mentioned, people came to speak of him as "Robin's son." Finally he would become known as "Robinson" and that name would stick to him. In this way two family names were created.

If we were to trace back every name ending with "son" we would find that it happened in just this way. And it was not always derived from the surname. A man named Benjamin Smith would be known by his friends as "Ben" and his little boy would be called "Ben's son," and later "Benson." The Johnsons, Jacobsons, Thompsons, Petersons, Jamesons, Lawrensons, Donaldsons, and many other names like these all originated as I have described.

The word "son," whether in English or some other language, had much to do with the origin of our names. In the ancient Gaelic language the word "mac" meant "son." The Irish for the most part abbreviated this to just an "mc," but the Scotch kept the "mac." Thus a man named Arthur would have a son (in his language a "mac") and this boy would be known as "mac Arthur," or Arthur's son, and so he became known as "Mac Arthur." Thus we got the scores and scores of names like "McMichael," "McDonald," "McKinney," "MacAllister." Originally there were no such family names as Robinson or McMichael, but they came from Robin and Michael. You see that while the English would put the word "son" after the name, the Scotch, Irish, and some others put it before the name. Their word for son was "fitz," and it probably came from the French "fils," meaning son. And so a man named Hugh would have a son who would be spoken of as "fitz Hugh," until he finally became "Fitz-Hugh." Thus we got the Fitzgeralds, Fitzpatrick, Fitzsimmons, or son of Simon, and so many other "Fitzes."

With the Welsh the word "ap" means son. Richard's boy would be mentioned as "ap Richard," but the people shortened their pronunciation just as we do, tho we should not. Richard's boy was spoken of as "ap Richard," then as "A-prichard," and finally as "Pritchard." Thus Hugh's son became "Pugh," and Howell's boy, "Powell."

Welsh names are very largely from given names; Jones, Williams, Hughes, and Davids being prominent examples. We read further:

Another lazy method of shortening words and sentences led to still a new lot of family names. Harry had a son. Instead of saying "Harry's son," they spoke of him merely as "Harry's," and thus we get the name "Harris." Of course we also get Harrison from the father, Harry. Philip, Owen, Reynold, Matthew, Jenks, and so on, had sons whose names became

National

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A performing Sedan? Well, they took about two hundred of ours fresh from the factory testrooms, and without special preparation put them in France on the route between GHQ and the front. If you have ever seen a General travel, or know what the roads are when the artillery has done with them, you can imagine the service these cars have had. Our pride is, that what had been done in the National workshops in peace, could not be undone by habitual hardship in war. The National you own will never be called upon to give half as much as these already have given, and, were it necessary, are ready to give again.

NATIONAL MOTOR CAR & VEHICLE CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS



Major Morgan, of the A. E. F., says of his National Twelve: "With it I will outrun any car in France on a long or short trip."



The National Six used by Brig. Gen. Meers of the A. E. F., has been on the road 24 days out of every 30. On November 21st it had been used over 21,000 miles in U. S. Army Service in France.



The National Sedan used by Col. Howard of the A. E. F., photographed in Paris. "I wouldn't try to cars with any driver at GHQ garage," says its pilot.

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Phillips, Owens, Reynolds, Matthews, and Jenkins.

A man named Janson settled in a place where the people could not well pronounce the "J," but called him "Hanson," hence that name. John was the most common given name. Jones became the most common surname. This was natural because John's son was called "John's," and from this the word drifted into "Jones." From the good old name "William," through mentioning the many sons of the many Williams, we get Wilson, Wills, Willis, Wilkes, Willard, Billings, etc.

Much more interesting is the way that so many family names came from the trades and occupations of these men, and also from the localities in which they lived. We all know that a "smith" is a man who works in metals. He may be a silver or goldsmith, or work in iron, which is black, and thus become a blacksmith. And he would be mentioned as "the smith," and later as "Smith." John the smith became John Smith, and Peter the carpenter became Peter Carpenter, while John the miller became John Miller.

Chandler is a well-known name. The original Chandler was a candle-maker, called the chandler, and thus the family of Chandler started. The man who thatched roofs became Thatcher. The man who sold cloth (they still call a dry-goods dealer a "draper" in England) became Draper. A man who made arrows was a fletcher, hence the Fletchers. From this you can easily understand where the well-known family names of Slater, Carter, Saddler, Mason, Shoemaker, Hooper (also "Cooper," barrel-maker), Cheesman, Skinner, Coleman, Miner, Weaver, Cook, Gardner, Archer, Glover, Shepherd, Taylor, and hundreds and hundreds of similar ones equally well known, originally came from.

In the great castles and on the huge estates of feudal times were many men employed in various occupations, who were known to their lords and to each other mainly by the names of the offices that they filled. Thus, Walter the steward became "Walter Stuart"—founder of the royal house of Scotland and later of England. Shakespeare's Justice Shallow refers to his servant as "William Cook," meaning "William the cook." "Butler" has a similar origin. So also, we read of the servants of a great lord,

The man who had charge of his hay to make sure horses and cattle were fed was in reality the warden of the hay and was called Hayward. Woodward had charge of hewing the wood for building and for fires. Baxter was the baker, Waters looked after the wells, Fowler and Forrester guarded game and forest, Armour kept the armor bright.

Names that originated from the locality in which the man lived are common, but many are so changed that we do not recognize them because the old-time terms for ditches and woods and many such localities are not much used to-day.

Once a man lived in Holland in a great field of roses and they called him "Rosevelt," or rose-field. The man who lived with his family in a hut away out of the old-time beaten paths near a deep forest, or woods, became "Wood," or "Woods." If you will give thought to the following names you will understand where the first men who were given them lived: Field, Marsh, Moore, Lane, Stone, Church,

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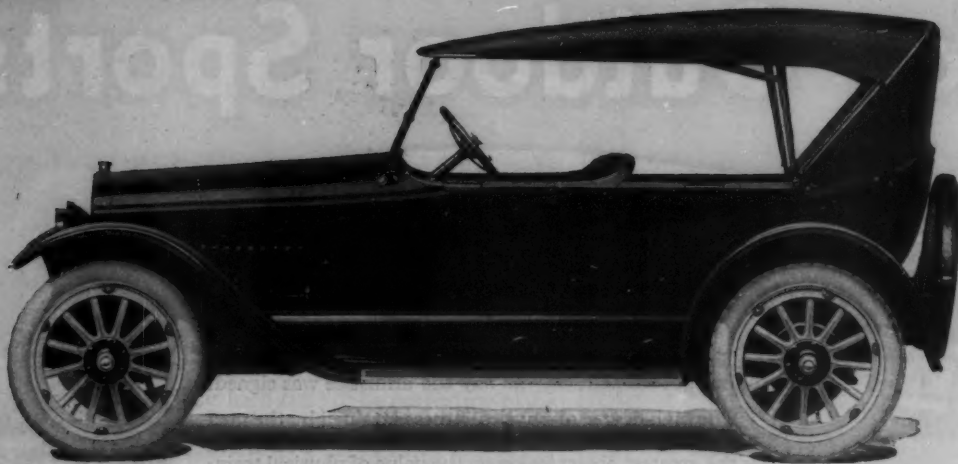
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Over 100 Improvements
50% Added Strength



For Men Who Seek A More Enduring Six

THIS new Mitchell is not merely a new model. It is a new criterion. It comes to introduce new standards and new principles.

The improvements number more than 100. The advances are radical. Together they embody

- 50% More Strength—
- 75% More Endurance—
- 25% More Economy—
- 20% Added Beauty and Comfort.

Such changes denote no ordinary evolution. They mean a revolution in this type and class.

The Incentive

We decided on this new-type car two years ago. Then we employed many able specialists to aid in its creation.

They have done in two years what might have taken twice as long, save for the war-time lull. We went into truck building, and our designing staff could devote 18 months to this car.

The reason for it lies in facts which every maker knows. The Light Six type was too light. It was usually too small. It was too much affected by price competition. The general standards were not high enough.

Years of experience proved that.

They also brought out new requirements in a high-grade car. Men nowadays buy cars to keep, and they expect permanence.

We Face the Facts

We have simply faced these facts. Mitchell pioneered the Six. All the world over Mitchell Sixes hold unique respect. When higher standards seemed essential, Mitchell was the car to introduce them. So in this new car we fulfill that obligation.

Some will call us extremists. They will say we have added too much, including some weight. But there is no such thing as over-strength in these days. The utmost endurance is none too much. There are thousands of motorists who think as we do, and this car is for them.

Incidental Facts

This is not to describe the car. More than 100 important improvements cannot be dealt with in this space. Write for our catalog, or go over the car with your dealer.

But note that to a strong car we have added 50 per cent more strength. To a many-year development we have added 75 per cent endurance.

Despite added weight, we have reduced operating cost by 25 per cent.

To insure finer workmanship and more exacting tests we have spent \$250,000 for new machinery and equipment. To insure perfection in every detail we have 135 trained inspectors.

For enduring appearance, we use twice the usual varnish coats. And we use a costly top. For comfort we use a long wheelbase, long cantilever rear springs, a ball-bearing steering gear.

Yet It Is \$1475

Every one of these new standards means an added cost. Some are quite expensive, as you'll see. Yet this new car still undersells any comparable Six. Under present conditions the profit is very small. The price would be impossible save for wonderful factory efficiency.

We build the complete car—motor, chassis and body—under scientific cost-reducing methods. Go see the result at your local Mitchell showroom. It will give you a new ideal.

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- Five-Passenger.
- 120-Inch Wheelbase.
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- Three-Passenger Roadster, same price.
- New-Type Touring Sedan, \$2175.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin

Bush, Wall, Tree, Roads, or Rhodes, Banks, Lake, Pond, and many others.

The word "under" helped greatly in originating family names. Perhaps one man lived on top of a hill and was called "Hill," but a neighbor lived at the foot of the hill or "under the hill," as the expression was used. He became "Under-hill." And so we have "Underwood" and others. John, who had no other name, lived by a chain of lakes. Some other man there was already called "Lake," and still another man was called "Waters," so the third man had to be called something else and they made it "Atwater."

At this point Mr. Stewart might mention that the man who dwelt near the wading place of the stream would be called "Ford" or "Atford." However, he passes that opportunity, concluding:

Countries and nationalities gave us names, such as English, Irish, French, Welsh, Dane, and Dana, Burgoyne from Burgundy, Cornwallis from Cornwall.

At some localities where there were pools of pure water the women would bring the clothes to be washed. This place became known as the place where washing was done, or "Washington," and one man who lived there was called "Washington." England's towns and parishes and other localities give us York, Kent, Lincoln (another of our presidents), Carlisle, Ban-

croft. Now for some of the names that we do not understand quite as well, such as Worth, a fort; Weller, a gulf; Thorpe, a village; Ross, a morass; Pollard, a closely trimmed tree (you see some man lived close to such a tree and got his name in that way). Peel means a pond, and Penn (our famous William Penn) means the top of a hill. We know what "lea" means, and from it came "Lee." Holt is a small forest and a small valley is a Hope. Holmes, a flat island; Hyde, a land measurement, being as much as one man could plow in a day. A Hatch is a flood-gate, Foss a ditch, Hurst a wood; and a holy well, of which there used to be many, gave us the name of Hallowell. Foote, bottom of a hill, Fleet, a brooklet, Beek, another name for a tiny stream. Once barbers were called "cobs," and hence the name "Cobb."

A town built in a place where there is much clay was called clay town and men who lived there were clay town men, and from that to Clayton. Or it may be new town (Newton).

We have Fish, Fisher, Crabbe, Harte (a deer), Fox, Bull, Lamb, Hogg, Lyon (lion), Crane, Drake, Finch, Corbet (a raven), Bird, Dove, Nightingale, Wren (remember Sir Christopher Wren?), Swan, and an endless list of such names. Sometimes a man would have a public house or inn and for a sign he would put up a picture of a young horse. He would be known as John of the Colt tavern, or John of the Colt, and finally John Colt.

A man who sold perch that he caught from his pond might get the name of Perch, and there are Pikes, Herrings, Haddocks, Chubbs, Bass, and many other fish.

It is easy to understand the origin of such names as Root, Weed, Flower, Bush, Plant, and of men who sold or made or mended Coats, Jewels, Pipes (Piper), Bell, Mantell, Porch, Post.

Some of the oldest of names go back to those I first mentioned, describing the man or some peculiarity about him or some distinguishing mark, as Black,

Brown, Green, Gray, White, Blue. Osgood means well built and Osborn means athletic. There's Longman, and we know the first Longman was by no means short. Crookshanks (history mentions one of this name among royalty—we call it "Cruikshanks" now); Whistler and Singer and Armstrong we understand easily, as well as Weeks, Strong, Small, Eatwell, Noble, Hardy, Goodman, Darling, Savage, Sweet, Wise, and Moody.

UNCENSORED WAR AS A PORTLAND BOY SAW IT

SERGEANT JACK BATES, a Portland (Oregon) high-school boy who volunteered two days after war was declared, is back in Portland after having been among those present at nearly every form of excitement that infantry fighting has to offer, including a shell-wound which only modern scientific treatment kept from resulting fatally. Fred Lockley, of the staff of the *Oregon Journal*, has written down the young Oregonian's experiences as Sergeant Bates told them to him, and a compact little narrative of modern war is the result. The stories, published serially in *The Journal*, begin with the boy's voluntary enlistment, follow him across, and tell briefly of the preliminary training. On the morning of July 18 he went over the top near Soissons; it was his first battle, and, thanks to the lifting of the censorship, he gives some unusual details about the behavior of our early tanks and the barbaric fighting customs of the Senegalese. The incident of the "Y" secretary who told the boys, when they dragged themselves back to a rest-camp after five days of hellish fighting, that they ought to be glad to get killed for their country, explains how some "Y" men in safe, rear billets, got themselves disliked.

To quote Sergeant Bates' story:

On the morning of July 18 we went over the top at Soissons. This was my first battle, and it is something I shall never forget. Our big tanks generated so much heat in going forward that the gasoline tanks caught fire and exploded. Several of the tanks received direct hits from heavy shells and were put out of action. We advanced five kilometers the next day, our troops fighting the Prussian Guards. You can't tell me that these Prussian Guards are yellow. They certainly fought bravely, and we fought hard for every bit of ground we took. The French colonial troops were on our right. They were Moroccans and Senegalese. They are terrible fighters. When they go over the top many of them carry a large knife in their teeth and they are regular fighting demons. They have a queer custom of cutting an ear from each German they kill to bring back as evidence of good faith. Our troops had very heavy casualty lists in this attack. We had at least seventy-five per cent. casualties. One quarter of these were deaths. We were fighting over an open country against machine guns and shrapnel.

We crossed the Paris-Soissons road and made steady progress for five days.

The first night after the battle started the German aviators flew over us and dropped flares to see where to bomb.

Multiplying Man's Power



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A rapidly-drilled hole, with a true lip

The owner of a "YANKEE" Ratchet Hand Drill No. 1530, comes to regard it with a pride that is close to the affection felt for a faithful friend. With its five different adjustments you can do work you'd never think of attempting with any drill but a "YANKEE."

Think of the possibilities of the DOUBLE Ratchet in cramped space. The slightest movement of the crank in either direction gives continuous forward drive and drills as rapidly as if full turn of the crank could be made.

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Length, 10 1/2 in.; Weight, 20 ounces

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Write for free "YANKEE" Tool Book showing "YANKEE" Tools in action and illustrating better ways of drilling, boring, tapping and driving screws.

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Old Hampshire Bond is not a cheap paper. It is made "a little better than seems necessary"—but you will be surprised to find how very little more it will cost than ordinary paper.

And there is a dignity about an Old Hampshire Bond letterhead—a quiet character and distinction that go very far toward making your business message more acceptable to your correspondent. Surely that is worth a great deal more to you, and to your firm, than the tenth of a cent or so you save by using cheap paper.

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HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

They did considerable damage to us and bumped off a good many of our chaps with aerial bombs. We had hot coffee only once during these five days of fighting, and of course no other hot food. We had corned willy and hardtack. During the five days' fighting I was so excited I hardly felt hungry or tired. Occasionally I would stagger a little from weakness through lack of food and sleep.

After five days of it the "Ladies from Hell"—the Highlanders—relieved us and we went back to our rest-billet. We hiked all night after five days' fighting, finally camping in the woods, where we stayed one day. From there we went to Damartine, a little French village. Here the Y. M. C. A. served us hot chocolate, which we certainly appreciated. A lot of the chaps were prejudiced against the "Y" because so many of the secretaries told us we ought to be glad to be killed for our country, but they themselves took good care to stay back out of shell-fire and not take any chances of getting killed. The "Y" secretaries who were willing to take the chances the boys took were certainly appreciated by the soldiers.

After Soissons, Sergeant Bates's unit, the 116th Signal Corps, went by way of Paris to the Toul front, where they were in the trenches through the month of August. The gaps in the ranks were refilled in Vaucouleurs, the unit was reorganized, and went to Corniville. From there they could see Mont Sec, later captured. Here, on the word of Sergeant Bates, the French lost over 20,000 men to take Mont Sec, and held it less than twenty minutes. "They were fairly blasted out of the place." This was the stronghold the Americans and French set out to take, and did take. Sergeant Bates tells how they did it:

The heaviest barrage I saw during the entire time I was in France was the artillery preparation which preceded our going over the top at Mont Sec. I had been putting in wires in No Man's Land and rewiring the trenches for several days preceding our attack, and I was dead tired. I knew we were to go over the next morning and I thought I would get all the sleep I could. At one o'clock our artillery preparation started. The whole sky was lighted up by the flashes of our big guns. All along the German lines we saw their star-shells. They hung in the air and seemed to shine as brilliantly as the evening stars. We went over the top just before daylight, and, oddly enough, just before we went over I saw one of the German six-star white rockets go up, meaning "All is well." Five minutes later things were far from well with the Germans. Our whole line of guns got into action at 1 a.m., and, in spite of the fact that I was soaking wet, I lay down in the mud and slept like a log until they awakened me to get ready to go over the top.

It was a wonderful sight, as we climbed out of the trenches and started across No Man's Land, to see Mont Sec. It was literally ablaze. Our shells were bursting all over it. We passed to the right of Mont Sec; the French went to the left. The Germans had an elaborate line of dugouts and trenches. Our aviators had spotted them and our guns were making direct hits right along. The German dugouts were well built and their roofs were made of concrete and



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Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Your Interests First

To give still more definite assurance of reliable and efficient battery service to car-owners, every authorized Willard Service Station has subscribed to the following

Willard Service and Adjustment Policies ←

- 1 We insure every new Willard Battery for 90 days from the date of purchase, provided the battery is registered immediately at the nearest Willard Service Station. If any repairs are necessary during this period, the same will be made without charge to the owner. Recharging is not considered repairs and the owner is expected to pay for any recharging that may be necessary.
- 2 During the fourth, fifth and sixth months of ownership, if a battery needs any repairs the same will be made on a basis satisfactory to the customer.
- 3 During the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth months of ownership, if repairs are necessary the owner will be given the option of paying the regular charge for the same or he may exchange the old battery for a new one by paying a fractional part of the retail price, based on the number of months of service received from the old battery. For example: If the battery has given eight months service, the adjustment price for the new battery would be eight-twelfths (8-12) of the retail price.
- 4 Willard Service Stations will keep dealers' stock batteries fully charged at a minimum cost to the dealer, and will register and accept responsibility for them under our service policy, provided they are not over six months old at the end of the storage period.
- 5 All questions concerning batteries which have not been registered or which may have attained some age at the time the car is delivered, are to be settled in the customer's interest between the car dealer and the Willard Service Station dealer.
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- 7 With motor car dealers located in places where there is no Willard Service Station, the nearest service station will make arrangements with the dealer whereby all Willard Service and Adjustment Policies will be handled through the dealer.

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Willard Service.

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Will stop any leak in cooling system in from five to ten minutes. It is positively guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money will be refunded. It will automatically seal any kind of a leak or break from a pin hole to a cracked water jacket.

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This powerful re-inforcement just about doubles the life of your casing, so that for a few dollars you get service equal to a new tire and obviate punctures and blow-outs.

Stephens "Lock Edge" Red Reliner is a 4 ply heavy rubber coated fabric specially constructed and placed around the inner tube. It fits between the inner tube and casing, or change from one tire to another. They fit perfectly, don't creep or pinch, and are *Practical*. The "Lock Edge" makes the reliner really an extra inside tire. Thousands of motorists and practically all taxi cabs and heavy demanding utmost economy and reliability of tire service use reliners. Order one or get two, shipped express prepaid and fully guaranteed. Prices

30x3\$4.50	34x4\$8.00
30x3 1/24.80	34x4 1/28.10
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By looking for the Red Reliner you really get an extra tire for a few dollars. Dealers everywhere and Stephens "Lock Edge" Red Reliner or you can order direct, express prepaid. Satisfaction or money back.

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railroad rails, with logs and earth, but our heavy shells tore them all to pieces and buried their occupants under the wreckage. Mont See was elaborately tunneled. Their telephone system was as elaborate as that of the city of Portland. We found much equipment, signal wire, rockets, flares, and large amounts of fresh meats, vegetables, sugar, and beer. Throughout the tunnels the Germans had fixt up good stoves made of brick and steel. They had shower-baths and very fine furniture which they had taken from the French homes.

On the third day of our drive we pocketed 15,000 German prisoners. We were sent to Saint André, where an attack was expected from the Eleventh Division of the German reserve troops. It was expected that this German reserve force would hit us on our flank, but the attack failed to materialize.

Sergeant Bates's unit was immediately thrown into the Argonne, by forced marches, to relieve the 35th Division. He tells of his adventures there:

The mines along the roads had been exploded and the roads were impassable for artillery. The mud was bad and we saw lots of horses that had pulled themselves to death. The engineers were doing splendid work in filling in the huge craters in the road, so that artillery and supplies could come up.

I saw a rather spectacular air battle on the day after we went into the Argonne. This was on October 2. A German airplane was hovering over us, sending wireless messages to German batteries so they could adjust their fire. The German batteries were getting in a good many direct hits on us. Just as the German plane started back for the German lines one of our chaps dropt out of the clouds on his tail and gave him a burst of machine-gun fire. The German plane caught fire and floated down like a burning leaf. We saw the observer jump out. I saw him turn over and over and over. He struck the ground about two hundred yards from where I was. When Lincoln high school used to get the ball and make a goal, I used to nearly holler my head off. Well, I did the same thing when I saw our chap drop on the tail of this German and put him out of commission. It was very essential that our wires be kept intact. The German shells were creating havoc in our communication system. We had put in four wires, so that in case of accident at least one of them would be in commission. As sergeant of the Signal Corps, I was in charge of, and, of course, responsible for, the proper operation of our wires. I saw a shell strike near me and sever one of the wires. I hurried to where the break had occurred, connected the severed wire, and began tapping the splices. Just as I was finishing the splicing of the wire an infantry platoon came up. A 77 shell, which is a little larger than our three-inch shell, dropt near me. When it exploded it knocked the lieutenant in charge of the platoon, myself, and one of my corporals down. As a matter of fact, the shell lit within six feet of me. The force of its explosion threw me some distance. The concussion knocked the wind out of me and knocked me unconscious.

When I became conscious, my arm was hanging limp at my side. There was no particular pain, but I could not use my arm. I jumped into a shell-hole

near by. Oddly enough, the only sensations that I seemed to feel were those of intense anger at the Germans for interrupting me at my work. The fragment which hit me had broken my elbow and had gone on, breaking the bone in my upper arm. I started back afoot to the dressing-station, which was about half a mile in the rear. My arm did not hurt much, but I felt weak and shaken. It was bleeding badly, so they put a compress on it and four tourniquets. I told the officer and his sergeant who dressed my arm to fix it so that it would not bleed, as I wanted to go back and finish my job of splicing the wires, and I also had in the back of my head a pretty ardent desire to get the squarehead that had wounded me. However, the officer would not let me go back into the line. He asked me if I could walk up to where the ambulance would come up, which was a quarter of a mile to the rear. I told him I thought I could. It was just about all I could do to make it, for, before I got there, I was walking all over the road and felt pretty wobbly.

They put me on a stretcher with three other wounded men, in a G. M. C. ambulance. The road was full of shell-holes and the Germans were shelling it constantly. We drove fifteen miles, and every rod of it was painful. The other men suffered badly, for they were worse shot up than I was. Several times shells lit pretty close to our ambulance, but somehow or other we got through all right. The ambulance took us to where we were put aboard a hospital-train. But the German airmen flew over the hospital train and dropt bombs, one of which hit a coach, destroying it. They cut out the coach, threw it off the track, and went on again to base hospital 36, at Vittel.

In that hospital there were things to see and understand, poignant details told with the simplicity of utter truthfulness. The brief account of how death came to a "badly wounded chap" while he was eating a bunch of grapes is unforgettable. Mr. Lockley quotes the young soldier:

The courage of the chaps who are wounded was one of the wonderful things to me. I have seen many a chap die without a whimper. When you see fellows all around you dying, somehow dying seems sort of natural, and you don't mind it much. It's like seeing your comrades bumped off in battle. You sort of take it for granted. Once in a while you see a fellow who puts up a holler about "going west," but not very often. I remember a chap in the hospital near me. He was a foreigner. He had a flesh wound. He kept groaning and finally said: "Oh, orderly. Come and knock me on the head and put me out of my misery." The orderly stopt eating, looked up, and said: "Can't you let a man have time to eat his dinner? Wait till I have finished my dinner and I'll put you out of your misery, all right."

On the other side of my cot was a chap badly wounded. He was sitting up in bed eating a bunch of grapes. I saw him flinch occasionally as a twinge of pain would get him, but he never said a word. I watched him. I had seen death come to lots of the boys. You can usually see death coming. His face grew gray and drawn. His eyes began to get glassy. He could hardly raise the grapes to his lips. His breath began coming a little hard and loud, as if he was out of breath

Being a thousand times Right



IN a great quiet room of the Billings & Spencer plant, row upon row of master craftsmen give the best there is in them to a work as delicate as fine watchmaking.

They are cutting, with lifetime trained fingers, the shapes of the forgings in great blocks of solid steel.

They are making the master dies, and no matter how long the task may take, the only requirement is absolute accuracy—absolute compliance with specifications.

For when that die is gripped in the ram of a great drop hammer—when it falls with crashing weight upon the bars of white-hot steel—forgings take shape which duplicate that die to the hair's

breadth of an inch. The die cutter is right, not once, but a thousand times.

So it is with the men to whom fourteen-foot hammers are pliant servants—and the men who for a lifetime have studied steel—and the men who do nothing all day long but temper dies—their only goal is that the Triangle B forging shall be right, not once, but always.

This company is the first commercial drop forging plant in America.

When Abraham Lincoln entrusted to C. E. Billings the forging of the pistols of the Black Horse Cavalry, he made possible the beginning of that long and honorable record which has culminated in the great Billings & Spencer plant of today. "Into every forging goes our entire reputation." That is the Billings & Spencer creed.



The
**BILLINGS
& SPENCER CO**
Hartford

© 1919—B. & S. Co.

The First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America
Drop Forgings Hand Tools Forging Machinery

Power That Never Fails - Plus - Economy



ON a Stromberg-equipped machine power response is immediate and there's enough to answer any need. There is a determined driving power that surmounts the most difficult of travel obstacles.

The New Stromberg has demonstrated by repeated tests that it consumes far less fuel in production of "sufficient" energy. It increases efficiency—and reduces expense in a manner that renders it absolutely essential equipment on any car.

Send name, year and model of your machine for descriptive literature.

Stromberg Motor Devices Co.
Dept. 319, 64 East 25th Street
Chicago, Ill.

New STROMBERG Does it!
CARBURETOR

from running. He relaxed, and his breath stopt. He had "gone west."

On October 4 the Red Cross sent a cable for me to my people so they would not be worried over the report of my being wounded. The cablegram did not arrive here in Portland till December 21. It was held up somewhere and took two months and sixteen days to reach my parents. For that matter, I have received no pay check since last July, so that six months' pay is due me, and no mail reached me after the early part of August. No one will ever know how the chaps who are badly wounded in the hospitals long for letters from home. We could have bought many little luxuries we craved while we were in the hospital if we had received our long overdue pay checks. It used to make me feel pretty bad to see badly wounded chaps in my ward, who knew they couldn't live long, ask so hopefully for the letters from home that never came. How it would have cheered them up to have letters from their loved ones before they "went west." The letters they were so anxious for will in time be returned to their home folks unread.

The surgeon felt around in my torn arm and fished out a fragment of shell as large around as a lead pencil and about an inch long. He gave it to me as a souvenir. I put it at the head of my bed to keep, but it had bits of flesh sticking to its jagged surface, and as it drew the flies to my cot I threw it away. My arm had become infected and paralyzed. They treated me with the Daiken solution every two hours. They cut my arm open and ran tubes through the flesh through which they ran this Daiken solution. It saved my arm. The surgeon told me it had saved the arms and legs of hundreds of thousands of wounded soldiers during this war. They also practise *débridement*, which is very helpful. I know it was in my case. Tho the incision is much larger, the wound heals more quickly.

From this evacuation hospital I went to base hospital 115, at Vichy, where Vichy water gets its name. I left there October 20 for Savennoy, near St. Nazaire, and thence to Brest. I was put aboard the *Pocahontas*, formerly the German ship *Princess Irene*. We left Brest November 6 and docked at Newport News November 20. We had 186 wounded men aboard. Two of the gas cases died on the way over. It seemed as if a dark cloud had rolled from the sky when our wireless picked out of the sky the news of the signing of the armistice on November 11.

I have a wound that will probably be rated somewhere between ten per cent. and thirty per cent. disability. Every man with a ten per cent. disability or more is given an opportunity to prepare himself for a vocation at the expense of the Government. He is given free tuition in any college or technical school he cares to attend and is paid \$65 per month, or his regular army pay, whichever happens to be the larger, while he is securing his education. Whether it takes one year or four, and whether he wants to be a plumber or a preacher, a lawyer or a bricklayer, is all the same to the Government. I am going to take the course in fishery.

My grandfather Reese enlisted in the Civil War when he was 17. Ancestors of both my mother and my father served in the Revolutionary War. If Abner Barlow and Captain Cluggage, my father's and mother's forbears, could fight for liberty in 1776, why, my two brothers and myself decided that we could fight for liberty in 1917-18.

Packard Price Insurance

In fairness and justice to all purchasers of Packard transportation units, whether Packard Trucks or the famous Twin Six Passenger Cars, we wish to make plain our position regarding prices for the coming year.



THE Packard policy is nothing short of absolute insurance of your investment at present price quotations. If at any period during 1919, by reason of lower costs of material and labor, or for any other reason, this Company finds it possible to make a price reduction, this reduction will not only be made, but made retroactive; and we will refund to every previous 1919 purchaser the full amount of the difference between the price he paid and the new price.

If, on the other hand, production costs should increase and a higher price become necessary, the present purchaser has the advantage of his investment, as the new price will apply only to those whose orders are received *after* the change is announced.

As we stated some weeks ago, Packard prices are carefully and accurately based on the cost of material and labor. There was no artificial inflation during the war, and costs have not decreased since we last manufactured for private consumption, consequently there is no leeway for a price reduction now.

If a reduction becomes possible every present buyer sees his investment protected and insured.

This policy, while unique in the automobile world today, is consistent with Packard policy, and seems to us the most fair and straight-forward way of meeting present conditions.

Were we to make a guarantee that present prices would be maintained, it would mean a one-sided bargain in favor of the manufacturer, as it would prevent us giving the buyer a reduction, should material and labor costs justify a reduction.

The Packard Company makes a greater percentage of all the parts that enter into its car than is made by any other fine automobile concern in America. It does this because it cannot buy and assemble parts that are up to the Packard Standard of service and quality.

Skilled labor of necessity enters very largely into the production of so beautiful, so simple and so proficient a mechanism.



The net result is that the upkeep of a Packard Twin Six is less than that of compromise cars at half or two-thirds the Packard price.

To the man who can afford the first cost, a Packard delivers utility value for every dollar of his investment, greater economy, less depreciation; and it does not ask him or his family to compromise in the service, the comfort, the safety of their motoring.

From present indications there will not be enough of either Packard cars or trucks to meet the demand this year.

Trucks are ready for immediate delivery. Your order for a Packard Twin Six passenger car of any model should be registered with your Packard dealer at once to insure late spring delivery.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit

Transportation Specialists—for freight or passenger service by high road or air route—Trucks, Passenger Cars and Airplanes

Stewart

MOTOR TRUCKS

Full Stewart Power Used for Driving

The Stewart method of applying power delivers more than 90 per cent to the rear wheels. It makes the springs, instead of the tires, absorb starting, stopping and road shocks. This lengthens the life of tires and truck. It reduces gasoline consumption.

Power is utilized as fully at three miles an hour as at full speed. It gives full power value even at the start, whether on the level or on a steep grade. These features are uncommon in motor trucks.

Let a Stewart dealer explain why this is true. He will be glad to show the construction that eliminates loss of power in the Stewart.

Stewart price is \$200 to \$300 below the average for trucks of equal capacity.

Stewarts have 600 to 700 fewer parts. Adjustments that invite tinkering and tampering have been eliminated.

Lubrication is simple and accessible. There are fewer grease cups and places to oil. Stewarts are designed to be fool-proof.

Thousands of Stewarts are used throughout the United States and in 24 foreign countries. They are giving daily service in more than 200 different lines of business. Some are operated in fleets of 5 to 50.



Cost less to buy
(Compare the Value)

Cost less to run
(Ask Stewart Owners)

Give longer service
(In five years no Stewart has worn out)

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION

Buffalo, New York

¾ Ton Chassis	-	\$1050.00
1 Ton Chassis	-	1575.00
1½ Ton Chassis	-	1975.00
2 Ton Chassis	-	2575.00
3½ Ton Chassis	-	3500.00
(f. o. b. Buffalo)		

(17)



SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

"SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST" IN THE WAR

WE may be animals in our bodily make-up, but the war has proved that we are more than that, and the people who argued for a "survival of the fittest" on the zoological plane have learned something, or should have done so. One of many reasons given for the continued study of zoology, observes Dr. Herbert Osborn in an address before the zoological section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, printed in *Science* (New York), is that the great problems of human society are "fundamentally zoological." They are founded on the facts of sex, industry, and other relations that exist between animals to-day as they exist between man and man. And in particular the Great War may be looked upon as an incident in the struggle for existence that is going on everywhere in animate nature. Dr. Osborn is satisfied that the "fittest" have finally come out on top, altho he is not sure that the commonly accepted definition of this word will hold. He says:

"The great problems of human society, racial, sexual, industrial, commercial, have their basic foundations in conditions that are fundamentally zoological—that is, dependent upon the animal nature of man and having their roots far back in the soil of animal life of which man is a part, even if he is the most recent and dominant of the process of evolution.

"Whether we will or not, we must recognize these inherited conditions and capacities of our species and may well consider in what regard the fundamental laws of evolution apply to present-day problems of human development. Shall we still adhere to the idea of brute force as the determining factor in the survival of the fittest or shall we adjust our vision to the conception of ideas of justice, morality, love for the beautiful, and of ethical standards as the highest and most advanced product of that great force of evolution which we, as zoologists, most confidently accept as the method of the universe? Shall we do our utmost to preserve and develop these latest, finest, most attractive products of evolution or permit them to degenerate like vestiges of unused organs?

"Possibly I may have been alone, but I suspect that many of my zoological friends have found the past few months a time of soul-searching questioning and review of our accepted beliefs in organic evolution, to discover, if possible, whether there is any warrant for the claim that they can be made to support and justify, even in distorted form, such unspeakably inhuman activities as have followed in the wake of the attempt to establish domination for a self-styled superior race. Of course, we may now interpret the result if we choose as establishing the place of the triumphant side in the contest, but I do not think we need stop to argue concerning the 'fittest' in this 'struggle for existence.' There is too much to be done, too many vital issues at stake for human progress in the immediate future, and all our resources in thought and action will be demanded in their solu-

tion. But, granting all this, must we not face the cold fact that our basic principle in organic evolution is capable of misinterpretation or misapplication when it is in any way possible for it to be invoked as the justification for starting such a train of misery and death to the nations of the whole world? It takes remarkable optimism concerning the betterment of mankind as the results of this war (and unquestionably betterment may come in many regards) in order to feel that the evolution of our human family to higher conceptions of order and cooperation in national affairs could not have been achieved without the tremendous, monstrous cost of such a war.

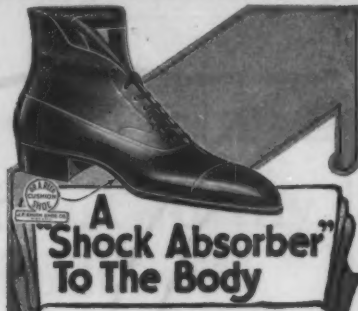
"Ought we not in all fairness to a biological principle which we believe to have been the basis of all our achievements in morality, altruism, and ethical standards of human society to see if possible that its basic principles, its proper interpretations, and its proper results are so imprinted upon our biological thought and policies of education that zoology as a science can never again be charged with such infamous doctrine as a support for the divine right of kings or the origin of a world-war such as has agonized the nations of the present day?

"The growth and progress of science itself have so much at stake that, even with a narrow, selfish interest in the advancement of our special branch of study, we can not be indifferent, but as part of a greater educational world and a still greater world of human activity we owe it to ourselves and our science that our principles be not only well established, but that they are correctly interpreted to the world at large. We have here not only a great aim, but a great and most significant opportunity. If our statesmen can be brought to think and act on the basis of a most enlightened biological interpretation of the world and human society, I believe we need have little fear for the safety of future generations."

THE SPRING WAR ON VARIOUS "BUGS"

THE spring offensive against insect and vegetable parasites is already due in parts of our country, and the area of conflict will spread steadily northward. The damage done by parasites to plants is very great, and neglect of spraying often causes great damage. Weapons used in the "drive" on insects are sprayers of various types—the bucket pumps suitable for use in a garden; the compressed-air sprayers, which are partly filled with the spray mixture, then closed and air pumped in, exerting pressure upon the liquid and forcing it out in the form of a fine spray; the dusters, which consist of various forms of bellows or blowers operated by hand, discharging sulfur evenly and economically. The use of these weapons and the choice of deadly agents to be employed as ammunition are discussed in *The Missouri Botanical Garden Bulletin* (St. Louis, February). Says this publication:

"The use of chemicals for destruction of insect pests had its origin with the advent of the Colorado potato-beetle, about 1870. The spread of this insect was so rapid that it was feared that growing of potatoes was doomed. A trial of spraying the tops with Paris green succeeded so well that it gave rise to the use of chemicals for the control of other rapidly increasing



A Shock Absorber To The Body

Not only that, but the famous innercushion is a non-conductor of heat or cold.

The Original and Genuine

Dr. A. Reed

CUSHION SHOES

J.P. SMITH SHOE CO.—JOHN EBBERTS SHOE CO.


Makers of Men's Shoes — Makers of Women's Shoes

Chicago Buffalo

Extra comfort at no extra cost in these "easiest shoes on earth." It's all in the cushion.

If there is no Dr. A. Reed dealer in your city, write us.

STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates.



How Much Gas Is In Your Tank?

Never again need you be bothered with this vexing question. It is answered for all time to come by

THE

Gasograph

TRADE MARK

No matter where the tank is located, this wonderfully simple gauge is always before you—on the instrument board.

The Gasograph is always accurate. You always know how much gas is in your tank. No more getting out to see. No more measuring with a stick.

The Gasograph is as beautifully made as your speedometer and just as necessary. Easy to install. No springs, floats or wires. Save time, trouble and delay. Get a Gasograph today. It fits all cars having gravity or vacuum feed.

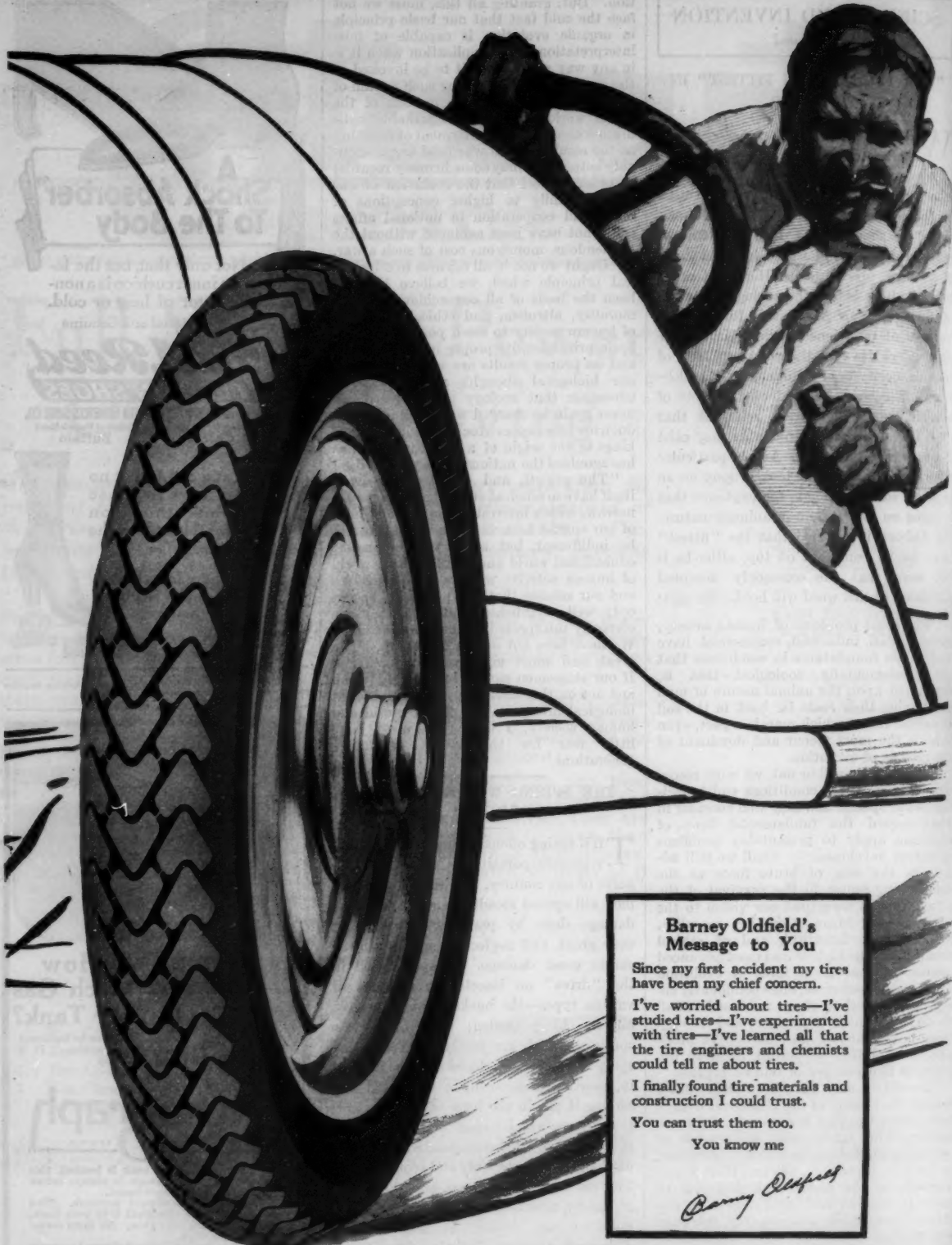
For tanks under seat \$7.00

For tanks in rear \$7.50

Order direct from us or through your dealer. State make and year of your car. Address

New Standard Adding Machine Co.

Dept. 2 D St. Louis, Mo.



The illustration shows a man from the chest up, driving a car. He is wearing a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. His hands are on a large, dark steering wheel. The car's body is visible, including the door and a side mirror. The most prominent feature is a large, detailed tire with a deep, zigzag tread pattern. The tire is shown in a three-quarter view, emphasizing its size and tread. The background is a simple, light-colored surface with some faint, stylized lines suggesting motion or a road.

**Barney Oldfield's
Message to You**

Since my first accident my tires
have been my chief concern.

I've worried about tires—I've
studied tires—I've experimented
with tires—I've learned all that
the tire engineers and chemists
could tell me about tires.

I finally found tire materials and
construction I could trust.

You can trust them too.

You know me

Barney Oldfield

OLDFIELD

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

Your motor car is exactly as good as its tires.

It can't be better, for—without tires—it will not carry you a single mile.

Doubtful tires make even the best car a doubtful reliance. You must be able to trust your tires day or night, storm or sunshine, city street or country road.

Service, comfort, even your own safety and that of those who ride with you, depend on trustworthy tires.



are tires founded on the observation, experience and study of Barney Oldfield, the greatest tire user in the world—a man who has, for nearly 20 years, earned his living on tires—trusted his life to them—on track and speedway—on roads of every state, in every kind of weather and going.

Barney Oldfield designs and builds these tires for you, and recommends them as "The most trustworthy tires built."

A strong and resourceful company has been formed and financed to supply your Oldfield Tires. These tires are already being delivered to distributors. You will soon see them on sale everywhere—in every size, fabric or cord, plain or anti-skid.

But you will find them in only one quality—the highest—the quality Barney Oldfield is willing to recommend to you.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.

BARNEY OLDFIELD
PRESIDENT
CLEVELAND, O.



TIRES

Tire Merchants—

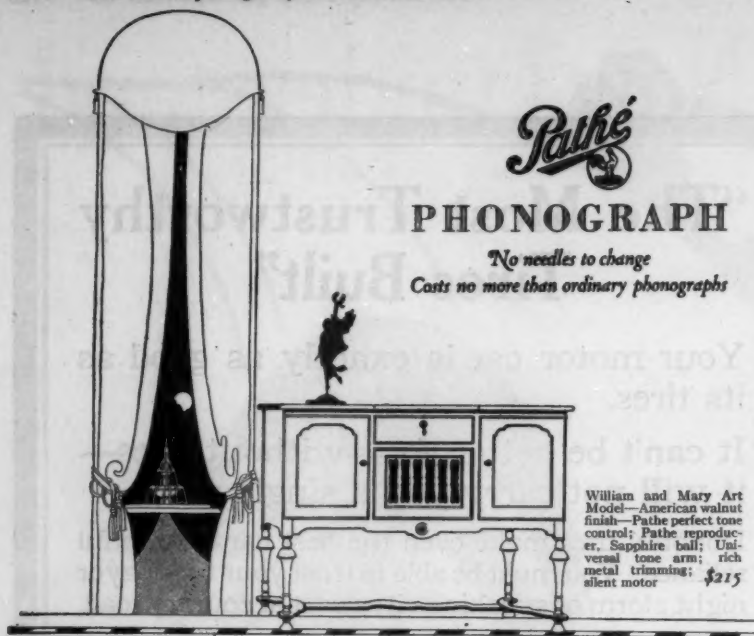
The right to sell Oldfield Tires is a supremely valuable asset to any tire dealer and distributor.

This distinction will give you first call on the tire business of your territory.

Your territory may still be open.

Grasp this opportunity and assure yourself a permanent affiliation that will enable you to grow with us, as we expand the scope of this business.

Write or wire for application blank.



Pathe PHONOGRAPH

No needles to change
Costs no more than ordinary phonographs

William and Mary Art Model—American walnut finish—Pathe perfect tone control; Pathe reproducer, Sapphire ball; Universal tone arm; rich metal trimming; silent motor \$215

Like a Drop of Water

The Pathé Sapphire Ball runs smoothly, silently, without wear. The clear, round tones of the music flow from the records; are not scratched off. No needles to change; no needles to wear the records; always ready to play.

The design, workmanship and selected woods of the simple instruments at \$32.50, or the more elaborate

Art Models, are of one quality and standard—the best.

In addition all Pathé models have a scientifically designed wood tone chamber, eliminating the blasting and metallic sounds in loud records. With the Pathé Con-



trolla you can play any record loudly or softly with the same Sapphire Ball.

Keep up with Broadway

Pathé has the latest hits—first and best—usually six to eight weeks ahead—one-steps, jazes and fox-trots craze; the newest songs while Broadway is still whistling them.

Played with the Sapphire Ball, Pathé records are guaranteed to play 1,000 times.

Go to the Pathé dealer in your town; hear the liquid tone of the Pathé played with the Sapphire Ball. Your ear will hear the superiority of the Pathé tone.

PATHE FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH CO.

Eugene A. Widman, Pres.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Pathé Frères Phonograph Company, Limited
Toronto, Can.

No. 12 A big beautiful cabinet. Mahogany or oak (golden or flumed); Universal tone arm; Pathe perfect tone control; Pathe reproducer, Sapphire ball; silent motor. All wood tone chamber \$140



No. 10 Mahogany or oak (golden or flumed); Universal tone arm; Pathe perfect tone control; Pathe reproducer, Sapphire ball; silent motor. All wood tone chamber \$120



The Pathé plays all makes of Records

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

insect pests. At present the methods of control have developed so as to embrace the majority of injurious insects and have relieved the plant world to a certain extent of the depredation caused by these parasites.

"The application of chemicals for control is based upon the understanding of the feeding habits of the insects as well as partially upon the life histories and internal structures of their bodies. The insects may be divided into two groups, according to their feeding habits—the chewing and the sucking. The former have biting mouth parts constructed to eat the foliage, and usually may be killed by an application to the foliage of stomach poisons. The best of such poisons are Paris green (five ounces Paris green, one pound lump lime, fifty gallons water); arsenate of lead (two pounds to fifty gallons water); and hellebore (one ounce to one gallon water). Of these, the arsenate of lead is the most effective, combining strong poisoning and sticking qualities. Hellebore is desirable for short duration use, losing its effectiveness in four or five days.

"The sucking insects derive their food by inserting their beaks through the surface of the leaf, fruit, or bark, and sucking out the internal juices. It is useless to apply a stomach poison for this type, as up to the present time there has been no preparation devised which would penetrate the outer surface of the leaf without injuring the internal tissues. Therefore, the second class of insects must be killed by contact sprays, i.e., by chemicals applied directly to their bodies. The contact poisons include commercial lime-sulfur, kerosene emulsion, and tobacco extract. The kerosene emulsion is prepared by dissolving half a pound hard soap in hot water, adding two gallons kerosene, and later diluting in from five to fifteen parts of water, depending upon the type of insect and the kind of foliage. The commercial tobacco extract contains nicotine sulfate. The usual dilution of this substance when sprayed is one to five hundred parts of water or even weaker, depending upon the tenderness of the insect skin.

"Advantage has also been taken of the suffocating properties of certain gases for destroying insects, particularly in stored products. These chemicals are known as fumigants. Carbon bisulfid (one pound to each one hundred cubic feet of space) is a fumigant very commonly used. The material to be treated is placed in a tight receptacle or room and the chemical poured into shallow dishes. As the carbon bisulfid is a heavier gas than air, the dishes should be located above the material to be fumigated. Sulfur mixed with lime and painted upon heating pipes also throws off fumes injurious to tender-bodied insects. The most active fumigative agent, however, is hydrocyanic gas, made by combining water, sulfuric acid, and potassium cyanid in the ratio of three ounces water, one ounce sulfuric acid, and one ounce potassium cyanid or sodium cyanid. Fumigation with this gas should be done at night, and all plant surfaces should be dry, failure to observe either of these precautions resulting in injury to the plants. The gas is a deadly poison to human beings as well as insects, so that extraordinary caution must be used in its application. Commonly, the water is

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

placed in an earthen vessel and the sulfuric acid poured slowly into it. The potassium cyanid is then wrapt in a piece of cloth and dropt into the vessel, the operator leaving the room quickly. Fumigation with tobacco is now done by the use of specially prepared papers saturated with a solution of nicotin sulfate. These are twisted in a funnel shape and ignited, producing a thick, suffocating smoke.

"Occasionally, substances like lime, tobacco-dust, naphthalene, etc., have the power of repelling insects by their odor and are thus effectively used in powder form."

WHAT ARMY GAS-MASKS WILL NOT DO

CAN army gas-masks be used in the industries for protection against poisonous and irritating gases? Inquiries received by the United States Bureau of Mines show a general belief on the part of the public that this type of mask will protect the wearer under all conditions against any gas whatsoever, to the exclusion of the more cumbersome mine-rescue breathing apparatus. This belief, altho erroneous, will no doubt be further confirmed, the Bureau thinks, by discharged soldiers who have been trained in the use of the gas-mask and have been taught that it gives them absolute protection against all gases used in warfare or likely to be used. These men will not realize that out in the open battle-field the percentage of gas can never be as large as in the confined spaces of a factory. A mask may afford protection under outdoor conditions and break down indoors where there is a greater concentration of gas. It must also be remembered, we are told, that the absorbents in the army respirator, which filter out the poisonous gas, are specially designed for the gases used in warfare, and do not protect against the more common industrial gases, such as illuminating, natural, producer, and blast-furnace gas. In view of these limitations of the army gas-mask, which, if not realized, will lead to serious accidents and fatalities, the Bureau of Mines has just issued from its Pittsburg Experiment Station (February 11) a brief statement of the industrial use and limitations of dust-respirators, gas-masks, and oxygen-breathing apparatus. We quote as follows:

"Protection from dust and liquid mists is obtained by the use of a simple dust-respirator, which removes these particles by means of a filter of moist sponge, cotton, or wool pad, porous paper, or even a very fine-mesh metallic gauze. The respirator may enclose the mouth and nose only, or it may be combined with a face-mask containing eye-pieces if the eye must also be protected. The simple 'pig-snout' respirator containing a moist sponge has been on the market for years. It is highly uncomfortable to wear, rather insufficient for removing fine

Now I understand

Being modest, and knowing very little about advertising, I have never quite understood how a few ads of mine could induce over a million men to use Mennen's Shaving Cream.

A conversation I overheard in a Pullman the other day cleared up the mystery. It seems it wasn't my ads that did it at all.

They were talking about advertising—appeared to know all about it.

"It isn't always advertising that sells goods," said one. "Take Mennen's Shaving Cream for example. Its advertising is written by a mere amateur who talks about himself more than about the Cream. Yet I understand that in a very short time this Cream has won leading rank in sales. That is simply because it's a great shaving preparation—the finest I ever used."

"That so?" inquired the other man, "I never tried it."

"Then you don't know what a perfect shave feels like. Why honestly, Mennen's actually makes you enjoy shaving. You don't have to rub it in. It works perfectly with cold water. The lather holds three times as much moisture as anything

I ever used—never dries on the face. And say! You can hoe the stubble off like scraping cream off a pan of milk."

Well, sir, that man raved about Mennen's for ten minutes and actually made the other chap promise to buy a tube that night.

Get the point? Every man who uses Mennen's goes around the country boosting for it—sort of an endless chain of personal recommendation.

I know it couldn't have been my ads—even though I never heard of a man who had tried one of my 12 cent demonstrator tubes without loosening up for a full-sized tube after two or three Mennen shaves.

There's probably one of those coupon things below if you want a demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



Send 12c for
the Demon-
strator Tube

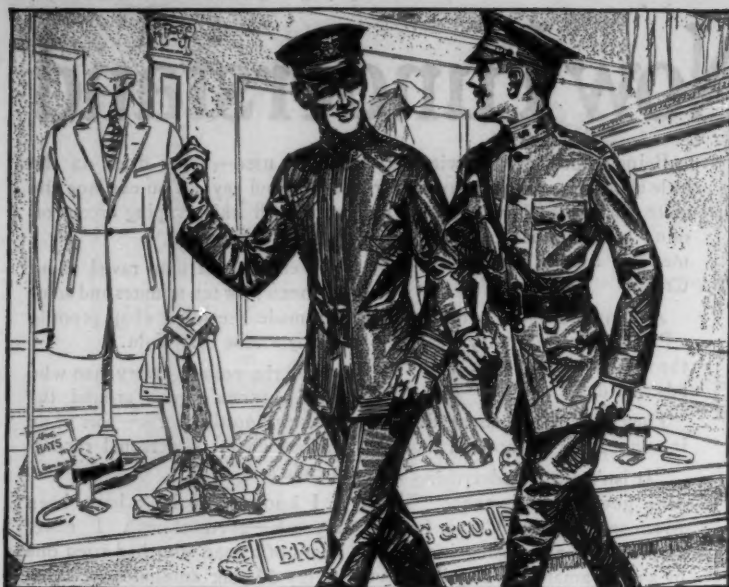
JIM HENRY
House of Mennen
42 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:

Most of my friends use Mennen's and talk about it. Guess I'll have to come through. Here's 12 cents for a Demonstrator Tube.

Name.....

Address.....



You who have served have learned to judge true worth in men and things—

And it is natural, now that you are going back into civil life, that you will continue to judge by the war-time standard of *real value*.

For this reason particularly, we know that you will appreciate Michaels-Stern Value-First Clothes. For they are not only styled smartly and tailored well, but they have *real value*—they give the most for the money.

Value is woven into the cloth, *value* is tailored into the garment, *value* is expressed by smarter style and finer fit. In fact, *value* has been for more than a half-century the distinguishing mark of Michaels-Stern Value-First Clothes.

"WHAT Good Clothes Did For Me"—a success-story reprinted from the American Magazine will be sent free on request. Address Michaels, Stern & Co., Rochester, N. Y.



Michaels - Stern
VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

\$25 to \$60—At VALUE-FIRST Dealers

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

dust, and most workmen prefer to tie a large handkerchief over their nose and mouth. Some improvement has been made in recent years, but on the whole a really efficient and comfortable dust-respirator that workmen will wear continuously is yet to be devised."

Returning to the army gas-mask, the writer reminds us that it consists of a face-piece of rubber and cloth fabric, containing eye-pieces and connected by a rubber tube to a canister containing charcoal and soda-lime for filtering out the inhaled air. The whole is supported in a knapsack slung from the neck. He goes on:

"The army gas-mask is by no means the protective appliance that it is popularly believed to be. It does not afford universal protection against all gases, nor can it ever be used safely in low oxygen atmospheres. It furnishes no oxygen to the wearer and can only remove comparatively small percentages of poisonous gas from inhaled air, usually less than 1 or 2 per cent. Higher percentages will immediately penetrate the canister and 'gas' the wearer. The standard army gas-mask will furnish protection against percentages not exceeding 2 per cent. of the following gases in air: Sulfur dioxide, hydrogen sulfid, chlorin, carbon bisulfid, nitrogen peroxid, anilin vapor, benzyl bromid, benzyl chlorid, chloracetone, chloropierin, hydrogen chlorid, phosgene, sulfur chlorids, xylid bromid, stannic chlorid, titanium tetrachlorid, and silicon tetrachlorid.

"It will be seen from the above that the field of usefulness of the army mask is confined to certain of the chemical industries, around smelters and roasters where sulfur fumes are given off and in the industries using chlorin and bleaching powder. The army canister also contains cotton filter pads which remove irritating and poisonous dusts, which increases its usefulness around smelters where sulfur and arsenic fumes must be removed.

"The army mask furnishes no protection whatever against carbon monoxid. This is the poisonous constituent of blast-furnace, producer, and illuminating gases, and of mine-gases after fires and explosions in coal-mines. Carbon monoxid is also likely to be present in ordinary fire-fighting conditions met by fire departments. Moreover, in all of these cases there is likely to be a deficiency of oxygen. Therefore, for adequate protection against these conditions the oxygen-breathing apparatus must be used, and reliance on the army mask may be fatal.

"The Bureau of Mines is working on a carbon monoxid mask and hopes to develop one that may be used in the future for low concentrations of this gas, but such a mask is not now available.

"Ammonia is another gas that will penetrate the standard army canister. However, a special chemical may be placed in the army canister which will adapt it for use around refrigerating plants.

"The self-contained oxygen-breathing apparatus can never be displaced by the gas-mask for use in atmospheres deficient in oxygen. Such atmospheres are encountered in mine-rescue work, in gas-mains, blast-furnace stoves, gasoline tanks,



The Same "Shoulders of Strength"

MEN who build big bridges know the need of "shoulders of strength".

On any great bridge, mark the massive buttresses that brace and reinforce—that give greatest strength where strength is needed.

Ajax, and Ajax alone, has brought the buttress into automobile tire construction. We call them Ajax Shoulders of Strength. That's exactly what they are—Shoulders of Strength that give far greater wear to Ajax Tires.

AJAX ROAD KING

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

Note the section of the mighty Ajax Road King. See that supporting shoulder. On both sides of the tread, these Shoulders of Strength brace and re-inforce the wearing surface. They mean more tread on the road—greater strength where strength is needed.

Shoulders of Strength are an exclusive Ajax feature. They are a feature the tire buyer can see. He can feel the greater strength they give to every tire that bears the Ajax name.

The Ajax Road King deserves the great popularity it has won. The Road King is 97% Owners' Choice. By this we mean that 97% of our annual output is chosen by individual car owners to replace other tires that came on their cars.

On the heavy car, the medium weight or the lightest one, Ajax Tires have greater strength that means greater, longer wear. Buy Ajax Tires and Tubes from your nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot. Write for booklet "Ajax Shoulders of Strength".

Ajax Tires Are Guaranteed In Writing 5000 Miles

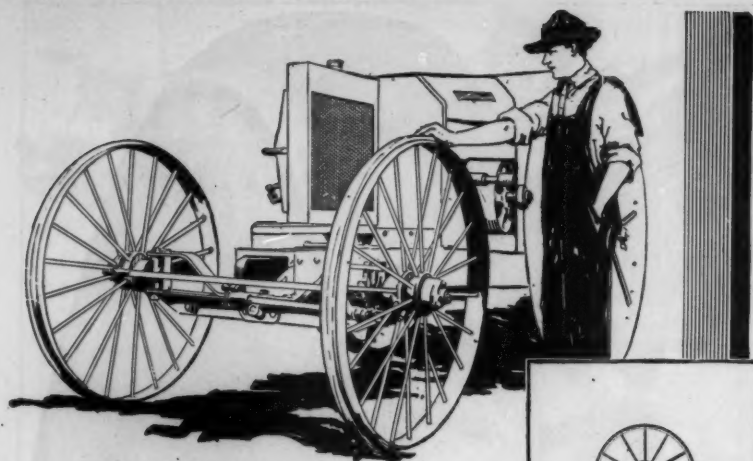
AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

NEW YORK

Factories: TRENTON, N. J.

BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES

AJAX TIRES



Parrett High Front Wheels— More Power at the Drawbar

Low wheels sink *into* the depressions—Parrett high wheels roll *over* them—easily. While the low wheeled tractor is continually using a part of its power to pull out of low spots and over slight irregularities of the ground, the high wheeled Parrett is delivering maximum power to the drawbar, which permits pulling a greater load.

Half the usual jerks, jars and wear and tear produced by uneven ground are eliminated by the Parrett high front wheels and flexible pivoted front axle. This permits an easier riding tractor—easier on operator, easier on motor and the entire power plant. Less fuel is required because there is less driving resistance to overcome.

Thus do Parrett high front wheels and flexible pivoted front axle add materially to the performance and the life of the tractor.

Many other highly desirable features, added to its proven dependability, have made the Parrett a leader in every farming community.

The Parrett pulls three 14-inch plows under ordinary conditions and will do any belt work requiring power equal to operating a 20 to 24-inch separator. It is self-steering in the furrow and is so easy to operate that a boy can successfully handle it.

Write us for additional information and the name of your nearby Parrett dealer.

PARRETT TRACTOR COMPANY
417 Fisher Building Chicago, Illinois

PARRETT
12-25 TRACTOR
PARRETT QUALITY SPEAKS FOR ITSELF
ONE MAN ALL PURPOSE

What the Parrett Can Do in April

Plowing, discing,
rolling wheat,
dragging roads,
stump-pulling,
manure spreading

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

etc. Aside from the lack of oxygen, carbon monoxid is also present, for protection against which the army mask is useless.

"The oxygen-breathing apparatus must also be used instead of the army gas-mask wherever there are large quantities of irrespirable or poisonous gases, as, for example, in entering a gasoline tank containing some residual liquid, or similar tanks, towers, and other closed spaces. The concentration of vapors produced by volatile liquids in closed containers is too high to be entirely removed by gas-mask absorbents. The only recourse in such cases is a self-contained appliance in which the wearer does not breathe any of the irrespirable atmosphere.

"Owing to the many factors entering into the use of protective respiratory appliances, the importance of competent advice on the selection and use of such appliances can not be overestimated. The fact that the Army and Navy used gas-masks has been widely disseminated and its significance is likely to be misunderstood, especially by men who have had some training in their use. It also should be made known that both the Army and Navy used the oxygen-breathing apparatus in its appropriate place.

"In connection with the Bureau of Mines' work of safeguarding the health of miners and workmen in the metallurgical industries, a general investigation of respirators, gas-masks, and breathing appliances is being undertaken at the Pittsburgh Experiment Station of the Bureau. This research will be conducted by experienced chemists and engineers who had charge of gas-mask research in the Bureau's war-gas investigations and subsequently in the Research Division of the Chemical Warfare Service, U. S. A."

RIGHT-HANDEDNESS AND POOR SIGHT

THAT the habitual use of the right arm and leg, to the subordination of the left, often results in poor eyesight, is asserted by Dr. George T. Stevens, of New York, in an article that first appeared in the *New York Medical Journal*, and is now reprinted as a pamphlet. Dr. Stevens specifies right-handedness, he tells us, only because it is the more common kind of inequality. Left-handedness is just as bad, he says; and only "both-handedness," or an even development of the two sides of the body, meets with his complete approval. How use of one side of the body develops one side of the brain, displacing the corresponding eye and spoiling the adjustments necessary for perfect binocular vision, is explained by Dr. Stevens in his article, from which we quote and condense the least technical paragraphs. He writes:

"Nothing in historic or in prehistoric times is more satisfactorily established than that the people who inhabited the sheltered and sunny riversides of southern Europe thirty thousand years ago, tho their clothing was scant and their knees were sprung, strictly observed the etiquette of their time and were emphatically and, so far as we have learned, almost unanimously right-handed. Altho these earlier

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

ances of pioneer Europeans disappeared before the advance of stronger races, their successors continued the custom of being right-handed.

"How do we know that these pioneer people were right-handed? When we turn up the cranium of one of these old relatives of ours (they are not necessarily our ancestors) we find as a rule, that the left side of the cranium, especially at its anterior part, is considerably more capacious than the right, from which we, of course, conclude that the left hemisphere of the cerebrum, especially at its anterior portion, was materially larger than the corresponding portion of the right hemisphere, and we also conclude that this is the result of the use of the right hand to a much greater extent than that of the left.

"The fashion which these men of old set prevails as universally now as it did fifty millenniums ago and produces the same deformity. The left hemisphere of the brain continues to outclass its fellow, and the cranium continues as unsymmetrical as it was in the old stone age.

"This brings us to the point of interest in our inquiry. In what respect can this deformity of the cranium be related to the function of vision?

"Let us recall that the cerebral location for the control of the movements of the arm and hand is near the anterior portion of the hemispheres. Resulting from the more general use of the right hand, this part of the left cerebrum at its anterior part is also correspondingly developed. A modification of the position of the orbit naturally results from this unequal development of the two sides of the cranium. The upper arch of the orbit is pushed outward and the axis of the cavity changed from a vertical to an oblique direction.

"The globe of the eye is thereby tilted, its vertical meridian leaning outward toward the temple. This tilting outward of the vertical meridian of the eye does not imply any disease, insufficiency, or disability of any muscle or muscles controlling the movements of the globe. The eye simply maintains its normal relation to the orbit, while the orbit does not maintain its normal relation to the cranium.

"Coming to the influence of these leanings upon vision, we can readily see that a certain confusion must result when the meridians are not in their normal relations.

"According to our accepted views of the physiology of binocular vision, the most perfect visual impressions are absolutely dependent upon such impressions being received on exact corresponding points. Of course, momentarily, we may make certain allowances in apparent violation of this principle, but we can not continue these allowances for a considerable time.

"Of course, the degree of visual confusion from inharmonious adjustments of the two retinas would depend largely upon the degree of the deviation of the meridians from the normal and also upon the physical ability of the subject of the anomaly to make the nearest approximate adjustments. In case of considerable deviation of the meridians, even the approximate adjustments are not continuous. There must of necessity arise a certain want of absolute fixation, even for a short time. It is not difficult to understand that such conditions of imperfect adjustments of the eyes may work greatly

Dictograph

System of Interior Telephones

Do not confuse with dictating machines



**No wasted steps—
No misspent energy—
No needless errors**

The Dictograph is the last word in Interior Telephone Systems, and is in daily use by over 50,000 leading executives in every line of business, large and small, throughout the country.

It can be used where only 2 or 3 stations are necessary, and is sufficiently elastic to meet the requirements of the larger organi-

zations, using 10, 20, 30, 40, up to 100 or more stations, depending upon the inter-communication requirements.

The Dictograph will simplify and expedite the work of every executive and employe in your organization—it will enable each to do more work, better work, quicker work, and yet permit each man to remain at his own desk or within his own department.

**May we give you an actual working,
talking, 5-minute demonstration?**

Let us show you how the famous loud-speaking Master Station gives the executive the "right of way"—how the voice is heard as perfectly as if the party talking were in the same room sitting at your desk—how you can hold conferences, dictate letters, re-

ceive reports, give orders, talk to callers—all without effort and without leaving your desk—while at the same time your organization is afforded complete, direct and efficient inter-office and inter-department communication.

Send for "An Essay on Executive Efficiency"

We want to send this booklet, free, to every interested executive with an inter-communication problem, whether bank, office, store, factory, plant or Governmental department. It will show you how to analyze your inter-communication problems, and how to lighten the burden of routine that tends to smother you and your other creative executives.

Send for your copy now—check the Coupon.

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Ask for special circulars.

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The Dictograph marks the beginning of a new era in home comforts and home organization. Write for special home folder.

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5-Minute Demonstration

☐ You may give us a 5-minute Demonstration of the Dictograph, with the understanding that it places the undersigned under no obligations.

Free Booklet

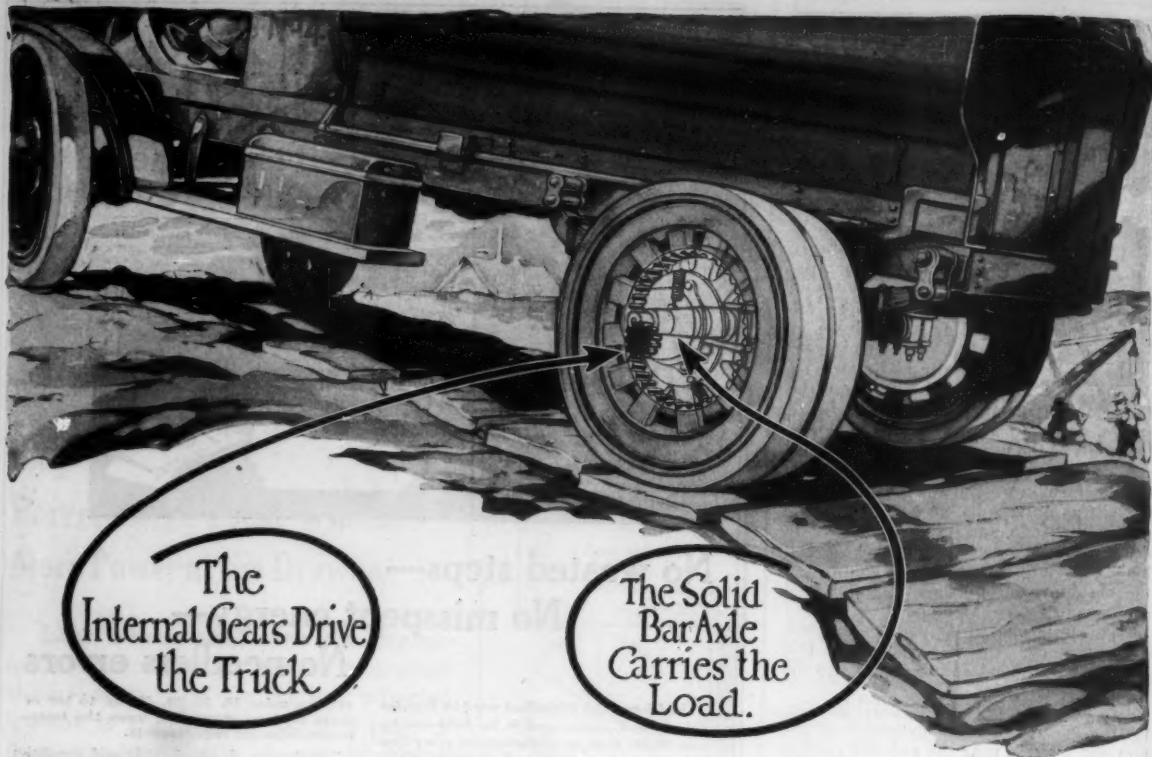
☐ You may mail "An Essay on Executive Efficiency," which analyzes the problem of inter-communication, and its relation to successful and economical conduct of modern business.

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The
Internal Gears Drive
the Truck

The Solid
Bar Axle
Carries the
Load.

THE RUSSEL DRIVE delivers the maximum power of the motor to the drive wheels. There is practically no friction which wastes power because the RUSSEL DRIVE employs spur gears, involving a rolling action—admittedly the most efficient method of transmitting power in a drive axle.

The entire weight of both truck and load is carried on a separate member of solid chrome nickel steel with spindles integral.

You can save gasoline and tires with a RUSSEL driven truck.

It affords the most road clearance.

RUSSEL MOTOR AXLE COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Russel

MASTER OF ROAD AND LOAD

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

to the disadvantage or to the dulling of vision.

"It may not be out of place to refer to the more immediate effects of the efforts at such adjustments as have been mentioned. Objects may appear well defined for a time, perhaps for a considerable time, but the efforts become at length fatiguing and, if the attention is directed to such exercises as reading or writing, the perplexity of the continued efforts results, if not in weariness of the eyes, more probably in an inability to fix in memory the ideas conveyed by the printed page, or in a more or less careless method of expression in case of writing.

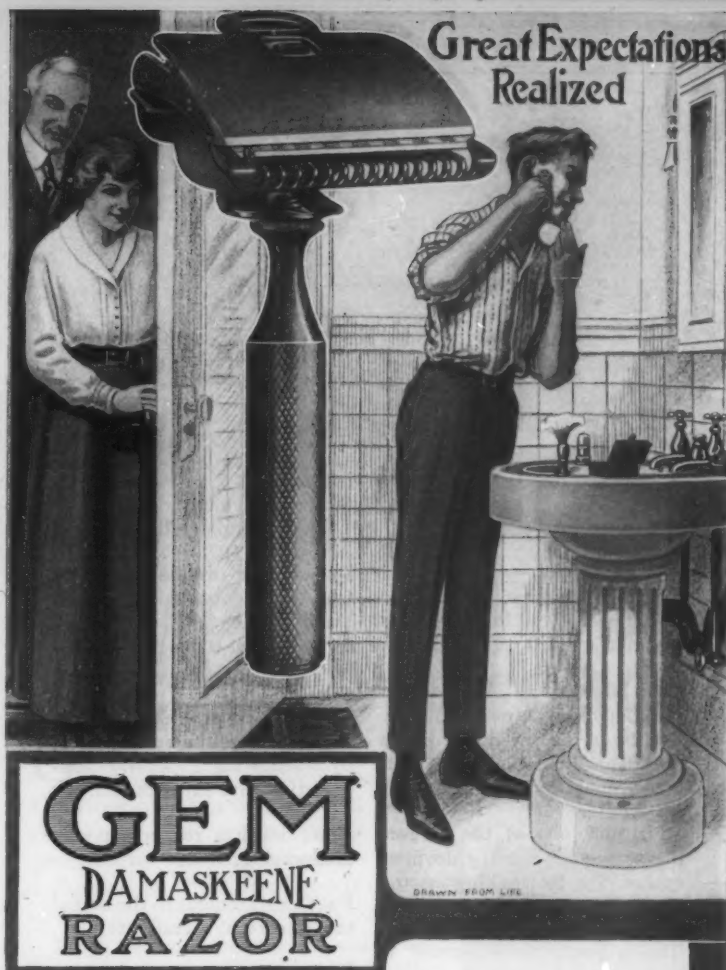
"It would seem that, from the point of view of the ophthalmologist as well as from the general point of view, the custom of being right-handed is one to be discouraged.

"The aim of the instruction of the child should be to induce the greatest efficiency in both hands while preventing the exclusive use of either. The boy or the girl should be strenuously taught to be what is called ambidextrous, and no effort should be spared to this end. The mother who would make the greatest sacrifices to prevent the deformity of a material difference in the length of the arms or of the legs of her child will deliberately take unending pains to make the two sides of the brain of her offspring emphatically unequal. Attention to physical development in other respects is given with emphasis, but one of the most important details of the physical development of the child is not simply neglected but its laws are actually and intentionally violated in favor of an ancient custom, the necessity for which passed away many generations since."

THE AIRPLANE AS A FARM SCOUT

THE use of the airplane in the agricultural field as a scout, to spy out hidden cotton-fields, is described by the United States Department of Agriculture in a recent press bulletin. In southern Texas, where the pink boll-worm has been trying to invade the United States from Mexico, there are cotton-free zones, declared by law as barriers against the progress of the worm. But a few misguided farmers feel that their rights have been infringed and have developed a tendency to tuck away a few acres of cotton in some nook of the woods beyond probability of discovery by ordinary means. Last year the department took advantage of an offer to try out the airplane for scouting work, and seven "outlaw" cotton-fields were thus spotted in the heavily wooded country along Trinity River and around Galveston Bay. To quote from the bulletin:

"Similar exploration and control work were conducted last fall and this winter. Lieutenant Compere [of the United States Aviation Service] has been at Ellington Field, Houston, Texas, in the center of the cotton-growing district infested with the pink boll-worm, and has become familiar with the general needs of the survey work. After discussing the possibilities with Dr. W. D. Hunter, a member of the Federal



Great Expectations Realized

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DAMASKEENE
RAZOR**

Drawn FROM LIFE

You can expect perfection in the **GEM Razor**—and get it. Make your first shave a **GEM** shave and so long as you use the **GEM**, your hopes for easy, clean, quick, safe shaving will be fully realized—millions of **GEMS** in use today—the friend of men of all ages, in all walks of life, for over 25 years.

*If the blade is right you are assured a good shave—if it's a **GEM Blade** you make assurance doubly sure—unmatched for keenness, smoothness, durability.*

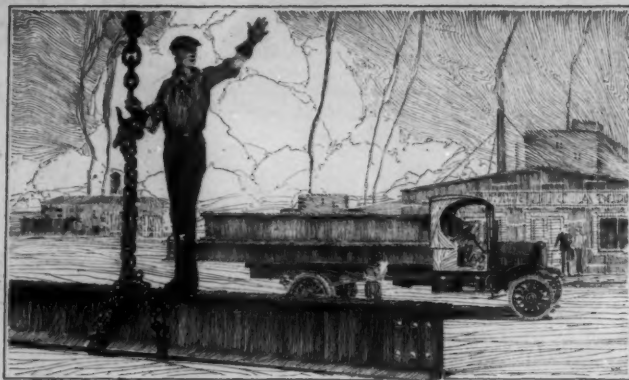


\$1.00 GEM Outfit Complete

includes frame, shaving and stropping handles, and seven **GEM Blades** in handsome case as illustrated, or in Khaki case for traveling.

Add 50c to above price, for Canada

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York
Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal



IDEALS can be transformed into service,

— and service — performance — is what you want when you buy a motor truck.

The Diamond T Motor Car Company, a little over a decade ago, *began* in the mind of the president of the Company, with little money and a big ideal.

It is now one of the largest plants in the country devoted exclusively to making motor trucks.

The original "little money" is now a great deal of money, — and the present ideal is the



very same ideal that the Company began with.

The original ideal was (and is) this: to build a motor truck that will give a service equal to, or better than, the best,

— and to keep down the production cost and the selling price, by eliminating expensive non-essentials and experiments.

That ideal is realized in the Diamond T.

Put this statement to the actual test of careful investigation.

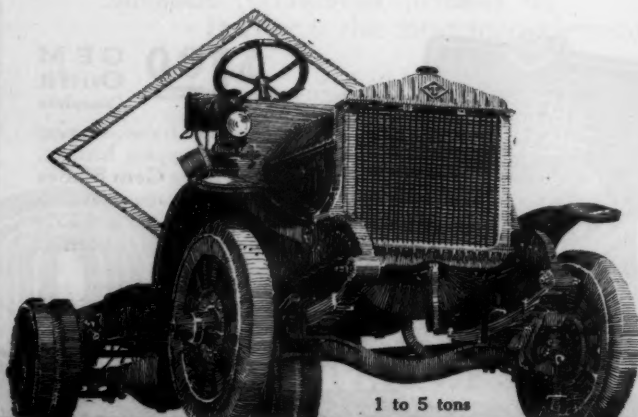
Write us about your trucking problems — we can help you, as we have helped others.

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY

4505 West 26th Street, Chicago, Illinois

DIAMOND T

THE NATION'S FREIGHT CAR



SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

Horticultural Board in charge of the field-work against the pink boll-worm in Texas, Lieutenant Compere became convinced that practical use could be made of his training as an aviator in connection with his scientific interest and training in entomology, and that the airplane would tremendously facilitate the scouting for the location of cotton-fields, both within and outside the quarantined areas. This territory includes wide stretches of more or less swampy forested tracts, in which occasional small patches of cotton are being grown, and which in the dearth of roads and resulting inaccessibility are very difficult to locate. Lieutenant Compere has received from the War Department full authority to undertake the work of locating cotton-fields in the observation zone, and this work was actually begun on January 14.

"Two flights were made on January 1 by Mr. Carl Heinrich, an expert of the board, for the purpose of obtaining a panoramic view of the territory bordering the quarantine lines to note the character and extent of any forests or wooded areas which might act as a natural barrier to the spread of the pink boll-worm by flight of the moth, as well as to secure some idea of the value of aerial observations in connection with entomological scouting and mapping.

"Mr. Heinrich reports that the flights were made at an altitude of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet. At this elevation on a clear day a distant vision could be had of the country over a range of thirty miles, and cultivated fields, buildings, shell roads, railway-lines, creeks, and the character of the wooded areas, whether pine or deciduous, could be easily distinguished. At the normal speed of the airplane—seventy-five miles per hour—the ground moves so slowly that the observer has time to get a complete picture of the area and easily to distinguish cotton from corn-fields.

"After reporting in detail on the natural barriers found, Mr. Heinrich is enthusiastic in the belief that the airplane will tremendously facilitate all such scouting and reconnaissance work, including mapping. Photographs can be made which can be assembled into a detailed map in a very short time compared with ground surveys by means of motor or other conveyances. Such surveys would be particularly useful in scouting territory like that of the Upper Rio Grande Valley, where cultivated areas and cotton-fields, if existing, are widely separated and the roads in many cases practically impassable, and, furthermore, where the distances are so great that enormous loss of time and labor would be involved in any other method of survey. In just such work as that necessary in this pink boll-worm survey and scouting, the airplane will be exceptionally serviceable.

"Similar use can be made of it in other agricultural and forestry surveys, which are analogous to the similar mapping and survey use made of it for war-purposes.

"The test of last year, followed by this more important and systematic utilization of this new means of survey and inspection, marks probably the first use of the airplane in a practical way in agriculture and may be the starting of an important use of this new means of transportation and observation for scouting and inspection purposes in other fields of research or control work."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

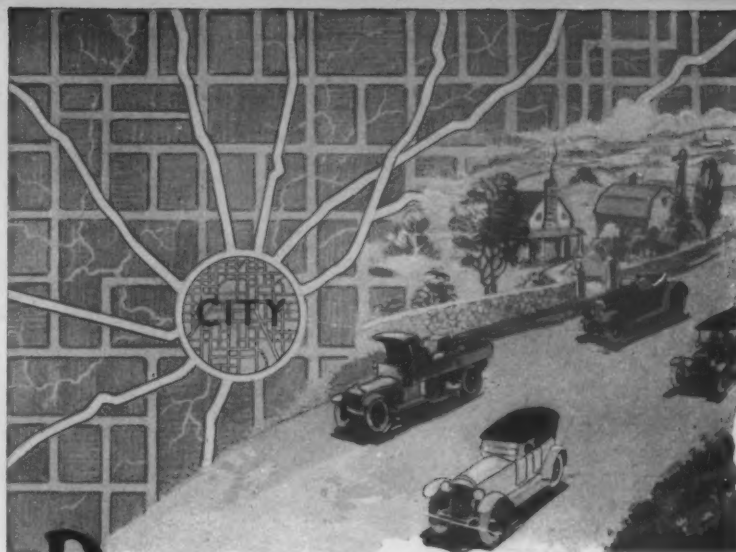
FLOATING DEATH

THE war may have ended and the peace treaty may be duly signed before the daffodils bloom, but the death spread abroad on the seas by our late enemies will continue to sink ships, and maim and kill those on board, long after any valid reason for such action has ceased to exist. Floating mines pay no attention to armistice or treaty. Of course, the Hague Convention directs that all mines and torpedoes shall be so adjusted that they can never become a permanent menace to navigation, but the Germans were rather careless about these things. They had plans for being their own Hague Convention after the war, and altho circumstances interfered with these, the floating mines float on, and we still hear of the loss of merchant ships, in all parts of the world, through this agency. Says an editorial writer in *The Scientific American* (New York, March 1):

"One of the stipulations of the armistice called for the full disclosure by Germany of the plans, charts, etc., showing the location and extent of the areas which she had mined during the war. In view of the disorganization of their Navy during the latter part of the war, it is doubtful if the German Admiralty accurately charted the mined areas, and this must be particularly true of the work done by the German submarine mine-planters, which probably had a roving commission to drop their eggs wherever the individual commander had opportunity for undisturbed operation.

"But even if the German Admiralty has accurate charts of its own mine-fields, the complete removal of these would not mean that the seas have been rid of this deadly peril. Swift currents and heavy seas frequently cause the mines to break adrift from their moorings, and when this happens each mine becomes a floating menace which is more deadly to navigation than any water-logged lumber schooner or other derelict of the sea. The Allied navies followed strictly the rules of the Hague Convention, and when Allied mines broke adrift, or torpedoes went astray, they became, or were designed to become, innocuous. The ruthless methods of sea-warfare followed by the enemy included a total neglect of this precaution, with the result that Heaven alone knows how many mines are floating on the surface of the sea.

"Many merchant skippers are alive to the danger, and are acting accordingly. The captain of a freight-ship informs us that, once clear of the harbor entrance of an American port, he throws overboard his paravanes and does not take them in until he is well out to sea; and that, on approaching his European port of destination, he makes a point of dropping them overboard again. How long the peril will continue can not even be conjectured; but it will be remembered that over a year after the close of the Russo-Japanese War a merchant ship was sunk in the eastern waters of the Pacific by a mine which had broken adrift during or subsequently to the naval operations of the war."



Prosperity grows beside good roads

GOOD roads take produce to market and bring back merchandise. Every month is a business month. Country and trading centers benefit. Alongside of good roads are the good schools and prosperous churches. Put your influence on the side of goods roads—the greatest community asset.

When the roads are concrete, wholly or in part, let them be of **dominant strength concrete**—Koehring-mixed—as high as 31% stronger, by official test, than the concrete mixed by other mixing machines. Let your building be of the same concrete.



KOEHRING Concrete Mixers standardize concrete

No segregation of aggregate according to size. Every cubic foot of Koehring-mixed concrete that goes into your road or building is uniform in distribution of cement, sand and stone—because of the Koehring **re-mixing** action. Koehring-mixed concrete is uniform to the last shovelful of every batch, and dominant in strength because the re-mixing action coats every stone and grain of sand thoroughly with cement. **Write for Van Vleck's Book "Standardized Concrete"**—an epitomized review of authoritative engineering views on mixing of concrete.

KOEHRING MACHINE COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin





"Another Case of Burns from Touching an Exposed Electric Switch"

IN large factory-hospitals they know that accidental contact with an old-fashioned open-knife electric switch too frequently means instant death.

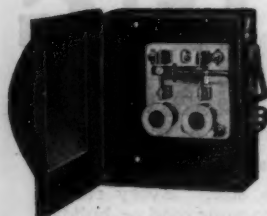
There are hundreds of such accidents yearly. They will continue to happen as long as electricity is needlessly exposed. Make electricity safe for everyone. Why misuse it?

The Square D Safety Switch is an insulated steel box, which contains the switch and is operated entirely from the outside. There is no chance for the workman to come into contact with the powerful, deadly current. To operate the switch, the workman uses the lever outside the box. He can work faster, because he does not have to be always on his guard.

The Square D Safety Switch box can be padlocked shut.

Have your electrician or contractor replace all dangerous open-knife switches that you are now using in your plant or home with Square D Safety Switches. Large industrial firms that employ Safety Engineers have already done so.

Over 300 sizes for home, office buildings, factories. For sale by your electrical dealer or contractor. See him at once for full information and prices, or write us direct.



Number Ninety-Six-Two-Eleven Special size for homes. Order one put in your home today. Cost less than \$2.00.



"Square D Safety Switches make electricity safe for everyone."

SQUARE D COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Works: Walkerville, Ont.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh Toronto
Atlanta St. Louis San Francisco Portland, Ore.

SQUARE D

□ Safety Switch □

CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

March 12.—The Peace Conference's Commission on Waterways, says a report from Paris, has recommended that the Rhine and the Kiel Canal be thrown open to all nations in peace times, the question of fortification to be left to the Allies.

The War Council has agreed to limit the German Fleet to six battle-ships, five cruisers, twelve 800-ton destroyers, and twenty-six smaller destroyers, according to the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*.

A proposed amendment to the League of Nations plan offered by Oscar Straus and designed to safeguard the Monroe Doctrine is defeated by French, British, and Chinese delegates to the League of Nations Union in London, says a report from that city.

Neutral nations of Europe, Asia, and South America are invited to send representatives to Paris for an unofficial conference on March 20 to express their opinions on the League of Nations.

The United States will contest the British claims to the captured German cables, says a report from Paris.

England and France, according to advices from Washington, are opposed to Mexico as a member of the World League, on the ground that the country is not able to function acceptably in its international relations.

It is understood that the Council of Ten has decided upon four treaties of peace, reports Paris, of which that with Germany is the first. All four, it is said, will be woven into the final draft of the League of Nations, according to the Wilson plan, as foreshadowed in his farewell speech.

The *Osservatore Romano*, semiofficial organ of the Vatican, suggests a League "constituted in a simpler manner" than is outlined in the present draft, and covering "all civilized nations, including those defeated in the war."

March 13.—The Council of Ten has abandoned the idea of establishing an independent republic on the west bank of the Rhine to serve as a buffer state between France and Germany, according to a report from London. The proposed Channel tunnel, between England and France, is said to be a factor in this decision.

A non-partizan body has been formed to carry the fight against the League of Nations "into every hamlet in the United States that can gather an audience," says a report from Washington. Col. Henry Watterson has been elected president and Senators Borah and Reed will lead in the publicity work.

The German delegates to the Peace Conference are announced at Weimar as Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, the present German Foreign Minister; Dr. Edouard David, Majority Socialist and first President of the National Assembly; Dr. Max Warburg, Dr. Adolph Müller, Professor Schuecking, and Herr Geisberg, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in the Prussian Ministry.

March 14.—President Wilson reaches Paris shortly after noon and confers with Premiers Lloyd George and Clemenceau. American delegates will protest the secret treaty made in London in 1915 regarding Grecian boundaries, says a dispatch from Paris.

March 15.—President Wilson authorizes the statement that there has been no change in the original plan for linking together the League of Nations and the peace treaty. It is stated at American headquarters, says a report from Paris,

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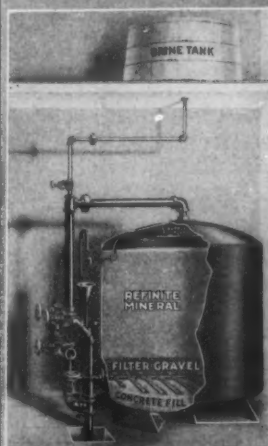
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that the treaty now being framed will not be a preliminary draft, but the definite treaty covering all the main subjects.

The total tonnage of German shipping to be surrendered to the Allies in return for permission to purchase 370,000 tons of food monthly, reports London, is roughly 3,500,000.

March 16.—The French Foreign Minister Mr. Pichon, in a statement to the press, says that the preliminary peace treaty will probably be signed before the covenant of the League of Nations is adopted.

President Wilson has been asked by the Korean National Assembly, says a dispatch from Washington, to initiate action at the Peace Conference looking to independence for Korea, with the country to be guided by a mandatory until such time as the League of Nations shall decide that it is fit for full self-government.

March 17.—If the Allies load the peace treaty with conditions going beyond President Wilson's fourteen points, the German National Assembly will be forced to refuse its consent to the treaty, Matthias Erzberger, head of the German Armistice Commission, declares in an address at a Berlin meeting, in favoring the formation of "a real League of Nations," says a dispatch from the German capital.

The first treaty of peace, with the League of Nations plan added in the form of an appendix, will probably be ready on March 29, reports Paris. British and French opposition to the simultaneous signing of the peace treaty and the League draft, says this report, has practically disappeared.

The leading English newspapers, says a report from London, are opposed to further delay in settling with Germany and demand that only the barest outline of the League of Nations be accepted at the present time.

Senator Poindexter, of Washington, attacks the League and urges that American troops and diplomats be withdrawn, leaving Europe to look out for itself.

CENTRAL POWERS

March 12.—A Spartacide revolt has broken out in Hamburg and riots have occurred in other near-by towns, according to an Exchange telegraph dispatch from Copenhagen.

Spartacides in Berlin are said to have opened negotiations for surrender, according to reports from that city. Progress of the government troops against the Spartacides is said to be slow, owing to the need of thoroughly cleaning up conquered parts of the city. In the suburb of Lichtenberg, still held by the revolutionists, the population is said to be suffering severely from hunger caused by the looting of the shops.

The Lithuanians of East Prussia have seceded from Germany and established a free state of their own in the territory north of the Masurian Lakes, according to an announcement by the Lithuanian National Council in New York City.

March 13.—German government troops, reports Copenhagen, have succeeded in driving the Spartacides out of the east-end section of Berlin, including Lichtenberg, according to a dispatch filed in Berlin yesterday. The Lichtenberg Soldiers' and Workmen's Council, which was composed wholly of Independent Socialists and Spartacides, has been dissolved.

March 14.—Brig.-Gen. George S. Harries, commander of the American military force in Berlin, reports regarding conditions in Berlin that the Government has gained control over the revolutionists and that food will defeat the

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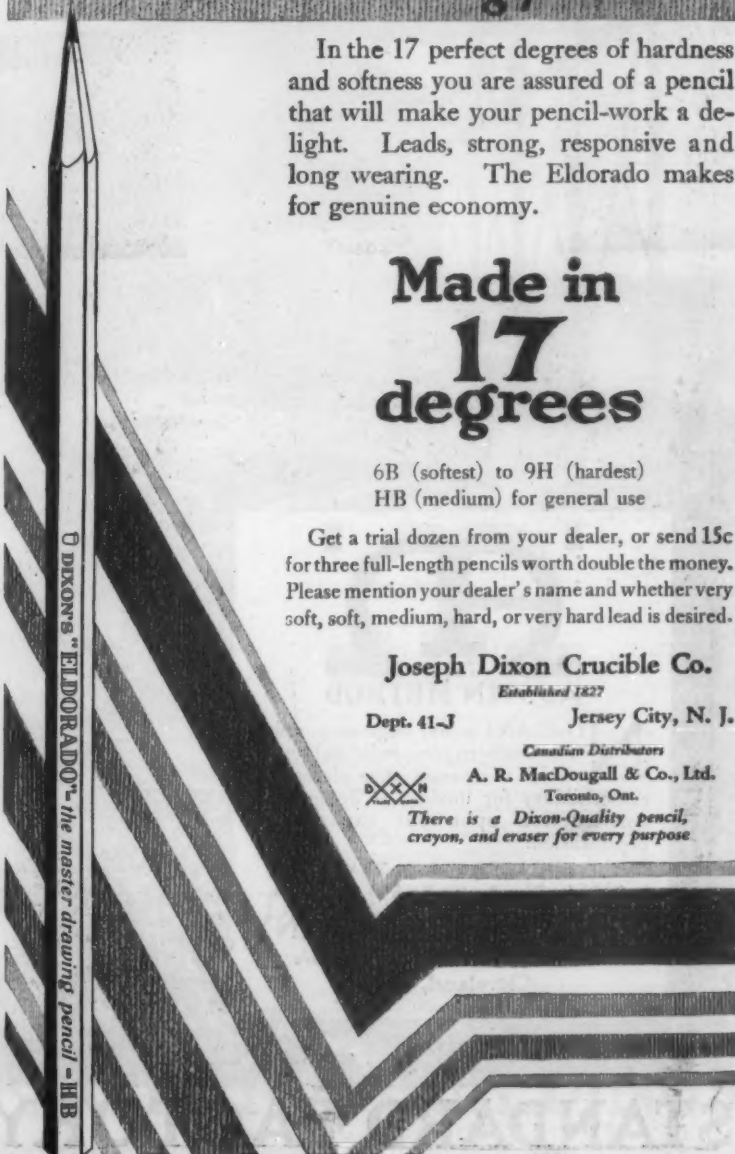
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Berlin Bolsheviks, says a report from Paris.

The number of victims of the latest Spartacide disturbance in Berlin, according to the *Zeitung am Mittag* of that city, is so great that it is difficult to find room for the bodies in the Berlin morgues. Probably more than five hundred all told are dead throughout the city.

March 15.—The German National Assembly has adopted a bill looking toward the socialization of all factories, according to advices from Weimar by way of Copenhagen.

Fifty-five persons have been killed and 170 wounded in the riots at Halle, reports Berlin. Two hundred and eighty persons have been arrested for pillaging, which is estimated to have caused a loss of \$5,000,000. As a result of the plundering, a state of siege has been proclaimed throughout this vicinity.

March 16.—Dispatches to Berlin newspapers from Graudenz allege that the Poles are preparing for a general advance against the Germans and have notified the German outposts that the armistice is no longer in effect. The Poles are charged with eighty-four violations of the armistice.

The guerrilla house-top war continues, says a delayed dispatch from Berlin, dated March 14, the Spartacide revolt has again been suppressed, largely by the use of Junker officers commanding well-disciplined troops. Possibly one thousand persons lost their lives in the recent revolt, and the damage caused is estimated at \$12,000,000.

British and French forces, according to a delayed report from Berlin dated March 15, have advanced their outposts beyond the limits of their present bridge-heads at Cologne and Mainz, respectively. The French are reported to have penetrated into the corporate limits of Frankfurt.

March 17.—Speaking before the new Prussian Diet in Berlin, according to a dispatch from that city, one of the delegates proposed that Prussia should restore the monarchy. Special dispatches from Berlin to London newspapers say that the suppression of the Spartacide outbreak has been followed by a military and monarchist reaction which is overshadowing the new Government.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA AND POLAND

March 12.—On the railway front south of Archangel, says a dispatch from that city, the Bolsheviks have bombarded the Allied positions for three hours without doing serious damage. Quiet prevails on the Vaga and in the other sectors.

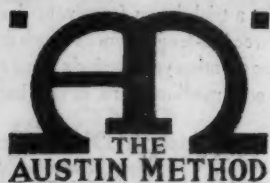
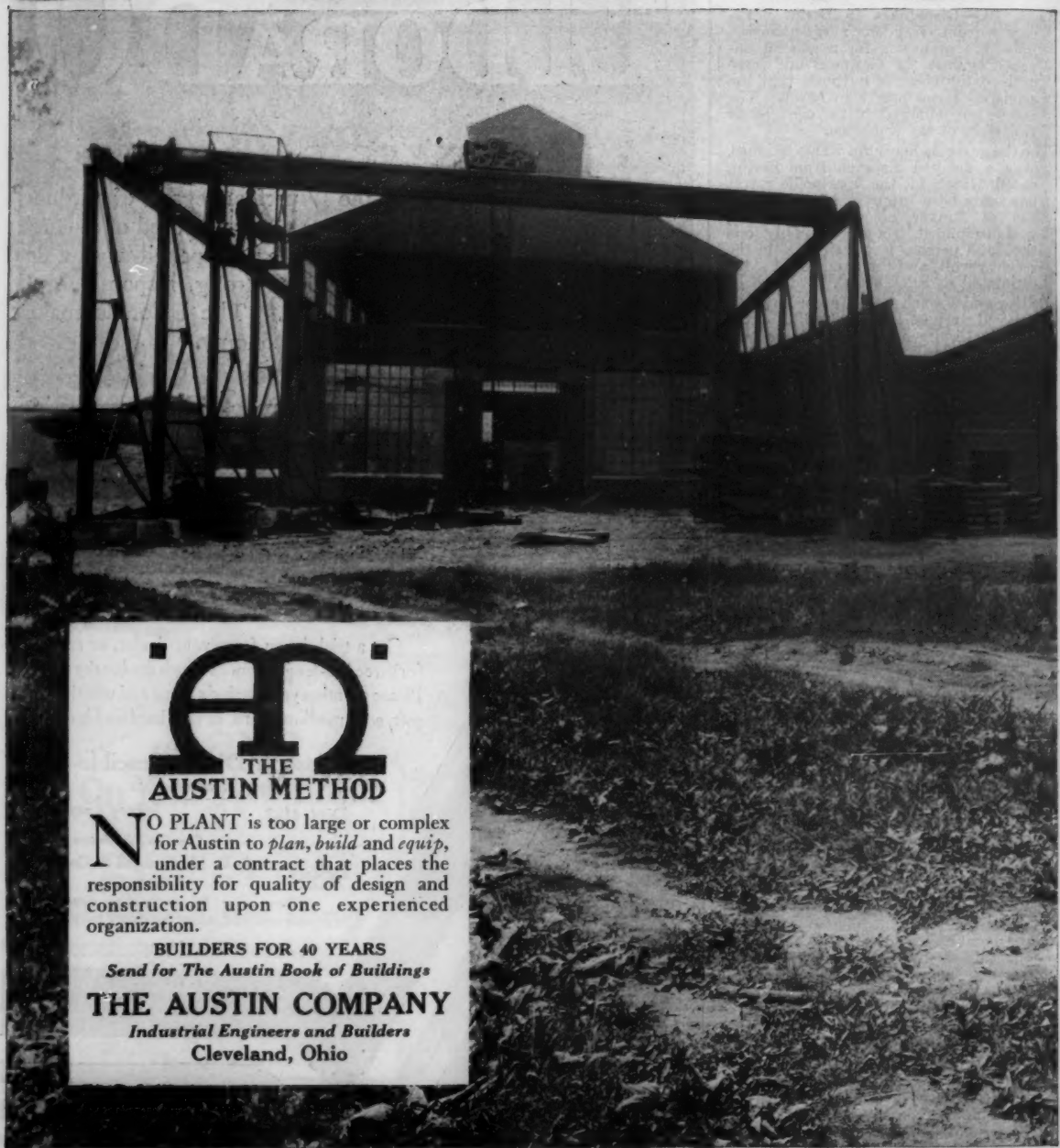
March 13.—The Russian Soviet Government, with a view to promoting a plan for a world-wide communist revolution, has appointed a new minister, to be known as the International Commissary, according to the *London Mail*, quoting advices from Moscow.

Since February 28, says a dispatch from Archangel, it is estimated that the Bolsheviks have lost at least 500 killed on this front. American casualties in this time are five killed on the Vaga front, ten on the Dvina, and fifty wounded.

March 14.—Leon Trotzky, the Russian Bolshevik Minister of War and Marine, "escaped assassination by an inch" last Sunday, when he was fired at by three members of the Red Guard at a small station on the railway between Riga and Petrograd, according to a dispatch to the *London Daily Mail* from Helsingfors.

March 15.—The Lettish troops captured Frauenburg, northeast of Libau, from

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the Bolsheviki on March 10, says a delayed dispatch from Stockholm, and took a great quantity of war-material and many prisoners.

Fighting continues on three Polish fronts with varying success to the contending forces, according to an official statement issued by the Polish General Staff on March 13, says a dispatch from Warsaw. Ukrainian attacks on Lemberg and German attacks on the Posen front near Moeberg are said to have been repulsed.

March 16.—The Polish Parliament has adopted a resolution calling for the appointment of a commission to study the Jewish problem throughout Poland and find remedies, says a delayed dispatch from Danzig. The Jewish deputy, Noah Prilutski, accused the Government of a systematic persecution of the Jews.

Bolshevik forces made a determined attempt on March 14 to cut the communications between the American and Allied columns on the Dvina and Vaga rivers, says a dispatch from Archangel, but their attack was repulsed with the loss of fifty-seven dead and four prisoners. The Allied casualties are reported as one soldier wounded.

The Lettish offensive in the Mitau region is developing successfully, says a report from Stockholm, the Letts having captured four more towns.

March 17.—Ukrainian troops have entered Peremysl altho the Poles continue to hold the northwestern part of the town, says a German wireless dispatch received in London. The Ukrainians are also in the suburbs of Lemberg, says this report, and large portions of the town are in ruins or burning.

FOREIGN

March 12.—A revolt is in progress in Slavonia, according to advices reaching Washington through official channels, as a protest against the Servian occupation. The Vienna *Fremdenblatt* says that the situation is serious.

March 13.—President Wilson arrives in Brest at 9:45 p.m.

Fifty-four German submarines have been sold by the British Government and others will be similarly disposed of, the Parliamentary Secretary announces in the House of Commons.

During the war 8,000 enemy airplanes were shot down by the British air forces while 2,800 British planes were missing, according to a British official announcement.

The French have no further doubt that the Channel tunnel between England and France will be finished in five or six years, says a report from Paris. The cost is estimated at \$1,000,000,000.

American marines have raided the Japanese concession of Tientsin, forcing their way into the Japanese Consulate and assaulting the Consul, according to dispatches received in Peking. The trouble is said to have been caused by the rough treatment of American soldiers who became disorderly in the Japanese quarter of the city.

March 14.—Col. C. W. Peek, of the Canadian Army, member of Parliament for Skeena, B. C., charges in the Canadian House of Commons that throughout the war the Canadians found British authorities "unsympathetic" and quotes army orders "insulting" to the Canadian forces.

Emile Cottin, the anarchist who recently made an attempt on the life of Premier Clemenceau, is unanimously sentenced to death, reports Paris.

Leaders of the Korean independence movement have arrived in Peking, says a dispatch from that city, and declare

that the movement is a national one, with 3,000,000 adherents. They say that 40,000 persons already have been arrested, and that Japanese statements to the contrary are false.

In eighty-five localities in Korea, says a dispatch from Osaka, Japan, riots and bloodshed continue in connection with the Korean demand for independence.

March 15.—The German submarine U-48, while attempting to escape from Ferrol, Spain, is chased by a destroyer and sunk, according to a Havas dispatch from Madrid.

March 16.—The Italian Minister to Serbia has left Belgrade, says a dispatch from that city, because of the refusal of the Servian Government to recognize his credentials, which were address to the King of Serbia, instead of Serbia, Croatia, and Slovenia combined. America alone thus far has recognized the tristate as an entity.

Another attempt has been made to shoot Nikolai Lenine, the Bolshevik Premier, according to reports received in Copenhagen. His chauffeur is said to have been wounded.

Members of the 15th Regular United States Infantry and not Marines were concerned in the disturbance at Tientsin, says a dispatch from Washington. According to later reports the American Consul was stoned by Japanese while endeavoring to visit two American soldiers who had been arrested by Japanese police.

The military convention signed by China and Japan, in 1918, is to end with the signing of the peace treaty, says a dispatch from Peking. More than twelve treaties are to be published in the Chinese and Japanese capitals. These include agreements between the Chinese Government and the British Marconi Company, and with the Simms-Carey Company of the United States regarding railways and finance.

American troops have begun to move to strategic points on the Trans-Siberian Railway west of Vladivostok, to aid John F. Stevens and his staff of railway men in the operation of the railways. The first contingent is already at Harbin, and the second will entrain within a few days for Chita, which is to be the furthest point west which the Americans will be sent, according to Vladivostok dispatches.

March 17.—British railways, with the exception of the street railways, are financially in a semiparalyzed state, according to an announcement in the House of Commons by Sir Eric Geddes, Minister without Portfolio. Both railroads and canals, he said, are working at a heavy loss.

American missionaries recently returned from Korea report barbarous cruelties inflicted on the Koreans by the Japanese, says a dispatch from Peking.

DOMESTIC

March 12.—The Interborough Rapid Transit, of New York, appeals to Rear-Admiral Usher for assistance in obtaining coal to guarantee the operation of subway, elevated, and service cars. The supply has been interrupted by the strike of the boatmen in New York Harbor.

Transportation on the lines of all the Public Service Company's railways in New Jersey is paralyzed in all divisions north of Camden by the strike of 4,500 employees.

Secretary Glass, of the Treasury, announces April 21 as the date for the opening of the Victory Liberty Loan campaign, which will close on May 10.

March 13.—The Federal Government gives the harbor boat-owners of New York their choice of supplying the



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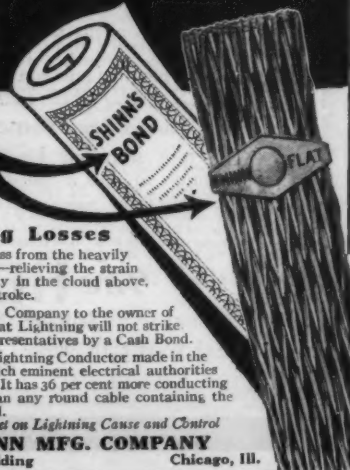
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The United States Employment Service, which was organized to find jobs for discharged sailors, soldiers, and war-workers, will virtually suspend its activities on March 22, due to the failure of Congress to appropriate money for its maintenance, says a report from Washington.

March 14.—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, reports Washington, has been selected to enforce prohibition.

March 15.—The Association opposed to national prohibition will open its campaign on April 19, according to a statement given out in New York City. Mass-meetings and parades against prohibition will be held in forty-three principal cities of the United States.

March 17.—Acting upon a legal opinion given by Elihu Root and William D. Guthrie, forty-two brewing concerns, represented by the Lager Beer Brewers' Board of Trade of New York, decide to make a mild beer, containing 2.75 per cent. of alcohol, until they are halted by court action.

Failure of Congress to pass the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill threatens to paralyze the War Risk Bureau, says a dispatch from Washington.

To put an end to delays in coaling ships which are transporting United States soldiers, private boat-owners of New York agree to turn over to the Army and Navy departments ten of the harbor boats which are idle because of the strike.

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Montreal, P. Q.	750,000	GAZETTE STAR	Saskatoon, Sask.	21,034	PHOENIX STAR
Quebec, P. Q.	100,000	TELEGRAPH	Calgary, Alta.	56,302	ALBERTAN HERALD
Ottawa, Ont.	101,785	CITIZEN JOURNAL DAILIES	Edmonton, Alta.	53,794	BULLETIN JOURNAL
London, Ont.	60,000	ADVERTISER FREE PRESS	Vancouver, B. C.	120,000	SUN
Toronto, Ont.	525,000	GLOBE WORLD (S. & D.) NEWS STAR	Victoria, B. C.	45,000	COLONIST

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Canker worms **Tussock moths**
Climbing cut worms
Brown-tail moths **Woolly aphids**
Gypsy moths **Ants**

One application stays sticky three months and longer, outlasting ten to twenty times any other substance. Easily applied with a wooden paddle. One pound makes about ten lineal feet of band. It will not soften, run or melt, yet is always elastic, expanding with growth of tree. Effective rain or shine. Needs no mixing, used exactly as bought.

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Trees on left were saved by Tree Tanglefoot

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Sold generally by Seedsmen.

Price: 1 lb. cans, 50c; 3 lb. cans, \$1.45; 10 lb. cans, \$4.50; 20 lb. cans, \$8.75; 25 lb. wooden pails, \$10.50.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Classified.—WILLIE—"What's a Red, dad?"

CRABSHAW—"Usually he's a fellow without a red."—*Life*.

The Best Cosmetic.—There is no cold cream that will keep away wrinkles so successfully as the milk of human kindness.—*Boston Transcript*.

Squeaks.—"A whole lot o' de talk dat goes 'round," said Uncle Eben, "ain' no mo' real help in movin' forward dan de squeak in an axle."—*Washington Star*.

The Baseball Fan's Horror.—"What's your opinion of the League of Nations?"

"I hope I never live to see America in last place in the standing."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Dampening Retort.—FIRST STUDENT—"The idea; my napkin is damp!"

SECOND STUDENT—"Perhaps that's because there is so much due on your board."—*Stanford Chaparral*.

In the Depths.—SILAS (in a whisper)—"Did you git a peep at the underworld at all while you wuz in New York, Ezry?"

EZRA—"Three times! Subway twice an' ratscellar once."—*Buffalo Express*.

Larger Damages Required.—LAWYER—"Don't you think \$25,000 cash would be punishment enough for his breach of promise?"

THE AGGRIEVED—"No, indeed; I want him to marry me."—*Boston Transcript*.

Revised Version

Little Willie tried to fix European politics.

All he did was simply nix.

Ain't he cute? He's sixty-six.

—J. E. C. in the *New York Evening Sun*.

New Prescription Needed.—BINKS—"Say, old man, do you know of any cure for insomnia?"

JINKS—"Counting one thousand is said to be a remedy."

BINKS—"Confound it, that's what everybody tells me; but the baby's too young to count."—*Tit-Bits*.

Our Own Beer Buttons

NO BEER, NO WORK;

NO WORK,

NO PAY;

NO PAY, NO FOOD;

NO FOOD,

NO EXISTENCE—

LET'S ALL GET MAD

AND

STARVE TO DEATH!

—*New York Evening Sun*.

That Breezy Western Way.—They were playing poker in a Western town. One of the players was a stranger, and was getting a nice trimming. Finally, the sucker saw one of the players give himself three aces from the bottom of the pack.

The sucker turned to the man beside him and said: "Did you see that?"

"See what?" asked the man.

"Why, that fellow dealt himself three aces from the bottom of the deck," said the sucker.

"Well, what about it?" asked the man. "It was his deal, wasn't it?"—*Tit-Bits*.

Efficiency Helps.—A worm won't turn if you step on it right.—*The New York Morning Telegraph.*

Art Is Everywhere.—"Luxurious tastes Riebleigh has. He has a Corot in his office."

"That's nothing! I have a whistler in mine."—*Boston Transcript.*

Give 'Em the Birch!—The "No beer, no work" slogan of some of the labor unions may not be so radical as it sounds. We believe that birch beer is permissible under all prohibitory laws.—*The Concord Monitor.*

Immunity.—"What are you going to do about the luxury tax?"

"Nothing much. When I get through with the regular tax I won't have money enough to buy any luxuries."—*Washington Star.*

Watchful Waiting.—JUDGE (to witness) —"Why didn't you go to the help of the defendant in the fight?"

WITNESS—"I didn't know which was going to be the defendant."—*Boston Transcript.*

It Probably Was.—A comma often makes a lot of difference in a line; so does the spacing. A poetess wrote: "My soul is a lighthouse-keeper." The printer made it read: "My soul is a light house-keeper."—*Boston Transcript.*

Why He Went.—"How perfectly splendid to think you're one of the heroes who went over there to die for your country!"

"Like h— I did, ma'am! I went over to make some other guy die for his."—*Life.*

The Final Touch.—"You can't complain of the price of wheat now."

"No," replied Farmer Cornloss. "But they might go a leetle further and guarantee us the money without puttin' us to so much trouble raisin' the wheat."—*Washington Star.*

Wanted Them On Hand.—"I want a pair of the best gloves you have," said Mrs. Nuritch at the glove counter.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the polite salesman. "How long do you want them?"

"Don't git insultin', young man! I want to buy 'em, not hire 'em."—*London Tit-Bits.*

This Isn't Ours.—The famous humorist had partaken too heartily of the Christmas feast. Acute indigestion had laid him low. As his friends gathered about him he smiled feebly. "At any rate," he murmured between spasms of pain, "I am able to keep up my reputation as a humorist." His friends were puzzled. "Di-gesting!" he gasped.—*The Forecast.*

Doing His Bit Right at Home.—"Some of these guys have got a funny way of doing their bit," wailed one of the boys at the San Pedro submarine base the other day.

"Here I blowed home for a vacation and finds this guy parading around with my girl."

"I nails him and wants to know what the big idea is."

"'Tain't nawthin' wrong," he comes back. "I just take her down to the newspaper office every day to see if you've got killed or not."—*The Forecast.*



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If perchance, you are not familiar with any of the above, tell me your favorite smoke; or just say "send me a good cigar" at such and such a price. Bear this in mind, the above information gives me the clew and helps me to make an intelligent selection for your particular taste. Don't misunderstand me, I am not a substitutor nor an imitator, I am going to send you MY OWN SPECIAL MAKE, intelligently selected, following the information you give me, so as to fit your taste, for less money.

Write me today. Specify your color, strength and price by return mail I will send you a box of 50 cigars. Smoke any reasonable number. If satisfied, send me your check, if not, return at my expense. Write me, now, naming your favorite brand, color, and price preferred. Send no money. Your card or letterhead enclosed will be appreciated. Address J. E. Blackburn & Son, 1155 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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Sad But So.—It only takes a few minutes to find in others the faults we can't discover in ourselves in a lifetime.—*Boston Transcript.*

Bump's Falling.—WILLIS—"Bump is an awful ladies' man."

GILLIS—"I believe it. I've seen him with some awful ones."—*Judge.*

So Say We All.—At every social affair there is usually a man who is said to be "the life of the party." And how I do dislike that man.—*E. W. Howe's Monthly (Atchison).*

Preparing for the Worst.—"There's a friend in the outer office waiting for you, sir."

"Here, James, take this \$10 and keep it till I come back."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Monotony That Kills.—"A man dat never thinks of nobody but hisse'f," said Uncle Eben, "can't help gittin' hisse'f on his mind so much dat he jes' naturally gits tired of hisse'f."—*Washington Star.*

Call the Plumber.—EDITOR—"This isn't poetry, my dear man; it's merely an escape of gas."

WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR.—"Ah, I see! Something wrong with the meter."—*Boston Transcript.*

Makes a Hit with Them.—NEW-METHOD PARENT—"So you believe still in the rod by way of developing children?"

OLD-FASHIONED TUTOR.—"I believe it is the natural way to make them smart!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

The League-of-Nation-al Hymn.—"Why do you object to the League of Nations?"

"On musical grounds. After singing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' all these years, I don't want the mental effort of changing to 'Our Countries, 'Tis of Those.'"—*Washington Star.*

How Did It Get There?—Mrs. Clarke came running hurriedly into her husband's office one morning.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, as she gasped for breath. "I dropt my diamond ring off my finger, and I can't find it anywhere."

"It's all right, Bess," replied Mr. Clarke. "I came across it in my trousers pocket."—*London Tit-Bits.*

A Careful and Thorough Job.—Efficiency is an admirable quality, but it can be overdone, according to Representative M. Clyde Kelly, of Pennsylvania. "Last election day," Mr. Kelly explains, "the city editor of my newspaper in Braddock sent his best reporter out to learn if the saloons were open in defiance of the law. Four days later he returned and reported, 'They were.'"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Bad Place for Eyes.—"Rather a dangerous place to visit is described in this paper," said a wag to his neighbor.

"What place is that?" asked the latter.

"Well," responded the first speaker, "it's a historical mansion in the Midlands. This is what the account says: 'On first entering the hall, the visitor's eye is caught by a long sword over one side of the mantel, and then drawn to the old flintlock on the other side; after which it naturally falls on the mantel itself, and from that to the old brick-tiled hearth.' Neither of my eyes would stand that sort of thing!"—*London Tit-Bits.*



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American Mastodon Pansies

These possess the most robust vigor, largest sized flowers, superb rounded form, great substance, violet scent, and marvelous colors without limit. The quickest to bloom and most durable; the same of perfection in Pansies, Seed, pkt., 15c.

Ice-Proof Plants

We grow some vigorous ones of the Mastodon Pansy in open ground from September now on and that are ready for delivery from January to end of June. They are lessened by the ice and snow of winter, and in spring are ready to jump into vigorous growth and bloom, giving immediate satisfaction. We mail plants safely to all points—Maine to California.

PRICE—Mixed colors, postpaid, 15 for 25c; 25 for 40c; 100 for \$1.00; 500 for \$5.00; 1000 for \$10.00. Will bloom at once.

BIG CATALOGUE free. All flower and vegetable seeds, bulbs, plants, and berries. We grow the finest Gladioli, Dahlias, Camas, Irises, Pansies, Perennials, Shrubs, Vines, Ferns, Roses, Sweet Peas, Aspid. Pandies, Beets, Beans, Okra, Celery, Tomatoes, Sweet Corn, Peas, etc. All special prize strains, and many sterling novelties.

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

COMMODITY-PRICES STILL GOING DOWN STEADILY

NOT only did commodity-prices fall in February, but the downward tendency, according to *Bradstreet's*, was "more deliberate." In this decline food-products were less prominent than in preceding months, textiles, both raw and manufactured, having superseded them in the importance of the declines shown. The same receding tendency was shown in foreign markets. The *London Economist* reported a decrease of about 1 per cent., while our own market went down 2.3 per cent. From the high point of the price movement touched in London on August 31, 1918, there had been a decline of 7.5 per cent., whereas *Bradstreet's* index showed a decline of 10 per cent. from its high point on July 1. The difference in the location of the peak-points as regards prices here and abroad *Bradstreet's* points out as to be explained by "the sharp revision in cotton-goods prices made in July last year by Government order which lowered the American level considerably while other prices here and all prices abroad were still tending upward." *Bradstreet's* approximate index-number of commodities on March 1, 1919, was \$17,224, a decrease of 2.3 per cent. from February 1, of 7 per cent. from January 1, of 10 per cent. from July 1, 1918, the peak of the war-price movement, and of 4.5 per cent. from March 1 a year ago. This was the lowest index-number touched since November 1, 1917, but it was still 21.8 per cent. above March 1, 1917, and a trifle less than double the number ruling on August 1, 1914, when the war began. Further comments are made:

"The feature of the present price survey, as above noted, is the weakness shown to have developed in the textile group. Eight other groups fell off in February, oils, hides and leather, chemicals and drugs, and provisions and metals each helping to bring down the levels slightly, while bread-stuffs, coal, and naval stores showed smaller shadings. Only three groups, live stock, fruits, and miscellaneous products, advanced, while building materials were unchanged during the month. Three-quarters of the entire net decrease, however, was accounted for by the decline in textiles. In February, as in January, decreases were almost twice as numerous as gains, there being thirty-four of the former and eighteen of the latter, while fifty-four products remained unchanged. Despite the fairly general drift lower, miscellaneous products made a new high level, owing to the strength of tobacco."

INCOME TAXES AS THEY AFFECT WEEKLY PAY-ENVELOPS

A compilation has been made for the *New York Call* as to the amount of income taxes due on weekly salaries in amounts from \$20 to \$70 per week. The results are presented in the following table where the first column gives the weekly wage; the second column the annual total of the weekly wages; the third column the amount of income tax, less exemptions, payable by a single person; the fourth column income tax, less exemptions, payable by a married man without children; and the last column the amount married men with one,

two and three children would pay. These figures do not take into account other exemptions, such as interest on personal indebtedness, taxes on real estate, repairs to real estate, bad debts etc.:

Weekly Wages	Annual Salary	Children Single	Children Married	With 1st One Child	With 2 Children	With 3 Children
\$10....	\$520	None	None	None	None	None
15....	780	None	None	None	None	None
20....	1,040	\$2.40	None	None	None	None
25....	1,300	18.00	None	None	None	None
30....	1,560	33.60	None	None	None	None
35....	1,820	49.20	None	None	None	None
40....	2,080	64.80	\$4.30	None	None	None
45....	2,340	80.40	20.40	\$8.40	None	None
50....	2,600	96.00	36.00	24.00	\$12.00	None
55....	2,860	111.60	51.60	39.60	27.60	\$15.00
60....	3,120	127.20	67.20	55.20	43.20	31.20
65....	3,380	142.80	82.80	70.80	58.80	46.80
70....	3,640	158.40	98.40	86.40	74.40	62.40

BETTER BUILDING RETURNS

Bradstreet's finds that what was foreshadowed in earlier months this year as to building, the corner having been turned in January, came to pass in February, when building values at ninety-five cities showed a gain of 24.2 per cent. over February a year ago. Not only was the total at the ninety-five cities larger than the totals at all cities in any one of the preceding three months, "but the number of cities showing gains jumped up, and the first increase over the preceding year shown since January, 1917, was registered." By the second week in March, returns for February were numerous enough to make "an absolute pronouncement upon." Preliminary reports as to that month's operations (ninety-five cities contributing) were "very favorable, pointing to the corner really having been turned in January." Despite its being a winter month, building values in January showed gains over both December and November, altho marking a decrease from January a year ago. Later returns have shown that "even the total for October was exceeded by that of January." *Bradstreet's* returns for February, in so far as they have become available, total \$23,441,353, which shows a gain of 24.2 per cent. over February a year ago, "the first gain, by the way, shown in any month since January, 1917." Under the circumstances this tendency "can not be regarded as other than favorable and indicating a return of activity to an industry which has been under the ban of war-needs or of high costs for a long time past." Following are building-value totals as compiled for *Bradstreet's*, monthly and quarterly, since January, 1916:

	1917	1916	Change Per Cent.
Jan., 160 cities.....	\$57,709,936	\$55,773,061	3.4
Feb., 161 cities.....	55,585,805	55,763,235	3
Mar., 161 cities.....	83,731,089	86,308,283	2.9
First quarter.....	\$197,029,830	\$197,844,579	4
April, 161 cities.....	883,841,929	893,179,332	10.2
May, 162 cities.....	75,935,961	116,321,767	34.7
June, 162 cities.....	65,541,223	97,826,327	33.0
Second quarter.....	\$225,319,113	\$307,327,426	26.6
Six months.....	\$422,348,943	\$505,172,005	16.3
July, 161 cities.....	850,286,803	\$117,207,687	49.4
Aug., 162 cities.....	51,000,972	77,218,540	33.9
Sept., 161 cities.....	53,942,091	70,729,084	22.7
Third quarter.....	\$164,229,956	\$265,135,261	38.0
Nine months.....	\$586,578,899	\$770,327,266	23.8
Oct., 162 cities.....	\$45,944,061	\$86,763,158	47.0
Nov., 162 cities.....	45,473,037	74,421,685	38.9
Dec., 162 cities.....	32,665,366	72,583,774	55.0
Fourth quarter.....	\$124,082,464	\$233,768,617	46.9
Twelve months.....	\$710,661,363	\$1,004,095,883	29.1



A Heritage of Ideals

HAVE you ever heard a gray haired man with a reminiscent twinkle in his eye speak rather lovingly of the Old Fifth Avenue Hotel? 'Twas a wonderful place in its day. Six stories high. Indeed yes! Built before the Civil War, of white marble, and with room for a thousand guests, it boasted the first passenger elevator, then called a vertical railway.

The now-yellowed leaves of the guest register felt the pen-touch of statesmen, generals, princes, dukes—men who molded the world's affairs both politically and commercially. The elect from every land gathered there on many occasions. It was a meeting place. It had an air. Facing aristocratic Madison Square it was literally the centre of things social.

What changes the rush of subsequent events has made. The Fifth Avenue Hotel

is only a memory now but in its place stands a worthy successor—The Fifth Avenue Building. Though born of a different purpose the fine ideals of the old permeate the new. It is the meeting place of men who transact business in many lines of trade. Big deals are put through. Buyers come from everywhere to choose from the exhibits of manufacturers. The office doors bear names as prominent today as were those of the personages who visited the old hotel.

And the code of hospitality which made the hotel famous has been the inspiration of the service which the owner-management system of The Fifth Avenue Building extends to those who spend their business days here. Many unordinary features place it in a unique position, even in a city famous for its buildings. It is "More than an office building."

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NEW YORK, ST. LOUIS, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS

\$167,000 in 1916; India took \$1,948,000 worth in 1918 against \$107,000 in 1916; Brazil \$1,882,000 against \$71,000 in 1916; Italy \$1,182,000 against \$905,000 in 1916; France \$1,630,000 against \$247,000 in 1916, and all Europe about \$9,000,000 worth in 1918 against approximately \$2,500,000 in 1916. The writer notes further that Germany was "the world's chief producer and exporter of dyes prior to the war," her total exportation amounting in 1913 to \$54,700,000, but this was slightly less than the value of our own manufacture of dyes in 1917. The United States Tariff Commission in a recent report stated that the production of coal-tar dyes alone in the United States in the calendar year 1917 was in value \$57,796,228. Tables are appended to the bulletin as follows:

EXPORTATION OF DYES AND DYESTUFFS FROM THE UNITED STATES FOR THE FISCAL YEARS 1900 TO 1918

	1900	1910	1918
France	\$499,000	\$330,000	\$430,000
Germany	394,000	394,000	320,000
Italy	531,000	315,000	315,000
Japan	630,000	348,000	348,000
United Kingdom	318,000	337,000	337,000
Canada	475,000	1,178,000	1,178,000
Other Countries	491,000	5,102,000	5,102,000
Total	487,000	11,709,000	11,709,000
1908	438,000	16,922,000	16,922,000
1909	381,000		

EXPORTATIONS OF DYES AND DYESTUFFS FROM THE UNITED STATES TO PRINCIPAL COUNTRIES IN THE FISCAL YEARS 1916, 1917, AND 1918

To	1916	1917	1918
France	\$245,884	\$668,526	\$1,080,131
Italy	904,792	1,271,322	1,181,581
Russia-Eur.	290,240	305,168	142,156
Spain	169,775	900,894	785,618
United Kingdom	708,953	2,158,638	2,569,288
Canada	1,813,230	1,779,637	1,419,162
Mexico	98,951	425,942	381,468
Argentina	122,685	262,563	590,092
Brazil	71,246	1,203,140	1,281,758
British India	103,609	1,067,352	1,947,666
Japan	166,574	510,066	3,233,333
Other Countries	407,043	1,157,529	1,846,223

IMPORTATIONS OF PRINCIPAL DYES AND DYESTUFFS INTO THE UNITED STATES FOR THE FISCAL YEARS 1900 TO 1918

	Coal-tar Colors and Dyes	Alizarin Colors or Dyes & Madder	Indigo, Natural, and Synthetic	Logwood and Extract
1900	\$4,890,000	\$708,000	\$1,446,000	\$1,084,000
1901	3,881,000	709,000	1,403,000	1,274,000
1902	4,951,000	1,027,000	1,036,000	1,159,000
1903	5,305,000	659,000	1,202,000	1,418,000
1904	4,919,000	637,000	1,282,000	1,233,000
1905	5,705,000	625,000	874,000	523,000
1906	5,756,000	625,000	1,044,000	606,000
1907	5,635,000	674,000	1,234,000	534,000
1908	4,884,000	753,000	1,058,000	301,000
1909	5,902,000	1,216,000	1,401,000	212,000
1910	6,011,000	648,000	1,196,000	368,000
1911	6,023,000	708,000	1,153,000	397,000
1912	6,965,000	1,382,000	1,154,000	524,000
1913	7,105,000	1,817,000	1,103,000	533,000
1914	7,241,000	845,000	1,092,000	486,000
1915	5,852,000	1,586,000	1,597,000	999,000
1916	3,340,000	17,000	8,236,000	2,906,000
1917	3,161,000	75,000	3,147,000	4,327,000
1918	2,507,000	131,000	2,894,000	2,018,000

AS TO EUROPE'S BANKRUPTCY AND GERMANY'S ABILITY TO PAY FOR DEVASTATION

A dispatch from Paris to the New York Sun having said that "an American financier connected with the Peace Mission" had remarked that "Europe is virtually bankrupt and she might as well hang out the red flag," *The Wall Street Journal* remarks that "after the widest and wildest allowance for the play of surface conditions, it is safe to say Europe neither is bankrupt nor could become so." Fundamentally the condition of Europe "hardly reduces her to the alternatives of confiscation of capital or a prostrating increase in taxation, which would be the same thing."

As for red flags, one kind has already waved in parts of Europe, but the familiar emblem of the auctioneer will hardly wave there. The war-devastated area of Europe "is a relatively small tho intensive portion of the whole continent, grievous and almost irreparable as has been the visitation to the individual and to local

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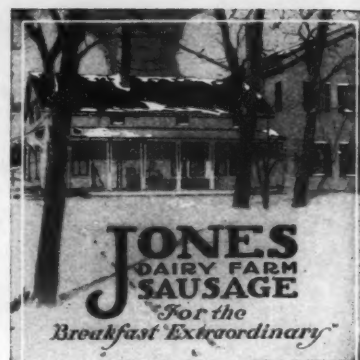
districts." Moreover, the continent is able to feed herself from the products of her own soil. Were the situation in Europe one of dire necessity, "she might even make shift to clothe herself." The undeveloped, preponderating, potential, wealth of the continent in minerals, in foodstuffs, in construction material, "places her, as Divine Providence has with its own vast and majestic economies placed all continental groups, beyond actual want." At the same time, "a tremendous task of financial and credit reorganization awaits the bankers of the world, a mission comparable to any to which the energies of men have been dedicated," but the task, great as it is, will be accomplished. Europe from time to time may need renewals and extensions, but faith in her future, and knowledge of her real resources, "will lighten the task of remobilizing her industries and distributing the burden of her liabilities."

As to the ability of Germany to pay for the devastation done in France and Belgium, not to mention the sinking of merchant ships, the New York Journal of Commerce remarks that, as the national wealth of Germany has generally been estimated at \$75,000,000,000, about two-fifths of which probably has been destroyed by the war, and the estimated amount of the indemnities to be demanded from the Central Powers runs as high as \$50,000,000,000, one might superficially assume that ruin awaited the defeated nations. The writer notes, however, that there is more than one way of computing national wealth. In calculating how much reparation a people may be able to make, "the latent resources of their country may be taken into account as well as those which have been actually employed in the production of wealth," and from this point of view "Germany is a very rich country indeed." The writer then proceeds to say:

"Within her frontier of 1914 Germany possess more than half of the coal of all Europe. She had twice as much coal as the United Kingdom, more than three times as much as European Russia, more than twenty-four times as much as France, and she had more than twice as much coal as all the other states of the European continent combined. The Rhenish-Westphalian coal-fields furnished sixty per cent. of Germany's coal output, ninety per cent. of its coke, and seventy-five per cent. of its coal-tar.

"A trustworthy estimate of Germany's wealth in coal was furnished to the International Geological Congress at Ottawa by leading German experts, and from this it appears that the relative importance of the Westphalian coal-field increases as one goes down. Thus, in this pit zone, which extends to 1,532 square kilometers down to a depth of 1,500 meters, there are 31,900,000,000 tons of coal, and down to 2,000 meters there are 37,500,000,000 tons. Within the unopened zone of 2,910 square kilometers there are 17,600,000,000 tons down to 1,500 meters and 61,600,000,000 tons down to 2,000 meters. At the present rate of production, which comes to 100,000,000 tons per annum, the store of coal absolutely worth extracting situated within the pit zone would suffice for 319 years down to the depth of 1,500 meters and for 375 years down to 2,000 meters. The workable coal within the unopened zone would suffice for a further 176 years down to 1,500 meters and for 616 years down to 2,000 meters.

"Briefly, the Rhenish-Westphalian coal-field alone contains considerably more coal than the whole of the United Kingdom and represents a value of over \$500,000,000,000 at the average price of \$2.50 per ton at the pit's mouth. That sum is seven times as large as the so-called



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E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

national wealth of the United Kingdom. To pass over the iron-ore wealth of Germany, the major part of which is likely to be sequestered, the quantity of salts and potash underlying the North German plain and part of South Germany is immeasurable and their value is incalculable. It has been stated by German authorities that the country could, at the present rate of consumption, supply the world with potash for at least 5,000 years.

"If it be estimated that Germany possesses only 50,000,000,000 tons of easily accessible potash, it would, at the low rate of \$2.50 per ton, represent a value of \$125,000,000,000, a sum twice as large as the so-called national wealth of France. If only the payments can be spread over a sufficiently long period, there does not seem to be any question of Germany's ability to liquidate the indemnities which the Allies are preparing to demand from her. But, obviously, Germany must be allowed, and even assisted, to earn these indemnities, and Germany can earn them only by trading. Moreover, as she will be trading for a long time to come, not for her own benefit but for that of her creditors, there is no object to be gained by compelling her to trade under specially unfavorable conditions. People who talk glibly of an effectual boycott of the Central Powers forget its enormous cost to those applying it. The extent of the trade disturbance which would be caused by such a boycott may be judged by the fact that in 1912 the aggregate commercial exchange (imports and exports) between Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy on the one hand and Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria on the other, reached the value of fully \$2,000,000,000. With the inclusion of the United States the sum of \$500,000,000 would have to be added to this total.

"In 1913 British traders sold to Germany nearly \$220,000,000 worth of goods and brought back goods to the value of \$360,000,000—a large part of the latter being raw materials and unfinished articles needed by British industry. Our own exports to Germany in 1913 reached a total of \$332,000,000, while our imports aggregated \$189,000,000. Before the war Germany took the greater part of Russia's surplus grain, her net purchases amounting to \$122,000,000 in 1913, tho this figure was \$70,000,000 less than that of three years before. It seems sufficiently plain that the boycott policy can not possibly materialize for two reasons: First, because it would prove impossible of enforcement, and, secondly, because the Allied nations would refuse to pay the price.

"On the other hand, a Germany democratized on the lines of state socialism is not likely to be blind to the fact that the reconstruction of German industries in the interest of Germany's creditors may bring considerable indirect profit to the German people. The industrial gains which have enriched millionaires like Rathenau, Thyssen, and Bertha Krupp may for the future go into the pockets of the people whom German misdeeds have impoverished. But the complaints of the millionaires will hardly move the hearts of the Social Democrats who have long denounced them as blood-suckers and war usurers, so long as the interests of the German working classes receive proper attention. Germany may be cut up into industrial spheres of influence, German trade may be financed instead of boycotting it, German labor may be profitably employed instead of being wasted, and all the profits, after adequate wages have been paid, may be devoted to the gradual payment of those tremendous liabilities which a wanton war of aggression has incurred, without doing any serious damage to the present or future welfare of the German people."

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"M. A. S., Allentown, Pa.—Is the following sentence correct—"The embargo on freight entering your city is lifted, or should the word raised be used instead of lifted?"

Either word can be used in this sentence.

"N. R. T., Canton, Pa.—Please give me what help you can in settling a dispute which has arisen over the use of the word *choirister*. The writer maintains that a *choirister* is 'a unit in a choir,' and that the use of the word for either the leader or the members of a choir can not be accurate."

Choirister is an obsolete form of *chorister*. The former has not been used since 1766. The word has several meanings. One is "a member of a choir"; another is, "a male singer in a church choir"; a third is, "a leader of a choir, or of congregational singing." The word means also "any singer." In Greek antiquity it meant "a member of the chorus." Thus the claim made that a *choirister* is "a unit in a choir," that is, "one of the singers," is supported by modern dictionaries. The word came into the language as long ago as 1360, and then designated "a member of a choir of singers." The word is derived from *choir*, which comes from the Middle English *quere*, which meant "the choir of a church." In Medieval Latin, it designated "a body of singers in church"; also, "the place where the singers stood in church."

"H. A. P., Cleveland, Ohio.—(1) Does the pronunciation used by the inhabitants of a city determine the correct pronunciation of its name? (2) What is the correct pronunciation for Cincinnati?"

(1) The pronunciation of a city or town is determined by the way the educated people of the city pronounce it, and not by the masses. (2) The pronunciation of *Cincinnati* recorded by gazetteers is *sin'-ti-na'ti*—as in *hit*, *i* as in *habit*, *a* as in *fast*, *i* as in *habit*.

"J. H. P., New York, N. Y.—Does the phrase 'Insurance against old age and invalidity' conform to best usage, *invalidity* in this case standing for *infirmity*?"

Altho the use of the word *invalidity* is not incorrect, it is ambiguous and may cause misunderstanding. Use the word *infirmity* instead.

"H. L., New York, N. Y.—Please give me the correct pronunciation of the word *minute*."

The adjective *minute* is pronounced *mi-niut'*—*i* as in *habit* and *iu* as *eu* in *feud*; the noun, *min'it*—the first *i* as in *pin* and the second as in *habit*.

"T. W. H., Los Angeles, Cal.—Kindly tell me who are 'The Sacred Seven.' The words occur in Emerson's 'Brahma,' verse 4."

The "Sacred Seven" were "the seven Rishis," or "mind-born sons," of Brahma, who were the seers and bearers of the eternal voices that communicated the Veda from Brahma to mankind. According to astronomical legend, the Rishis have been raised to heavenly places as the seven bright stars of the Great Bear and the husbands of the Pleiades.

"W. E. S., New York, N. Y.—Please explain how *Messrs.* should be employed correctly in addressing an envelop."

The usual forms of address are as follows: (1) *Messrs. Smith & Brown*; (2) *The Chapman Society, Inc.*; (3) *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*.

"J. M. H., Omaha, Neb.—In reading an article by Roosevelt, I find that certain animals that are caught on the ice are called *Lucies*. We have looked in a number of dictionaries and encyclopedias and find nothing with reference to these. Please explain."

The word *lucies* is a corruption of *loup-cervier*, which is the Canada lynx, a very large, shaggy, and uniformly grayish type of lynx. "*Loup-cervier*" means literally, "wolf that hunts the stag."

"G. P. L., New York, N. Y.—Please give me the correct pronunciation of *Vosges*, a department of France."

Vosges is pronounced as one syllable—*vozh*—*o* as in *go* and *z* as in *azure*.

"F. C. I., St. Martinville, La.—What is the now generally accepted pronunciation of *ate* in the United States? In England? Which does good English usage sanction?"

Dr. Vizetelly in his "Desk-Book of 25,000

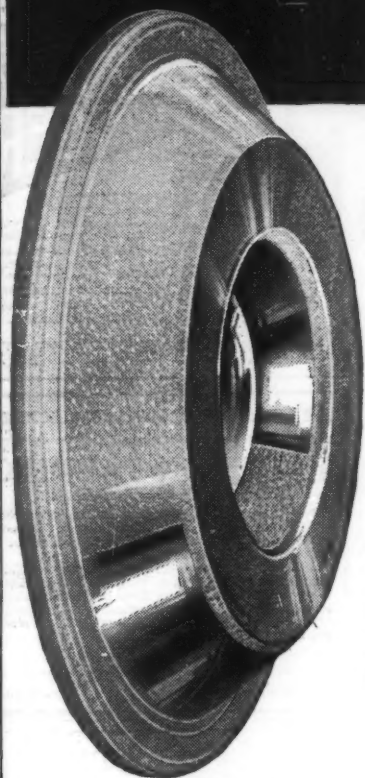
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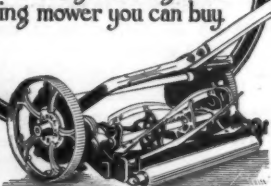
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Words Frequently Mispronounced" says: "At (imp. of eat; et, supported by March, Whitney, and Murray is preferred by Standard (1893), Century (1891), Murray and Stormonth. The alternative et (e as in prey) is preferred by Standard (1913), Encyclopedic, New Imperial, Webster, and Worcester, and supported by William T. Harris and Benjamin E. Smith, the Century preference having been reversed by the latter." Thus, there is authority in support of both pronunciations, but in general the English use et while the Americans use eight.

"H. L." Laporte, Ind.—"Kindly tell me if the English language is a Romance language or not."

The English language is not a Romance language. The Romance languages descended not directly from the classical Latin, but from the *lingua Romana rustica*, or popular Latin, mixed with foreign elements, and exist now as Italian, Spanish, French, Portuguese, Rhaeto-Romanic, and Roumanian.

"W. J. H." Shreveport, La.—"There is a poem on the theme of 'Fate,' in which occurs: 'I am the master of my destiny, I am the captain of my soul,' etc.—but I do not recall the title of the poem. Can you state where the poem may be found?"

The lines are from William E. Henley's "Echoes," 4, to R. J. H. B., and reads—

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

They were published in "A Book of Ballades," by Henley in London in 1888.

"E. C. W." Parkersburg, W. Va.—"Kindly tell me which is correct, *Parcel Post* or *Parcels Post*, and give all the authorities."

Officially in the United States and Great Britain the correct form is *Parcel Post*. *Parcels Post* is an erroneous form of the term.

"A. G. B." Portsmouth, Va.—"Please give the correct pronunciation of the following: Decorator, Farrar, and Tumulty."

Decorator, dek-o-re'tar—e as in get, o as in obey, e as in prey, a as in final. Farrar, far-ar—a as in fat, a as in final; sometimes far-rar—first a as in at, the second as in are. Tumulty, tum'ul-ti—u's as in but, i as in habit.

"H. K." Boston, Mass.—"Kindly explain the word *eumoiriety*."

Eumoiriety is of recent origin, and means, literally, happy-fatedness; extreme good luck; welfare.

"O. B. F." Orlando, Fla.—The author of "Ostler Joe" is George Robert Sims, an eminent English dramatist, poet, and journalist. You will find the poem given in C. U. Potter's "My Recitations," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa., for \$1.

"M. F. H." East Lansing, Mich.—"Should the 'o' in *log* be pronounced like a in *arm* (or *ah*), or like a in *all*?"

The o in *log*, *dog*, *fog* was formerly pronounced as o in *or*, this is now a provincial or dialectic pronunciation which in cultured circles has been replaced by the sound of o in *not*.



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